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Radio Stars

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You, yes you, can become divinely irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women . . . tempting, exotic perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear it night and day to thrill . . . excite senses . . . madden hearts . . . with its haunting, lasting fragrance.

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Be completely fascinating, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

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THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

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Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it *really works.*

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Margaret Sullavan

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"

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"My Headache—Tired Feeling—BANISHED!"

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I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

better because you chew it

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

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YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!
M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.
THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!
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SING THESE SONG HITS!
("On a Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'")
by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"
BROADWAY MELODY of 1936
with
JACK ELEANOR ROBERT
BENNY · POWELL · TAYLOR
UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

RADIO STARS

R. Wilson Brown, Director

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE Gazette

NATIONAL EDITION

Vol. 1, No. 6 NEW YORK, NEW YORK November, 1935

LEAGUE TALK

By Wilson Brown, Director

I NEVER thought the League would have to apologize for anything. Yet that is now my task. It's about the delay you have experienced in receiving membership cards. The truth is that we are receiving several times the number of applications we had expected. Each one must be handled separately which takes time. So we ask that you be patient with us until we have caught up with the rush.

ALREADY many letters are arriving pointing out that this or that program is not up to par. An equal number of letters are filled with praise for programs and artists. It shows a decided interest on the part of members to realize the purposes of the League. What we ask now is this: In pointing out poor or objectionable programs, please do not hesitate to mention the program by name, as your letters will be held confidential. May we ask that you also tell why you think the programs poor or objectionable, as constructive criticism will be the basis for correcting such program evils.

ABOUT your letters: Several members in the vicinity of New York have telephoned to this effect: *"I sent So-and-So* (naming an artist) *a letter in care of the League and have had no reply."* I was talking to Honeyboy and Sassafras (George Fields and Johnny Welsh) of NBC the other day and asked them about this situation. Their explanation is the best I've heard to date. The more popular artists, they point out, receive hundreds of such letters each day. To answer all of these letters would require a staff of three or four secretaries, the salary of each overaging $25 per week. In addition, there is the added expense of stationery and postage which would total $25 or more per week. All together, the cost of answering fan mail would be more than $100 a week, they pointed out.

Some of the really big name artists might be able to afford this expense. Sustaining artists and lesser lights in the commercial field, however, cannot

(*Continued on page 9*)

Betty Barthell and three fan-friends. Top to bottom: Olga Troughton, Jane Greenberg (president of the Betty Barthell Club), Betty and Gwen Troughton.

"NELSON EDDY FAN CLUB NEWS" MAKES FIRST APPEARANCE

To League headquarters has come the first issue of a magazine devoted to news of Nelson Eddy, the popular baritone. It is titled the "Nelson Eddy Fan Club News" and is edited by Miss Victoria Mason, 913 West 29th Street, Wilmington, Del.

An item of unusual interest is a reminder that Eddy and Fred Astaire made their first screen appearance in the same film, "Dancing Lady."

Honorary members of Miss Mason's Chapter are announced as Jimmie Fidler, Fred Astaire, Jeanette MacDonald, Linn Lambert (Eddy's secretary) and Theodore Paxson (his accompanist).

FORM ONE CHAPTER FOR TWO ARTISTS

A novel Chapter in the League is the one formed in behalf of two artists. It is known as Chapter No. 1 of the Lanny Ross-Muriel Wilson Artist Club and has as its president

(*Continued on page 9*)

LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP CONTINUES TO GROW BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

ALREADY IT IS THE LARGEST ORGANIZATION EVER TO BE FORMED FOR RADIO LISTENERS

The Listeners' League of America has grown to such heights in the few months of its existence that it already is the largest organization of its kind ever to be formed among radio listeners.

The response was immediate at the very beginning, nearly one thousand members being enrolled the first month. Then, as the news spread, the applications went considerably higher than the one-thousand mark.

Never before in the history of radio have listeners so readily responded to a movement designed to improve and support the business of broadcasting. It is a very definite indication, say officials, that there is a real need for such organized effort on the part of listeners to accomplish the best in radio entertainment.

Right now, radio programs are on the spot. Listeners are writing by the hundreds offering suggestions for the improvement of current programs. These suggestions are being tabulated and will be presented soon as constructive opinion. The League is attempting in this way to be of direct assistance to program builders as well as to protect listeners from poor or objectionable programs.

Many artists have reported a sudden increase in mail received, due largely to the letters League members are writing. Inasmuch as the amount of mail received is one indication of the popularity of an artist, the League's contribution in this regard has proven to be a valuable aid to artists. In this and other ways the League is attempting to champion the cause of the artists around whose talents the business of broadcasting is built.

The drive for new members continues. Listeners not in the League are invited to send in their applications as soon as possible. In the League they will find a voice heretofore denied them; they will be contributing to the improvement of radio; and they will be better serving their favorite artist.

For the advantage of those not acquainted with the methods of organization, the League repeats the rules:

1. A Chapter is formed by ten or more persons. Each person fills out an individual application blank and the president of the groups fills out the application for a charter. All are mailed together to The Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. Membership cards will then be sent each individual, and the Chapter will receive its Charter and a picture of the artist it is supporting.

2. The Marconi Chapter is provided for those individuals

(*Continued on page 9*)

MARCONI MEMBERS SEEK AFFILIATION WITH REGULAR CLUBS

Several members of the Marconi Chapter have signified their desire to become members of regular active Chapters. It is suggested that Chapter presidents seeking additional members correspond with these individuals. The members and the artists they wish to support are:

Miss Anna Brnich, 431 E. 144th St., The Bronx, N. Y.—*Lanny Ross.*

Geraldine Calligan, 83 Putnam St., East Weymouth, Mass.—*Nelson Eddy.*

Mary Gillen, 60 Clark St., Hillside, N. J.—*Frank Parker.*

Mary Halloran, 3117 N. Spangler St., Philadelphia, Pa.—*Frank Parker.*

Charlotte M. Bierbower, 1215 W. 5th St., Hastings, Neb.—*Al Kavelin.*

Robert Elder, 81 Gibbs St., New Haven, Conn.—*Fred Waring.*

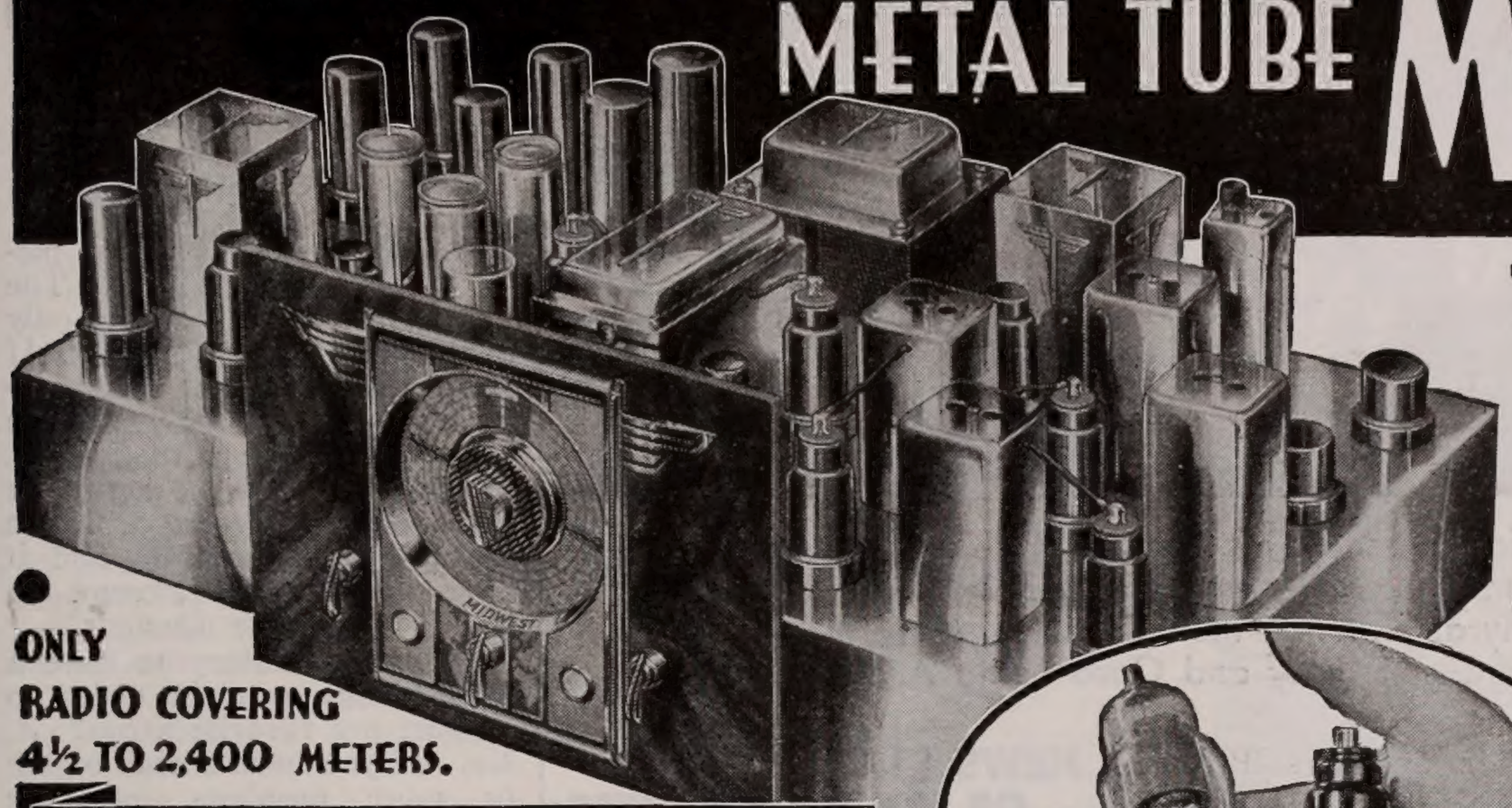
Miss Mary Jane Muscatel, 33 Clinton Ave., Lambertville,N. J.—*Lanny Ross.*

Miss Ida Mae Stengle, 266 N. Union St., Lambertville, N. J.—*Lanny Ross.*

SAVE UP TO 50% by BUYING YOUR RADIO *Direct from* MIDWEST LABORATORIES

Glorious Tone Realism.. World-Wide Entertainment Guaranteed!

with New 1936 SUPER *Deluxe* METAL TUBE **MIDWEST**



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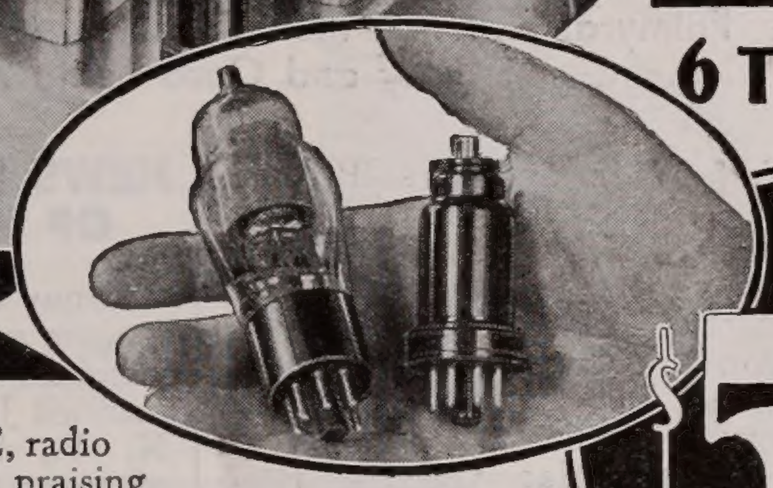
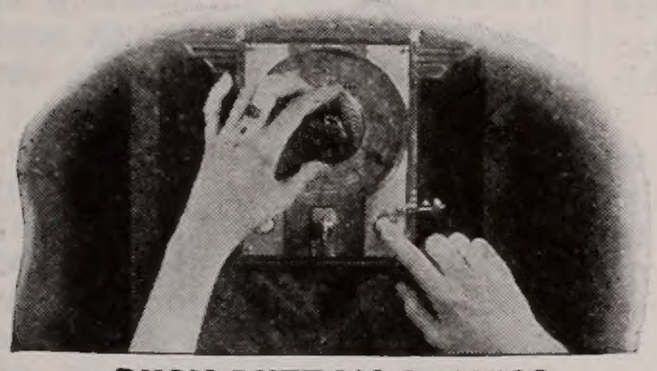


WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

$59.50 *with New* GIANT THEATRE-SONIC SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

TERMS AS LOW AS $5.00 DOWN



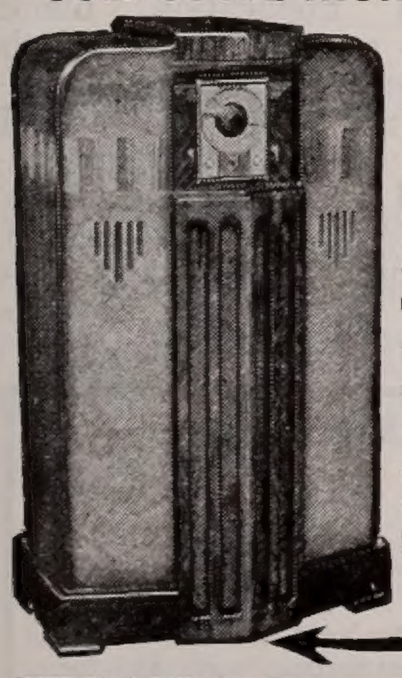
PUSH-BUTTON TUNING
(Noises Suppressed)

Now, Push Button Silent Tuning is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations . . . suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design
(Patent Pending)

...Establishes new radio style overnight! The V-Front Dispersing Vanes were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of a study of directional effect of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Vanes spread the beautiful lacework of the "highs" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles . . . and chassis . . . in four colors.

FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY
Brilliant Concert Tone



Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles, being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations—W1XBS, W9XBY, W2XR and W6XAL. Glorious new Acousti-tone is achieved . . . assuring life-like, crystal-clear "concert" realism.

V-FRONT

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube 6-tuning range radio. They say it is a tremendous improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. It is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. **(This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant who conducted an impartial survey among representative Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana raido retailers.)** Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with: One Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantees!

This super Midwest will out-perform $200 to $300 sets on a point-for-point comparison. That is why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, George Olsen, Jack Denny, Ted Fio Rito, and others use Midwest sets to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and Foreign orchestras.

80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES

Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive, explain Midwest super performance and thrilling world-wide all-wave reception . . . enable Midwest to bring in weak distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to locals. Only Midwest offers so many features . . . only Midwest tunes as low as 4½ meters . . . only Midwest gives the sensational new Push-Button Tuning feature, etc. See pages 12 to 21 in FREE catalog for description of the 80 features. Read about advantages of 6 Tuning ranges . . . offered for first time: E, A, L, M, H and U. They make this Super De Luxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios . . . offer tuning ranges not obtainable in other radios at any price!

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

SAVE UP TO 50%

No middlemen's profits to pay — you buy at wholesale price direct from laboratories ...saving 30% to 50%. Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW . . . while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. You can order your Midwest 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to come yourself to our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% . . . you get 30 days FREE trial . . . as little as $5.00 puts a Midwest radio in your home . . . Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write today, for FREE catalog.

Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

GEORGE OLSEN PRAISES LIFE-LIKE TONE REALISM

Long Island, N. Y.—After comparing many different makes, I finally decided upon Midwest. It out-performs other radios costing almost twice as much. The crystal-clear tone is so life-like that it sounds as though I am in the studios, actually hearing artists performing. Geo. Olsen

TODAY'S FINEST RADIO SAYS TED FIO RITO

My new Midwest is finest radio I have had pleasure of hearing. Bass-Treble control is marvelous . . . enables one to hear every instrument in orchestra. Ted Fio Rito

METAL TUBES

This Midwest is engineered from the ground up to see either the new METAL tubes or glass-metal counterpart tubes. Octal sockets and newest circuits permit use of either type . . . just as you desire.

MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR *FREE* 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER *and* 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR *FREE* CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.,
Dept. 17E, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog, complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer, and FREE Miniature Rotating 18-tube Dial. This is NOT an order.

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Check Here for Details ☐

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

☐ Check here, if interested in a Midwest All-Wave Battery Radio

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
DEPT. 17E CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.
Established 1920 Cable Address MIRACO All Codes

A FINE TRIBUTE TO RUDY VALLEE

Sophie Tucker, one of Broadway's best known characters, pays high tribute to Rudy Vallee in the birthday issue of "Rudyments," edited by Dorothy Yosnow. It is such a high tribute that the League takes pleasure in reprinting it for the benefit of all Vallee fans.

"A TRIBUTE TO RUDY VALLEE "By Sophie Tucker

"I am delighted at the opportunity to take my typewriter in hand to pay a tribute to my dear friend, Rudy Vallee.

"I have watched Rudy from the days of his beginnings in the profession, and I have seen him grow into one of the greatest entertainers in the world. And I marvel that today, at the very height of his career, he is still the same sweet, lovable, level-headed and generous boy he was when he first came to New York from his father's drug store in Maine.

"Our beginnings are strangely alike. Rudy's father owned a drugstore in New England; my father owned a small restaurant in New England. Neither of us comes of a theatrical family; but we both loved to sing and because of that found our places in the world.

"I have worked with Rudy many times on his Thursday night radio program and frankly, I must say that I never have and never will enjoy working with any one else quite as much as I did with Rudy. He is so kind, so intelligent, and so generous. He is also one of the most cultured gentlemen I have met in the theater.

"Rudy knows how much I admire and respect him, and I think that Rudy loves and respects me. At least, I hope so.

"So here's good luck to you, my friend. May health and happiness be yours in abundance."

"VALLEGIANS" HAVE MANY ARTISTS AS HONORARY MEMBERS

"The Vallee Voice," publication of "The Vallegians" whose president is Beatrice Gordon, a member of the League, announces a list of honorary members which includes many celebrities. They are: The Connecticut Yankees, Charles A. Vallee, Mr. and Mrs. Prosper Lenneville, William Vallee, John S. Young, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Bing Crosby, Harry Paul, Major Edward Bowes, Alice Faye, Jimmie Fidler, Ray Bolger, Ethel Merman, Sophie Tucker, Mary Pickford, Mae Questel, Jesse Crawford, Dave Rubinoff, James Wallington, Lenore Ulric and Eddie Cantor.

Miniature model of Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra made by Harry Hodson, 718 Cinnaminson Ave., Palmyra, N. Y., a member of Chapter No. 1 of the Glenn Gray and Casa Loma Artist Club.

CHAPTERS MAY BE FORMED FOR SHOWS AS WELL AS STARS

While all Chapters formed to date have been in support of individual artists, the League's policy will permit Chapters to be organized in behalf of programs. In many cases, it has been pointed out, listeners have favorite programs whereas they do not necessarily have favorite artists or do not wish to show favoritism to any one artist. Those listeners are now invited to form Chapters in behalf of those programs.

Listeners who are loyal to Lanny Ross, Muriel Wilson, Conrad Thibault, Rosaline Green, Irene Hubbard and other members of the cast of Show Boat may, for example, organize a Show Boat Chapter. Likewise, if the Lux Radio Theatre program is a favorite of a listener, he may organize a Lux Radio Theatre Chapter. Regular charters will be issued and pictures of the cast issued just as is done with Chapters formed for individual artists.

NEWS FLASHES OF YOUR FAVORITES

Lanny Ross, still tops in the League as far as the number of members is concerned, was married July 29th in Millbrook, N. Y., to Olive White, his manager.

Betty Barthell is enroute to Yokohama, Japan, where she will be married October 18th to Charles Vaughn formerly of Nashville, Tenn., Betty's home. They will make their home in Shanghai, China, where Mr. Vaughn is an official of Pan American Airways.

Leigh Lovel, who played the rôle of Dr. Watson in the Sherlock Holmes sketches on NBC, died suddenly in August at his home in England where he was vacationing.

James Wallington has left NBC where he was an ace announcer to become stooge to Eddie Cantor on CBS.

Don Lowe, NBC announcer, was married September 7th to Lillian Hazel Trotter, radio and concert pianist.

Frank Parker's and Don Bestor's absence from the new Jack Benny program is due to money matters. Both asked more than the sponsor was willing to pay. Michael Bartlett, the new singer, came into prominence after acting with Grace Moore in her new movie, "Love Me Forever." Johnny Green, heretofore a CBS artist, is the new maestro.

It has been announced that Annette Hanshaw will be back on the air again this month.

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Members are invited to send in questions about the League which will be answered in this column

Q. How may I secure pictures of artists? *A.* The League attempts to supply only one picture to each Chapter. If individual members wish pictures, they might try writing to the artists in care of the League. However, there is no assurance that the requests will be granted. Many artists find it too expensive to attempt to satisfy all picture demands.

Q. Is it necessary to have a club of my own in order to support my favorite artist? *A.* No. If you have a club of ten or more members, you are eligible for a Chapter charter. If you cannot organize a Chapter, then you as an individual are eligible for membership in the Marconi Chapter. Just send in your application, naming the artist you will support.

Q. If I belong to the Marconi Chapter may I still join one of the regular Chapters? *A.* Yes, if the president of the Chapter you wish to join approves. Watch this magazine for names and addresses of Chapter presidents.

Q. In forming a Chapter, should I send in the applications as I receive them or wait until I have them all and then send them all together. *A.* Please send them all together in one envelope.

Q. Will all our names be printed in RADIO STARS? *A.* We will print as many names each month as space permits. They will be printed in the order in which they were received.

Q. May I send the League a list of members instead of filling out individual application blanks for each one? *A.* Rules of the League require that each person must send in an official individual application blank which is provided each month in this magazine.

Q. If an already organized fan club sends in ten applications and gets a charter, does that make the club a part of the League? *A.* Only those individuals who sent in applica-

(*Continued on page 9*)

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Individual Application for Membership

I, the undersigned, apply for membership in the Listeners' League of America in support of ..... (insert name of artist whom you are backing).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, as president of the ..... chapter (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is being formed), enclose ten or more individual membership coupons and apply for a Charter from the Listeners' League of America. When this application has been acted upon, it is understood that each of these members will receive membership cards and the Chapter will receive its Charter signed by ..... (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is formed).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

LISTENERS' LEAGUE GAZETTE

LEAGUE TALK

(*Continued from page 6, Col I*)

afford to do this. "Many singers and actors," they told me, "do not get as much as $100 a week. Even those who do make as much as $500 a week could hardly afford to spend $100 of that for mail, especially when you stop to consider that so much has to be spent for music and dramatic lessons, for photographs to supply newspaper and magazine demands, for script material and special arrangements of songs.

"Every one of us, however, reads every letter we receive," they continued. "We really do like to hear from our listeners. It shows they are loyal to us; it gives us an indication of how our programs are being received; it helps to inspire us to do better things. If we cannot answer this mail, it certainly is no indication that it isn't appreciated. We hope listeners understand this."

That, it seems to me, is a perfectly logical explanation to a problem which faces every artist. Those of us who write letters must not expect too much of the artists. We know they welcome our letters; even that they want them. We know, too, that they are read.

So it is that the Listeners' League of America is serving an additional need—being able to give in these columns the information which listeners seek and which the artists cannot themselves supply directly.

FORM ONE CHAPTER

(*Continued from page 6, Col. II*)

Jo Jaskiewicz, 606 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. This chapter is the first of such chapters to be organized in behalf of more than a single artist.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

(*Continued from page 8, Col. IV*)

tions are affiliated with the League. If you want your entire club to be in the organization, then you must send in a blank for each one.

Q. Can the League supply me with tickets to broadcasts?

A. It is the policy of radio to place the matter of tickets in the hands of the sponsor of the programs. Therefore we suggest that you write direct to the sponsor.

LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP

(*Continued from page 6, Col. IV*)

who find it impossible to organize a group of ten or more. In this case, individuals merely fill out an application blank, write the word "Marconi" on it, and mail to the League. A membership card will be sent and the individual enrolled in the master Chapter which has its headquarters in New York.

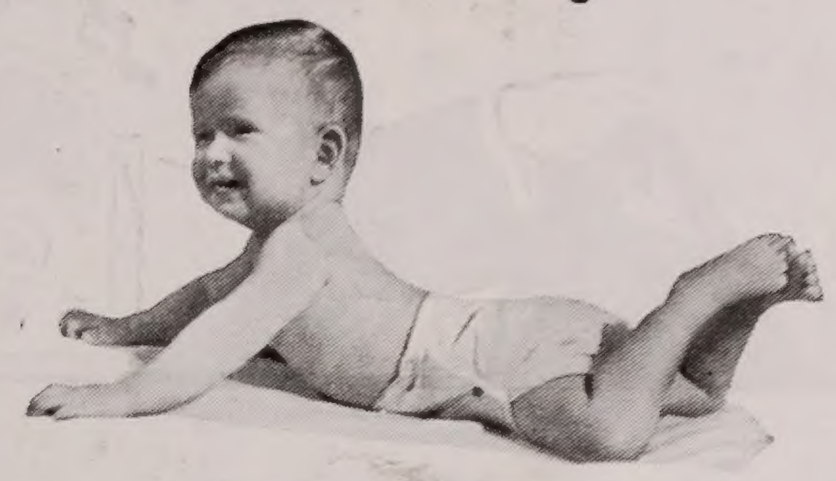
3. In the case of fan clubs already formed and in operation, all that is necessary to do for the club to affiliate with the League is to have each member fill out an application and mail them together with the application for a Charter made by the president of the club.

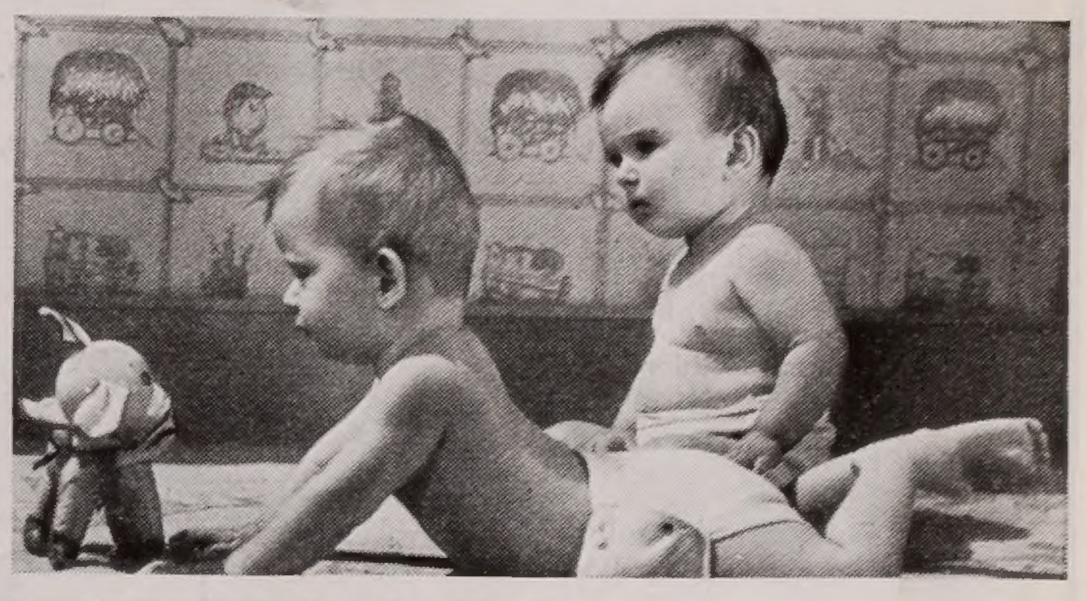
Continuing publication of as many names as possible, the League presents the following new members:

(*Please turn to page 91*)

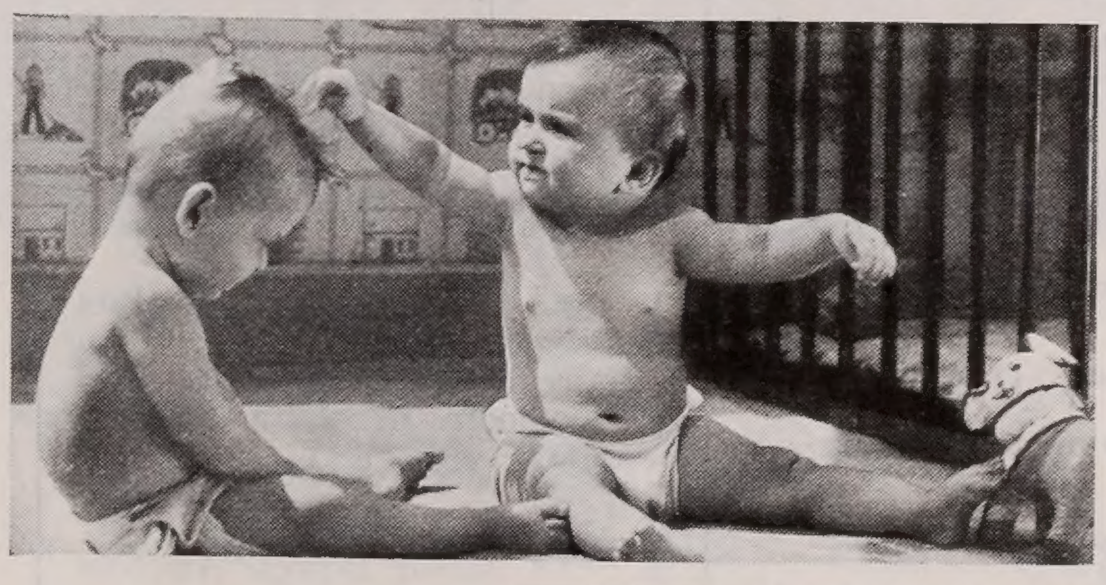
How he became the *best-dressed* baby in town

(As told by Danny's Mother)



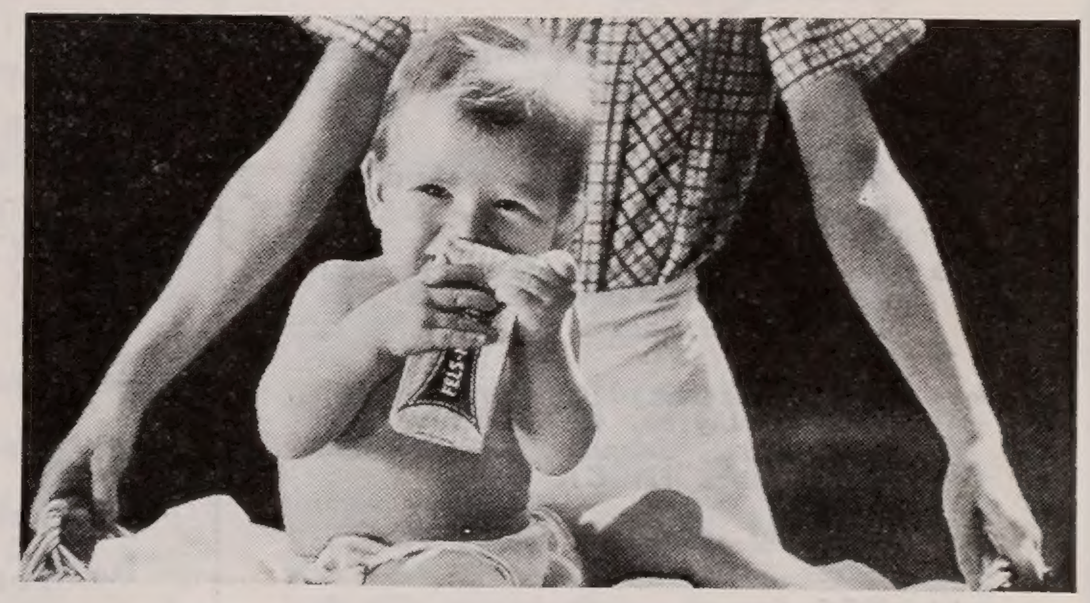


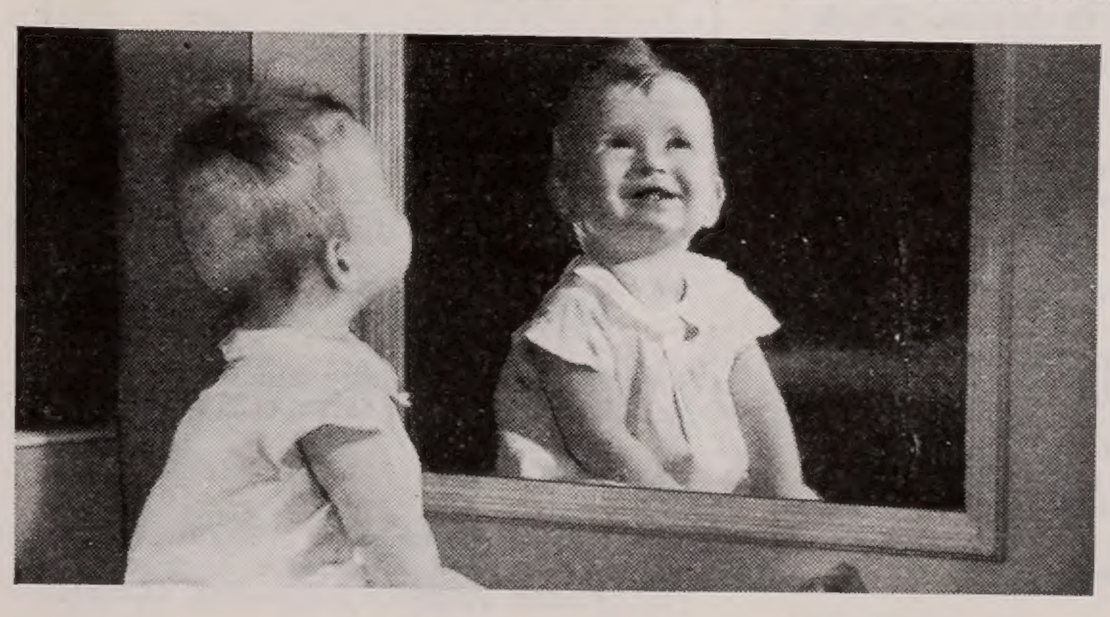
Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. *"How come, Hazel?"* I asked Judy's mother. *"I work harder than you, but your clothes are whiter."*



"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out ALL the dirt. So her clothes are only half-clean—and that's why they have that tattle-tale gray look."

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous *golden* soap is *so chuckful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.





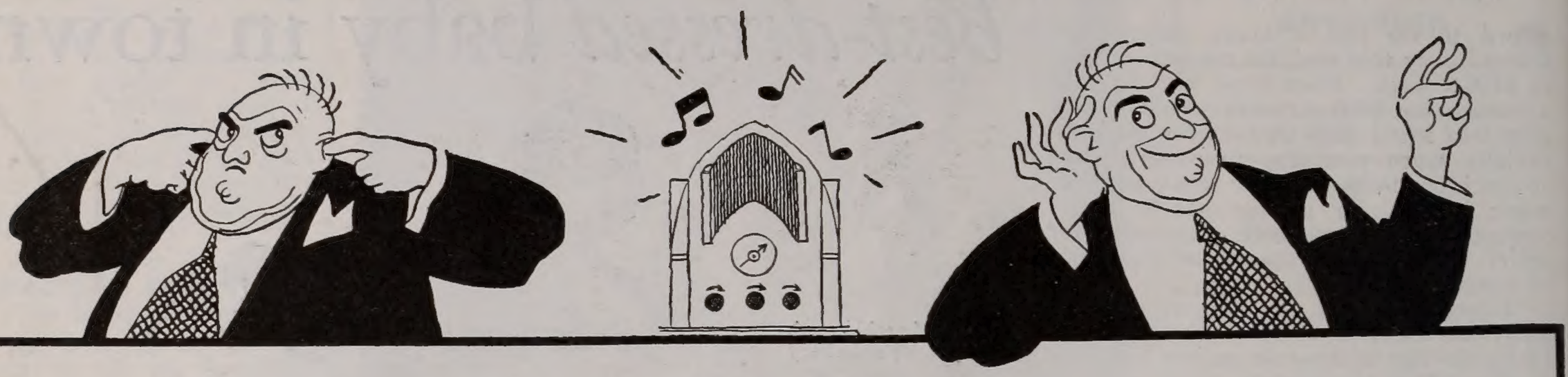
And now look at Danny—he's the best-dressed baby in town. His clothes, and everything else in my wash, look simply grand. What's more, they're safely clean. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my very best silk undies. And it's wonderfully easy on my hands, too!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

© FELS & CO., 1935

board of review



Curtis Mitchell
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Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.

Andrew W. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.

Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

★★★★ Columbia Symphonic Hour—Howard Barlow conductor (CBS).

★★★★ American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gus Haenschen's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC).

★★★★ Paul Whiteman's Music Hall (NBC).

★★★★ One Man's Family (NBC).

★★★★ Cities Service with Jessica Dragonette (NBC).

★★★★ Eddie Duchin and his Fire Chief orchestra (NBC)

★★★★ Voice of Firestone with William Daly's orchestra and mixed chorus (NBC).

★★★★ Coty presents Ray Noble and his dance orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Waltz Time—Frank Munn, tenor; Bernice Clair, soprano; and Abe Lyman's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Lucky Strike Hit Parade with Lennie Hayton, Gogo Delys, Kay Thompson, Johnny Hauser and guest stars (NBC).

★★★★ The Voice of the People (NBC).

★★★★ NBC Symphony Orchestra, Frank Black, conductor (NBC).

★★★★ America's Hour (CBS).

★★★ Radio City Music Hall Concert with Erno Rapee (NBC)

★★★ Gulf Headliners with James Melton, Revelers Quartet, etc. (CBS).

★★★ Captain Henry's Maxwell House Showboat (NBC).

★★★ The Shell Chateau starring Al Jolson; Guest stars (NBC).

★★★ The Adventures of Gracie with Burns and Allen (CBS).

★★★ Socony Sketchbook — Johnny Green and his orchestra; Virginia Verrill and Christopher Morley (CBS).

THE LEADERS

Once again we have the five most interesting and popular programs as selected by our Board of Review. All other programs are grouped in four, three and two star rank.

1. ★★★★ Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre—guest artists; John Barclay, baritone with Al Goodman's orchestra. (NBC)
2. ★★★★ Lux Radio Theatre. (CBS)
3. ★★★★ Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. (NBC)
4. ★★★★ Ford Program with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Stoopnagle & Budd. (CBS)
5. ★★★★ The Jergens Program with Cornelia Otis Skinner. (CBS)

★★★★★ **Excellent**

★★★★ **Good**

★★★ **Fair**

★★ **Poor**

★ **Not Recommended**

★★★ Goldman Band Concerts (NBC)

★★★ Bond Bread with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson (CBS).

★★★ Lady Esther program with Wayne King and orchestra (CBS) (NBC).

★★★ Kate Smith

★★★ Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennox and Victor Arden's orchestra (CBS).

★★★ Manhattan Merry-Go-Round with Rachel Carlay, Andy Sannella's orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Silken Strings with Charles Previn's orchestra (NBC).

★★★ A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick's orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Contented Program with Gene Arnold, The Lullaby Lady, Morgan Eastman's orch. (NBC).

★★★ Today's Children (NBC).

★★★ Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC).

★★★ Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman's orchestra and Phil Duey (NBC).

★★★ "Town Hall Tonight" with Jim Harkins and Peter Van Steeden's orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Vic and Sade (NBC).

★★★ Death Valley Days (NBC).

★★★ Roses and Drums (NBC).

★★★ Boake Carter (CBS).

★★★ Edwin C. Hill (CBS).

★★★ Eno Crime Clues (NBC).

★★★ Climalene Carnival (NBC).

★★★ One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (CBS).

★★★ Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche (NBC).

★★★ Ben Bernie and his orchestra (NBC).

★★★ National Barn Dance (NBC).

★★★ Major Bowes' Capitol Family (NBC).

★★★ Penthouse Serenade—Don Mario (NBC).

★★★ The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).

★★★ Carefree Carnival (NBC).

★★★ Campana's First Nighter with June Meredith and Don Ameche (NBC).

★★★ Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).

★★★ Hollywood Hotel with Dick Powell and Louella Parsons (CBS).

★★★ Heart Throbs of the Hills with Frank Luther, Ethel Park Richardson (NBC).

★★★ "Dreams Come True" with Barry McKinley and Ray Sinatra's band (NBC).

★★★ Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton; Martha Mears, contralto; Al and Lee Reiser, piano team (NBC).

★★★ Easy Aces (NBC).

★★★ Dream Drama, with Arthur Allen and Parker Fenelly (NBC).

★★★ Fireside Recitals; Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Johnson, tenor; and Graham McNamee (NBC).

★★★ Stories of the Black Chamber (NBC).

★★★ The Story of Mary Marlin with Joan Blaine (CBS).

★★★ The Garden of Tomorrow, featuring E. L. D. Gaymour (CBS).

★★★ Roadways of Romance; featuring Jerry Cooper, Roger Kinne and Freddie Rich's orchestra (CBS).

★★★ Five Star Jones (CBS).

★★★ Circus Nights in Silvertown featuring Joe Cook with B. A. Rolfe's orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Fibber McGee and Molly (NBC).

★★★ House of Glass (NBC).

★★★ John Charles Thomas and his Neighbors with William Daly's orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Tony & Gus (NBC).

★★★ Rhythm at Eight—Al Goodman's orchestra (CBS).

★★★ Edgar A. Guest in Welcome Valley (NBC).

★★★ Mexican Musical Tours—Angell Mercado and his Mexican orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Sunset Dreams—Morrin Sisters, Ranch Boys, trios (NBC).

★★★ Esso Marketers present Guy Lombardo (CBS).

★★★ N. T. G. and his Girls (NBC).

★★★ Evening in Paris (NBC).

★★★ Lud Gluskin Presents (CBS).

★★★ Willard Robison and his Deep River orchestra with Loulie Jean Norman (NBC).

★★★ America's First Rhythm Symphony—De Wolf Hopper, narrator (NBC).

★★★ Uncle Charlie's Ivory Tent Show featuring Charles Winninger, Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees and his orchestra (NBC).

★★★ Hits and Bits (NBC).

★★★ "Lavendar and Old Lace" with Frank Munn and Gus Haenschen's orchestra (CBS).

★★★ National Amateur Night with Ray Perkins (CBS).

★★★ G-Men with Phillips Lord (NBC).

★★★ Lanny Ross' State Fair Concert (NBC).

★★ The Fitch Program with Wendall Hall (NBC).

★★ Irene Rich for Welch (NBC).

★★ Voice of Experience (CBS).

★★ Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).

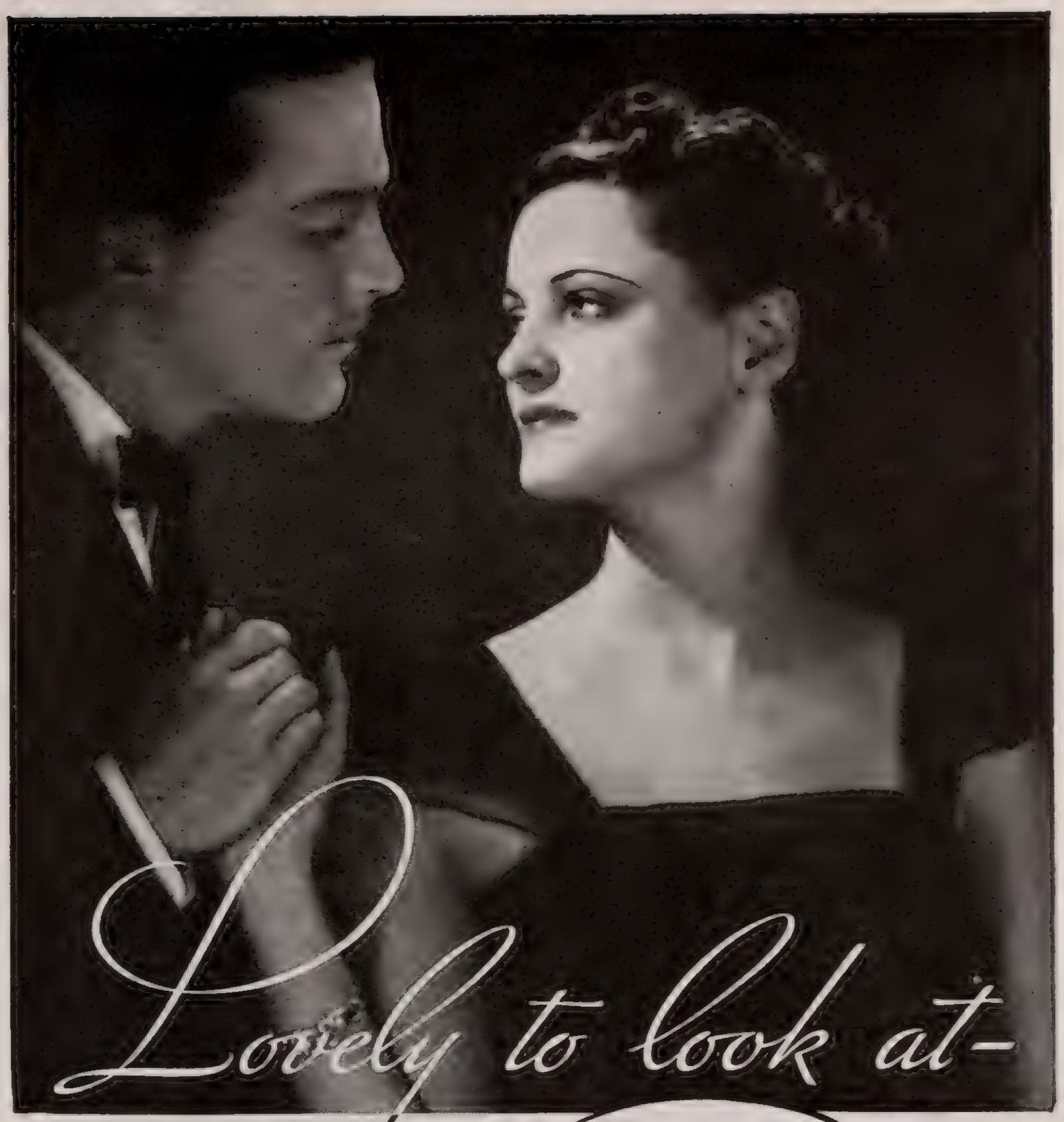
★★ The Gumps (CBS).

★★ Marie, The Little French Princess (CBS).

★★ Uncle Ezra's Radio Station (NBC).

★★ The Shadow (CBS).

★★ Seth Parker (NBC).



...and mind made up to stay that way!

BEHIND many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands..."Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table looks like a queen's...gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat one of your worst enemies to loveliness and health . . . constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take...it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes...at any drug store.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM-115 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name_____

Address_____

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

keep young and beautiful

Highlights and footnotes for harmony and health as exemplified by Gogo DeLys

By MARY BIDDLE

Activity is an explanation of Gogo's lovely figure—a figure chosen by Phil Spitalny for the Ideal Miss Radio. Gogo loves walking, golf, and dancing, and exercise, naturalness and individuality are her creed. It's a good one to follow.

HER real name is Gabrielle, and she has a little angel curl on her forehead. And when she is good I'll warrant she is very good, and when she is bad, I'm sure she couldn't be horrid. She'd work off her excess spirits in activity. She gives an immediate impression of vivacity, energy, and a love of living for the joy of it. She is animation itself. She is always on the go. And you've guessed it! She is Gogo (nickname) DeLys, the talented French Canadian songstress who is guest instructor on our beauty advice program this month.

Gogo makes me wonder why fragility and languor and pallor ever should have been synonymous with femininity. Health, vivacity, and physical perfection should be the distinguishing marks of feminine charm. I originally sought out Gogo for advice on acquiring (and keeping) a beautiful figure . . . and, yes, beautiful legs. You may remember that Phil Spitalny, in his selections for an imaginative composite Ideal Miss Radio, specified that she should have the figure of Gogo DeLys.

It didn't take me long to discover Gogo's secret, nor did it take any astuteness on my part. Her very activity is an explanation of her lithe, luscious figure. Although my interview with Gogo happened to come at the end of a hectic day for her, and she was "dog-tired," she nevertheless bobbed up and down showing me her pet cleansing cream, having me try out the liquid rouge over which she is enthusiastic, and then bringing forth with delightfully girlish naïveté the gorgeous birthday presents she had received (one a gold embroidered robe from China). Most anyone else would have considered it her privilege to play the languid lady.

Gogo loves to walk. And whenever she can get to any place by walking, she walks. When she lived in California, she hiked, and by that I mean "hiked!" City pavements aren't conducive to hiking as sport, but even in New York City she still gets in her regular daily walks.

Walking is a grand beauty recipe. It doesn't get much publicity because it's *free*. It irons out your mental creases and worries, it stimulates your circulation, and it helps to prevent the spare tire that is wont to develop in insidious fashion around the waistline. Those of you who have been developing inferiority complexes over skinny legs ought to devote more time to walking. Walk! Play golf! Use your legs! These crisp cool days of fall should urge you to take a large dose of "walking tonic."

Golf is Gogo's favorite sport. She tells an amusing story of how she took up golf. Originally she thought of golf only as a bitter pill to take under Doctor's orders. It seemed that she was enjoying, very heartily, she assured me (though I can't imagine her ever enjoying inactivity), a semi-invalid state of just not feeling quite up to things, with her mother and friends twittering over her, fixing her fancy, appetizing dishes, and plumping up the cushions for her. Along came the doctor and brutally said, "Up with her! She doesn't need rest, she needs exercise. Off with her to the golf links!" And she soon developed a regular golf mania which she indulges whenever and wherever possible.

How is she able to spend so much time on her feet and not get tired and foot-weary? Well, Gogo believes that women should have more consideration for their feet. She is frank to admit that she wears a very generous-sized shoe, so that her feet are allowed plenty of freedom and comfort. Moreover, she will wear nothing but openwork sandals around the house, or at the broadcasting studio. She shudders at really high heels as bad for health and balance. In fact, she honestly would prefer to wear no shoes at all when she broadcasts. She confessed to a strong secret desire to kick off her shoes every time she steps in front of the microphone, so that she could have the comforting feeling of broadcasting with her feet on

Photo by Romaine

How does she spend so much time on her feet without weariness?

solid ground, as it were.

After all, when your feet are tired, you feel tired all over. Your face takes on fatigue lines, too, Gogo believes that her fondness for sandals, and her care in selecting a comfortable shoe, are the two things most responsible for keeping her feet in condition to be "always on the go." She has a couple of other pet recipes, however, in the way of foot bathing and massage, that you may find helpful. She finds that bathing the feet in warm water to which a large dose of pine oil has been added is a grand way of making them feel rejuvenated. In fact, a luxurious tubbing in a pine oil bath is her favorite bathing recipe. Massaging the feet, especially under the arches, with a good bath-oil or cold cream, is another aid to keeping her feet in condition.

You may not have occasion to get ready for a broadcast, but you may well have occasion to dance to one. So before you dial the "Carefree Carnival," especially if you've spent a hectic day and you're "dead on your feet," give yourself a five or ten minute relaxation period. Lie down on the bed with your feet, not your head, (*Continued on page 64*)

Praises for Camay from a Lovely

Bride of Autumn

I Use Camay? I should say I do! It's made a real improvement in my complexion and I'm only too happy to say so!

Sincerely,

Sara Brooks
(Mrs Warren I Brooks)

Germantown, Pa.
September 15, 1935

HERE'S a very pretty person and a lifelong friend of Camay—at least from the age she could tell right from wrong in a beauty soap. Her name was Sara Stratton and she was married just last fall.

Her clear and lovely skin is a real compliment to Camay's gentle character. And another indication that Camay's pure and gentle lather keeps the feminine skin marvelously soft and beautifully clear. Your very first use of Camay will show you how gentle and mild a fine beauty soap can be—how it can help to bring new softness and clarity to your skin. Camay's low price is another pleasant advantage.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

meet the new lanny ross

"LANNY ROSS presents the Maxwell House Show Boat . . ."

Those words have floated out of a good many million loudspeakers during the last few weeks. In most homes, I dare say, not so much as a lifted eyebrow has testified to their brave syllables. Yet, I know of one small room in which a lone listener sits on Thursday evenings to whom those words mean almost as much as the difference between daylight and darkness.

Last year, it was said like this, you know: *"Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat, Lanny Ross, etc. . . ."*

And now it is: "Lanny Ross presents. . . ."

Not much of a change, is it? Yet, it marks the turning point in a man's life—and a woman's, too, for all I know. It just happens that the man is the most popular singer on today's kilocycles, and the woman is a radio unknown. Lanny Ross and—but her name will come later.

More important at the moment, to those who like to listen to his singing, is this fact: Lanny Ross has "come of age." I don't mean in years, but in the all-embracing aspect of his personality and his mind.

By way of example, I point to the past summer months. Until he had lived them through, he was a failure. And yet:

He was earning three thousand dollars a week.
He was top man on the Show Boat.
He was collecting five thousand dollars a week for personal appearances at conventions and in theatres.
He was presenting his own concert hour in his State Fair programs.

But, despite all that, he had taken a licking—two lickings—and the wounds had not healed.

Those lickings were administered by Hollywood, not by the public as some of his critics would have you believe. The flail of whips came when he was on the motion picture lot, a stranger in a foreign land, you might say, filming "Melody in Spring" and "College Rhythm."

No one ever has denied that Lanny Ross is as clean-cut a young American as you'll ever see, but, in Hollywood's parlance, he was a "stick." Couldn't act, they said. Directors wore themselves out attempting to get from him the results they got from other Broadway and radio recruits. Storming, yelling, driving. . . . They should have seen that Lanny doesn't drive.

So two pictures were offered to the American public, starring a Lanny Ross who was about as exciting and thrilling as some tailor's dummy. Two pictures that flopped with such dull thuds that those in the know said once again:

"I told you so! Take these radio singers away from their mike and they're like babies without their bottle."

That is the wreckage Lanny Ross left behind him in Hollywood. The wreckage of a career he'd failed in. Oh, I know his friends will protest that he never has failed, that he always has had more offers than he could fill, that other movie companies have been bidding furiously for his services.

All of which is just dandy, and which proves the point I set out to prove. Lanny has had many offers and his financial success has been amazing. Yet—and this is the point—he didn't go back to the movies until he had done something else that is typical of the new adult "come of age" Lanny Ross.

He put himself through the mill.

What mill? And why?

In White Plains, New York, an earnest group of theatrical people present Broadway plays during the warm months. Its work is professional, expert. It uses only the finest material and offers the public only top-notch attractions. It is typical of a dozen or so little theatres which dot the East in the summer.

Here Lanny found his mill. Here he found a laboratory with a test tube big enough to hold his tall, broad body. Here, too, the flame of public reaction.

He joined that theatrical company and played the lead in a play called "Petticoat Fever." The play is one in a million, requiring the star to be on the stage almost from first to final curtain. In such a play there can be no doubt about the chief performer's merit. If he's bad, the play seems terrible; if he's good . . .

Lanny went into the star's dressing-room, the star's rôle. By heart, he had learned the star's lines until they were letter-perfect in his mind. That first night, in the cool country of Westchester County, several hundred people gathered to look at Lanny Ross. In their minds, they called him a singer on a lark. I wonder what was in Lanny's mind.

Something like this, perhaps. For this week's work he was receiving a trifling sum—a hundred dollars, maybe. Already he had spent more than that for his costumes. Certainly, he wasn't

He looked at the years ahead and asked himself a question. When he had found the answer, things began to happen!

BY ANTHONY CANDY

up here for the money. Nor for the fun, either. Then for what?

People across the footlights by the hundreds had seen him bumble through "Melody in Spring" and "College Rhythm." Some of them had said he couldn't act. Were they right? Could he really and professionally and genuinely *act?* That's why he was there.

He remembered his first appearance on a public stage. It was a small New Jersey theatre into which he had been booked because of his early radio following. A woman had talked him into that other appearance, insisting that he needed the experience. She had been right.

They had gone over to that New Jersey theatre and accepted one hundred and fifty dollars. His accompanist got half of that, and the man who supplied the microphone through which he sang got the rest. Before he started, he was out of pocket for expenses and commissions.

But the crowds had come. (*Continued on page 63*)

(Left) Here is the new Lanny Ross. He's put himself through the mill, and knows what he wants to do. (Below) On Thursday nights Lanny sings, and there is one who listens, with dreams that match his own.

Ray Lee Jackson

my adventures in hollywood

By JACK BENNY

GOOD EVENING, folks.

These movie people have quite a town out here. A big town and a little town, a good town and a bad town, a wise town and a dumb town all rolled into one. I like it.

I like it, if you want a reason, because you can't be lonesome, and in that respect, Hollywood stands all alone and at the head of the class. I like it because up to now it has been pretty darned good to this son of radio. And I like Hollywood, too, because Mary likes it.

Somebody called this place the world's grab-bag; you stick in your hand and get a surprise package that you'll get nowhere else on earth.

For instance, where else can you find bills-of-fare with such knee-high prices? Honestly, one of the first things I noticed was that a ten-dollar dinner on Broadway came to about two Hollywood dollars. Think what that does to a guy whose self-esteem is tied to his pocketbook.

Sardi's is one of those places. You can get more to eat there for ninety cents than anywhere west of the Bowery soup kitchens. It's a buffet luncheon where you take whatever you want. Eight or a dozen meats, as many salads, desserts, coffee, tea.

Or if you're in a twenty-cent mood you can roll your car up to one of the huge drive-in sandwicheries that the boys have built on almost every other corner. Those drive-in places really have to be seen to be believed. If ever you're a tourist in Southern California, try it yourself. It's an emotional as well as a gastronomical experience.

You're rolling along Wilshire Boulevard, for instance, when the pangs of hunger hit you. Over on the right is a structure that looks like a cross between the Ford building at the Chicago World's Fair and a merry-go-round. Usually, it is painted blue or yellow or scarlet. . . . Something easy on the eyes—if you're wearing dark glasses.

You roll your car into an opening between a Buick from Missouri and a Chrysler from Milwaukee. From the air, these places must look like a lot of wheels, with the cars forming the spokes of the wheel and the sandwichery the hub.

You've just had time to switch off your ignition when a Follies dolly in blue and white gingham floats up and takes your order. Inside three deep breaths of this wonderful sunshine-washed California air, she's back fastening a tray to your car-side and filling it with a culinary creation that would delight even Primo Carnera. All for twenty cents. Yeah, as I was saying, I like this town.

Of course, if you've money to spend and the formal clothes to spend it in, the Troc's the place to go. Troc is

"It's a crazy town and a grand town. I like it," says Jack Benny

(Top picture) Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Benny), in their new home in Beverly Hills. (Above) Four ace radio stars, Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, George Burns, and Gracie Allen, after a rehearsal of the Benny show in Hollywood. (Left) Jack and a group of lassies appearing in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

short for Trocadero, which is the place to see and be seen in your best bib and tucker. Mary and I tried it and found as fine a midnight supper and show as New York or Chicago can offer. Maybe you read about that time Garbo went stepping and ran into Dietrich and cut her dead. That happened there, and I'd give one of Bestor's spats to have seen it.

Probably you already know about the Brown Derby; it's got a lot of booths and mostly the male stars eat there. And the Vendome with its knotty pine tables. Just a low building on Sunset Boulevard, but if you're ever within a thousand miles, there's one thing you oughtn't to miss. It is the girl behind the cigar counter.

That girl—I don't even know her name—is one of the prettiest things I've seen outside the story books. Not one star out of ten can match her for looks, yet she is selling cigars. Why? Why isn't she making movies? You ask yourself that question often, as you walk around this town. Beauty is all over the place, selling sandwiches, cigars, waiting on tables. Kids burning with ambition, waiting for their chance in the flickers. They'll get it, someday, and then they'll either click big or go back to some decent guy who'd rather have plain Jane Doe for his honey than a Marlene or a Jean.

One of the crazy things that happen to you out here is *people*. In radio, you know, you go to the studio the day of your broadcast and rehearse for a few hours. That night you put on a show and then go back home. Maybe, during the dozen hours you are about, you see some people you know. Afterwards, you don't see anyone but strangers or friends from some other field.

Hollywood is different. You eat movies, sleep movies, smell movies. I think it is because the town is small and you're continually rubbing elbows with folks you know almost well enough to kid. And let me tell you, you can't rub elbows with some of them without something happening to you. (*Continued on page 66*)

Lois Ravel

By the route of exclusive night clubs in New York and Philadelphia, this charming young singer comes to radio as one of Columbia's newest and most promising discoveries. Lois is featured with the Leith Stevens Orchestra, heard on Fridays.

D'Gaggeri Studio

Here is Bill Bacher, creator and director of this fine program, "Hollywood Hotel."

Stars of the "Hollywood Hotel" (left to right), Anne Jamison, Louella Parsons and Dick Powell, dining together at The Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles.

for distinguished service to radio

Salute!

To "Hollywood Hotel"!

To Dick Powell, Frances Langford, Igor Gorin, Anne Jamison, Raymond Paige and all the other celebrities who have spun their webs of words and music across America.

Salute to one other, too, whose name you never have heard but whose efforts have lifted this famous show to the week's brightest spot for millions of fans.

The man Bill Bacher!

Bill Bacher is a veteran of radio, one of those unsung heroes whose deeds die in the studio. They say he knows more radio than most men forget. Our October issue last year told his thrilling story under the title of "Little Man, What Next?" Though we didn't then know it, "Hollywood Hotel" was next.

The same "Hollywood Hotel," if you remember, that gave you the ingratiating cadences of Dick Powell's tenor, the sweep of Jane Williams' soprano, the laugh antics of El Brendel, the heroics of Louella Parson's visiting motion picture stars and yet . . . yet . . . wasn't quite the show it should have been. A million-dollar show, that's what it was, that sounded like a relief worker's pay check.

Remember when they made some changes last Spring? New voices, new ideas, giving the whole old idea of Hollywood Hotel a new brilliance. That was Bacher's doing. The 1936 streamlined supercharged "Hollywood Hotel" that today is and sounds like a million-dollar show still is his doing.

So, for the first time since we commenced designating persons and programs as worthy of RADIO STARS Magazine's medal, we select a backstage broadcasting veteran for the recipient of it.

Because The Hollywood Hotel Program is one of broadcasting's great shows and because his efforts are in large measure responsible for it, we give to William Bacher, radio director and producer, and creator of this program, this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell

fred astaire

You've seen him in motion pictures. Remember him in "Roberta?" And again in "Top Hat"? Yessir, it's Fred Astaire! And he studies while he dances. Or, maybe, he dances while he's studying. Like the daring young man, Fred can "fly through the air with the greatest of ease!" You've heard him on the "Hit Parade."

frances langford

High-hatting her friends? No-no! Not Frances Langford. Since her rise to radio fame on Rudy Vallee's hour, Frances' sweet contralto crooning has won countless admirers along the airlanes. Here she is in her rôle in "Broadway Melody of 1936", a musical extravaganza starring Jack Benny and featuring other notable stars of radio, stage, and screen. Frances now is being groomed for a starring rôle.

Bert Longworth

dolores *and* everett

He may be at the foot of the ladder in this picture, but in real life Everett Marshall is so near the top all he can do for excitement is to scale the heights from another side! For four successful seasons Marshall sang in Grand Opera. Musical Comedy lured him. Then Movies. Radio heard him in Broadway Varieties. Now he is starring with Dolores Del Rio in a new picture, called "I Live for Love."

Ray Lee Jackson

phil duey

Baritone star of the Philip Morris Program, Philip Alexander Duey rejoices to see the increased popularity of classical music on the air although most of his own songs are of the popular variety. He is as sincerely interested in the future of radio as he is in his own personal future. This Fall you will be hearing him in his first big dramatic as well as singing rôle, starring in a new program with the "Men About Town," with Aldo Ricci's orchestra.

With her little daughter, Mary, Helen enjoys the sunshine in the garden of their California home.

you don't need beauty

Success is only loving your work, says Helen Hayes

By HELEN HARRISON

THERE must be much to learn from a woman who never has come but second best!

Tiny Helen Hayes, with pleasant but not too-regular features, has come to be known as America's leading actress, Hollywood's ace performer (she won a movie award for the year's best performance in 1933) and radio's foremost dramatic star! Everyone, it seems, is a Hayes fan!

What are her thoughts? Her aims? Her ambitions? Maybe we can profit by her experience.

In Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus," her first real success as a comedienne, and in "Coquette," the tragic play of a small town Southern girl (in which Mary Pickford appeared on the screen), she displayed her wide range of characterization and the emotional powers which will give her enduring fame as one of the great American actresses of all time.

Ask her what is most important in the make-up of an actress and, without hesitation, her answer is: "A love of people and a relish of life itself—humanity. . . . Concentration and the gift of relaxation . . . An ability to work hard and the capacity for a vision and a dream . . . In a word, *understanding*."

"People," she explained, "always interest me. . . . For instance, several years ago, a woman travelled opposite me on a bus. There was nothing startling about her, but I found myself wondering why she had bought the particular hat she was wearing, why she was talking in a certain way. Then, not long ago, I was given a rôle which brought that woman clearly to mind again and I found her very valuable in building a character, dressing her to type and in talking as a woman such as she *would* talk—making her believable."

On either side of the footlights she is a fascinating person—delightful actress, good little trouper, loyal friend, devoted wife and mother. As Mrs. Chas. MacArthur of Nyack, her charming and well-run Victorian home is the centre of many brilliant gatherings of distinguished guests. It is a haven of refuge for Chicago's star newspaper-man turned dramatist and successful screen producer, for the star, Helen Hayes, and for six-year-old Mary MacArthur, their small and unsuspecting daughter—unsuspecting, that is, of being the pride and joy of two very famous people who happen to be her parents.

"Charlie and I are grand friends and sweethearts, too," she said, meditatively, tugging at the brim of her hat with the nervous little habit she has—I suspect to keep it down over a face too famous for comfort. "I do want to be attractive to him, but I never make too much of an effort. The important thing, I believe, is how you think—for thinking registers. . . . You come to look and even sound pretty much like the person you really are!"

Nothing could give you a better insight into the sort of person Helen really is than her relation towards those with whom she works. A veteran of the Vallee hour and headliner on several occasions of the Lux Radio Theatre show, it was not so long ago she presented herself for the first rehearsal of her very first broadcast.

Around the room stood several small straight-back chairs for everyone, while a large (*Continued on page 71*

Helen and Charles MacArthur are devotees of amateur photography.

Leap before you look

BY DORA ALBERT

Tiny Ruffner and John Barclay give little Miss Francia White a lift.

YOU sit at your desk, your shoulders hunched, your face bitter with conflicting emotions, wondering why you've been such a flop. While other men went ahead and found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, you've found life hard and niggardly and mean. And you don't know why. You've worked like a Roman galley slave. And been so cautious. So very, very cautious. You've never taken terrible risks, or gambled everything on a whim of fate. And yet you're a failure. In the name of all that's merciful, why?

Maybe that's why. The risks you didn't take defeated you. You played a snail's game, not a man's. You played for nickels and threw away the rich fortune that was your life. Reverse your motto. Don't look before you leap. Tiny Ruffner, announcer and director of Show Boat, the Palmolive show and Fred Allen's Town Hall program, is on top of the world today because he leaped before he looked.

Didn't he get into trouble doing that? Of course he did! He threw away money; he threw away jobs; he threw away, at the drop of a hat, everything that men hold dear. And once, because he leaped before he looked, because he risked everything for an idea, men hated him, reviled him, called him every contemptuous name they could think of. He knew what it was to be afraid of his life by day; and to skulk in his home like a wounded cub at night. Men's hatred reared a bitter barricade between him and them. The people he had loved best shunned him as though he were a leper, an unclean thing.

But before I tell you about that, I want you to get a picture of Tiny Ruffner, six feet five and every inch a man.

He comes of pioneering stock, men who didn't seek the cautious, easy way of doing things.

Far back, his folks on his mother's side were brave Scots who sailed from Scotland on windjammers. They laughed at the people who said it couldn't be done. Far back in history, his father was descended from a man named Peter Ruffner, the second son in a Swiss family. Two hundred and seventy years ago in Switzerland, the eldest son inherited everything, the second son not a Swedish penny. So Peter Ruffner, turning his back on the traditions of his people, said, "If I stay here, nothing will ever happen to me." And with that he sailed for Charleston, South Carolina.

In the blood of the Ruffners was eagerness for adventure. They moved farther and farther West, when the West was strange and pioneer territory.

Into this family, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, Tiny was born—named Edmund J. Ruffner. At thirteen he shot up suddenly, tall and very lean, till it seemed as if his body would not be strong enough to carry the full height of him. Though tall, he was very frail, thin as a gangling string bean. There was no strength in his arms and shoulders. His mother watched over him solicitously.

At seventeen Tiny started on his career of leaping headlong into difficulties.

One day he came home and announced proudly that he had got a job as riveter in a ship-building company. His mother had a swift vision of what the work would be

Tiny Ruffner did it—and he landed high and handsome

Jean Paul King, Celia Babcock of the "House of Glass" cast, and Tiny.

"Tiny" (real name Edmund) Ruffner was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

like. For ships were being turned out then like so many sausages, and the work was horribly dangerous. The mortality rate in the shipyards was very high.

"Tiny," she said, horror in her eyes, "you can't do that. Remember you're not as strong as most boys. You're our only son, Tiny. Why do you want to take such a dangerous job? You mustn't do it!"

But Tiny was past remembering, or hesitating. If life was going to keep him a weakling, a boy who couldn't compete with the other boys, he would have none of it.

"It's all right, mother. Nothing will happen to me," Tiny said, grinning at her fondly.

With white hot rivets he worked all day, so fast that the eye could hardly follow his movements. Do you know how riveters work? Have you ever seen them, one man driving the rivet, while a man on the other side, called the bucker-up, holds on to it? One day the man who was working as Tiny's partner missed the rivet, and the plunger hit Tiny on the forehead. Tiny was knocked out cold. He fell twelve feet off the scaffold on to the steel deck.

The men gathered anxiously around Tiny. Only too often they had seen accidents like this happen. Men maimed and miserable for life. Their faces were wet with sweat, their lips mute with pity.

But fortunately for Tiny, he had been wearing a cap with a visor, and the hat had broken the blow of the rivet. Otherwise his skull would have been smashed. As it was, he just picked himself up, dusted himself off, and asked a bit incoherently: *"What happened?"* They told him—marvelling that he could be alive to ask!

"I guess that's enough for today. I'll go home now." So he stumbled home. But the next day he was back at work.

All this took physical courage. But that was nothing. It's not so hard to leap before you look when all you're risking is your life. But far, far worse and far more bitter is it to face the hatred of men, poisonous, searing, blind hatred, because you've stood by something you believed in. When Tiny was about eighteen he was working for the Bolcon Canal Lumber Company in Seattle. The men struck for higher wages and got them. Tiny was with them. Suddenly into the picture came a bunch of Red agitators, inflaming the hatred of the men, poisoning their minds, fomenting trouble.

"You struck for higher wages and got them. That's fine," they said. "Now strike again. Strike while you have the chance. Strike for shorter hours."

The men, who had been delighted when the company granted their demands, began to grumble among themselves. Slowly discontent spread in their ranks. Led on by a group of agitators, they went on strike again.

"Don't do it," Tiny Ruffner begged them. "The company's played ball with us. Let's play ball with them. They gave us the raise we asked for on condition that we make no more trouble."

"Why, you so-and-so," the men told him, their faces harsh with contempt. "So you're on the side of the company now!"

No one would listen to him. Now if Tiny had had any sense at all, when he found *(Continued on page 93)*

on top of the world! Here is his surprising story

Was a career so important?
Neila sometimes wondered.
Was Mother always right?

Neila was to be a concert pianist—to win the fame and glory her mother had missed.

Ray Lee Jackson Photographs

introducing Miss radio

A lovely girl in her early twenties, who knows just

"I MIGHT have been——"
You've heard it before. Perhaps those words have plagued you, too. There's no expression which covers so much defeat, so much futility.

A young mother who saw her promising singing career nipped by an early marriage stared at her baby girl sleeping in the crib and promised: "She never will be a 'might have been' like myself." And because of that desperate vow Neila Goodelle today is a star. She's the radio newcomer who does cute things with her voice and a piano Sunday evenings on the NBC net work for the Cutex Company.

She got there because she followed Mama's advice. True, if she had gone ahead in her own young, impulsive way she would have been a Missus today with, perhaps, a couple of button-nosed, gray-eyed youngsters resembling her. But mama said: "Turn your back on marriage if it interferes with your career, then you'll never regret."

By HELEN HOVER

So Neila, being a dutiful dotter, did turn her back. Once it was to a laughing tow-haired college boy whose father owned half the town. The second time it was to a gilt-edged movie star—the Hollywood variety, you know, with a string of ponies and half the female population mooning over him. Then it was a prominent professional man who could have given Neila social position and money.

Each time that Neila was on the verge of taking the Lohengrin leap there came the after-midnight talk with mama, at the end of which she would sigh, then slip the ring from *the* finger and send it back

Did Mama know best?

Neila thinks so now. But you'll have a chance to decide for yourself.

To Mrs. Goodelle, Neila is her second chance. The fulfillment of what she herself "might have been." She planned her daughter's life (*Continued on page 75*)

Where does she get her old-fashioned common-sense, Broadway wonders. For Neila never yet has "gone Broadway."

stars . . .

how her future will work out

Once each year RADIO STARS Magazine designates a young American girl and a young American boy as the most talented of the younger crop of stars. We do this with the hope that our finger-pointing will lift them above the crowd of clamoring, capable newcomers.

We hope that the friendship they will find among our readers will help them to reach the goal of their desires. Now, calling her Miss Radio Stars of 1935, we name as our first choice of the year the capable young lady who undertakes single-handed to entertain us on the Cutex program, Miss Neila Goodelle. We know you like her singing—and we hope you'll like her story. A story of a typical American girl and a lot of uncommon sense.—The Editor.

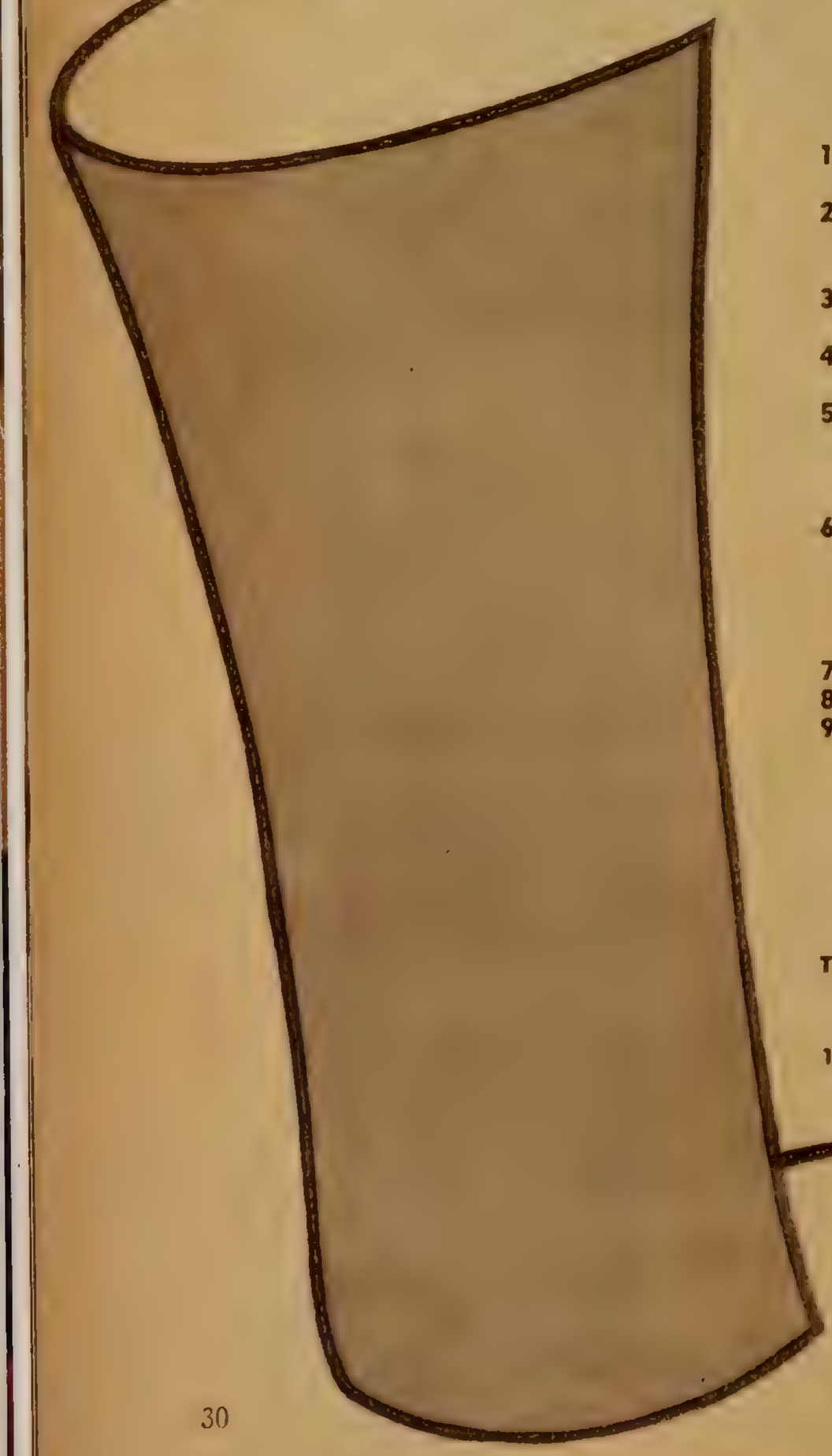
A very famous movie star begged Neila to marry him.

Photograph by Maurice Seymour

Amos

Andy

. . . crazy



1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada with exception of employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and Paramount Pictures, Inc.
2. Contestants must submit two sets of Crazy Captions and Pictures, one set to be printed in October issue and one in November issue of RADIO STARS Magazine.
3. Contestants must correctly identify captions with personalities as presented in "The Big Broadcast of 1936."
4. In fifty words or less, tell which radio star's performance in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" you enjoyed most and why.
5. Your letters and both sets of captions and photographs or facsimiles thereof must be mailed to Crazy Captions Contest, RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, in one envelope or package, before November 1st, 1935.
6. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who most correctly connect the crazy captions with the photographs or facsimiles thereof of the radio personalities appearing in the motion picture, "Big Broadcast of 1936," and who tell most clearly and interestingly in fifty words or less which radio star's performance they enjoyed in the "Big Broadcast of 1936" and why.
7. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS Magazine.
8. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
9. Contest shall close the last day of October, 1935.

1st Prize
$250.00 cash

2nd Prize
$100.00 cash

3rd Prize
A $75.00 radio

4th Prize
A dressing-table radio

5th Prize
Ten Max Factor MAKE-UP KITS to the ten next best answers.

6th Prize
100 $1.00 bills to the one hundred next best answers.

7th Prize
50 Max Factor Lipsticks to the 50 next best answers.

8th Prize
50 Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Records to the 50 next best answers.

9th Prize
100 sheets of "Big Broadcast of 1936" music to the next best 100 answers.

Mary Boland

Gracie Allen

Caption Contest

DO you want to win a prize?

Here's a corking contest!

It started last month—in the October issue—but if you haven't it, you can get a copy of that issue from this office. (Both sets must be submitted together to compete for the prizes.)

Here's the story: Above are four pictures of radio and movie stars. They all appeared in Paramount's great picture, *"The Big Broadcast of 1936"*. They sang songs and spoke lines. Now look at the captions printed in the balloons that come out of their mouths.

Just between us, they're all saying the wrong things! They're saying lines or words of songs that somebody else used in "The Big Broadcast". That's why we call this "Crazy Caption Contest".

What you must do, if you want to win one of the fine prizes offered, is to get to work with shears and paste, or pen and ink, and put the right words in the right mouths.

See "The Big Broadcast of 1936", or ask someone who has seen it. Then put the right captions in the right places. That's the first half of your job. The rest is this:

In fifty words, or less, write a paragraph stating which radio star's performance you enjoyed most in "The Big Broadcast of 1936", and tell why you enjoyed it. Write as interestingly as you know how.

Then mail the two sets of pictures, or facsimiles thereof, with the captions properly placed, and your fifty-word letter, to this address:

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST

Radio Stars Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York

There are 314 prizes—cash, make-up kits, radios and music. . . . Just look at that thrilling list on the opposite page!

The contest is easy to enter and easy to win! Remember—send in together both sets of pictures (one from October and one from this issue) with correctly placed captions, either clipped from the magazines or facsimiles of them, and your fifty-word letter.

And you have until the last day of October to do it.

Again we remind you—314 stunning prizes, 9 simple rules—get going and try for a prize!

"Do as you please, and be happy," is Rudy's rule for

AN invitation to Rudy Vallee's hideaway lodge in the heart of the green lake country of Maine is the sort of thing calculated to add a beat to any girl's pulse rate. When my editor-husband came home with the news that Rudy had invited us up for a week-end, I started packing with a whoop.

Rudy Vallee Lodge is famous among the New England folk sixty miles northwest of Portland, Maine, but to me it was hardly more than a vague rumor. I remembered reading something of its incredible bathrooms, of the Fifth Avenue kitchen transplanted to the heart of the wilds, of a cold, blue lake almost at world's end.

Long before we reached the lake we felt the cleanness and calmness of this north country.

As we drove, I wondered if the Rudy Vallee of Maine would be different from the Rudy Vallee of Radio City. I knew he had a reputation for thoroughness and attention to detail. Already, we had tangible evidence of it in the map we had sent us. It was a mimeographed sheet of white paper with the route from New York to his lodge carefully sketched. The last eight miles were in detail:

"Leave tar road . . .
"Pass cemetery on right . . .
"Country club on left . . .
"Bridge . . .
"Don's gate . . ."

By this time we were rolling slowly up a hillside on a road which would not permit two cars passing. The Jack pines were closing about us. In the distance, we glimpsed mountain tops. Then, on the right, we saw the gate.

It bore no name to show it belonged to Rudy Vallee but I knew it was his. I think the signs told me—that and my memory of his reputation for thoroughness. Grey stone made formal bases for a wide steel gate. We slowed down to read the signs.

One was a warning to uninvited guests who were promised immediate arrest by officers on duty if they intruded. Evidence that even here a public hero found it difficult to escape from his admirers. Another cautioned against dropping lighted cigarettes from the car—good advice, indeed, for a constant threat to that immense forest of pines is fire. Another requested us to proceed slowly and with care. The road—one mile of it to the border of the lake and the lodge buildings—had been driven through the forest. Rudy had erected a street sign at its beginning. It was called, with a

By MRS. CURTIS MITCHELL

The Pirate's Den, at the lake's edge, is playroom and boathouse combined.

Heaven in the

guests at his lodge in Maine. But is Rudy happy?

considerable show of humor, the *"Rue de la Paix."*

Then we found the lodges. Four jolly-looking shingled houses situated on a couple of acres of cleared ground. At three sides was nothing but fragrant pines; at the fourth, the lake itself.

Several people were swimming about the float. A man with a face like the map of Maine came toward us. We asked for Rudy.

"He won't be here until in the morning."

"Who's in charge?"

"I am."

And that is the way we met Henry—last name unknown. Henry is a Maine veteran who lives at the lodge winter and summer and looks after the place. Before we left we discovered that he was a very nice guy—as nice a guy as ever took a lady riding in the rear seat of a speed boat and then dumped her lap full of lake water with his whirling dervish turns. I liked it after I got over being petrified but I'm afraid my own enthusiasm never quite equalled Henry's. Next day I saw him initiate all the other guests in the same damp fashion.

Two other people come to mean a lot to you at the Vallee Lodge. One is Theresa and the other is Manuel, Irish and Latin-American respectively. Theresa shows you things and places and has charge of the houses. Manuel waits on table, stands by with a fresh drink for whoever is thirsty and does whatever else the perfect butler does. Theresa and Manuel, and Nora, the perfect cook, are the only servants who go back to New York with Rudy in the winter.

The Main Lodge is large and friendly. It is the night headquarters of all. Which is as it should be, for a billiard table and a bar offer their seductive pleasures. Adjoining, a tremendous hall with a fireplace at the end holds the deepest-cushioned chairs north of Boston. Next, with another giant fireplace, is the main dining-room. Then the kitchen, and such a kitchen you've probably never seen. Upstairs were the bedrooms.

They aren't large—just big enough—but nothing has been omitted. Lambskin rugs, on the polished pine floors, are the softest, soothingest things for chilly feet I've ever experienced. Crêpe de Chine spreads for the twin beds, bearing the host's embroidered farewell, blue silk letters spelling *"Bonne Nuit."*

A reading-lamp at the head of the bed, cigarettes and cleansing tissues in a dressing table drawer, hangers in the closet, lighter, freshly filled; pen, ink, and specially printed stationery with a picture of each Lodge on it. And, more than that, it (*Continued on page 67*)

Here is Rudy, with (left) his brother, Bill Vallee, and (right) his father.

pines

Deems Taylor confers with Sigmund Romberg on their Swift program.

Rudolf H. Hoffman

too old to dream?

"Take the world as you find it," says Sigmund Romberg

BY JAY KIEFFER

THERE is a popular belief that all really great artists live in chilly attic rooms, with their pockets and stomachs chronically empty. Here is one who didn't. He never was broke, he never was hungry. He always could look at a good steak smothered in mushrooms without reminiscing over winter nights when he longed for one just like it. He can truthfully say: "I've never struggled."

Sigmund Romber's father, Adam Romberg, was rich, manager of three Hungarian chemical factories, when his first son was born. He was pleased; little Sigmund, he beamed, would grow up and some day take his place at the factory. But Frau Romberg was of another mind. Ever since her marriage she had lived constantly with fear—fear that an explosion might some day occur and her husband would be brought home to her a corpse. Their son must never face that danger; they could give him every opportunity in some less hazardous profession.

The boy grew up amid the pageantry of old Vienna. He learned to dance the mazurka and schottische with grace and gallantry, as was an accepted part of every Viennese youth's education. Prep school gave way to university. Now Sigmund realized fully what his parents planned for him. He was to be an engineer, a bridge builder—that would please them.

Well, he would try. But happiness did not really begin for him until every prosaic textbook had been put away and he was in the nearest beer garden. Whirling about under the linden trees to bright music, returning flushed and warm to blow the foam from a brimming stein, making speeches to a pretty face—that was his element. Always he wanted to be where there was music. It seemed a part of life from which he never could long absent himself.

He felt himself an alien in the silent corridors of the university. He hated the dull classrooms with their smell of chalk and dust. Draftsmanship irked him most of all. He designed monstrosities when he tried to picture grace and beauty. In sheer desperation he would turn to the back of the book and sketch a clef surrounded by sharps or flats. In music, it was easy for him to achieve grace and beauty; gay melodies seemed to drip lavishly from his pen. He would forget monuments and towers and arches to send some haunting or tuneful waltz to a contest.

And more often than not he won. By the time he was fifteen his tunes were as much admired in Vienna's drawing-rooms as his poor sketches were derided throughout the university. Everyone except his own parents realized that Sigmund Romberg would never be able to fill the rôle chosen for him—and that he was destined for one much greater.

But within a year even his father and mother were to be as certain of this as the whole world is now. Proudly they watched him conduct the seventy-piece orchestra of the Budapest College of Music in a performance of one of his own compositions. His gift was too strong to be denied; they allowed him to withdraw from college and devote his time to music.

Success was instantaneous. All of Budapest twirled and dipped to the melodies of a seventeen-year-old boy. A big city bowed before its youngest composer—all except the first real love of Sigmund Romberg's life. For years she had been the girl next door, the flaxen-haired *fräulein* who accompanied him to picnics and concerts.

Now she stood before him, grown-up, smiling, radiantly beautiful. "She was dressed in white, and the feather fan she carried waved nervously back and forth as she congraulated me," he said dreamily. "Her name? That doesn't matter. I'll tell you how I won her and how I lost her. That should be enough. . . . She used to ride around Budapest on the handle-bars of my bicycle. That was when I was still wearing (*Continued on page 60*)

miss hey nonny nonny arrives

Kay Thompson sings and handles all the choral work for the Hit Parade

BY PEGGY WELLS

Personality, plus a gift for music, started Kay Thompson on her career.

A SMART girl, Kay Thompson. When she was sixteen she appeared as piano soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. When she was eighteen she was earning $125 a week singing with a band. When she wanted a trip to California, she wangled herself a job on the Catalina Islands. And when you and I and other little girls were debating how we could stick dad up for an extra five dollars to buy that sumptuous perfume Susie had, Kay was earning forty-five dollars a week playing the piano after school.

None of this came running to reddish-haired, outspoken, lanky Miss Thompson, who has such an important singing rôle on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade. No sir, she went out and grabbed it, on nerve, and nothing else but. Riding gloriously over such setbacks as being fired from her first commercial.

It happened because she was late for a broadcast. At a party, forty miles from station KMOX in St. Louis, she was having the time of her young life. When her escort, Jimmie, tapped her arm and reminded her that she was supposed to be on the air in ten minutes.

"We made the forty miles in thirty minutes, doing eighty an hour," Kay told me. "Sure we got there late, but the broadcast was still on. I hopped up to the mike. Michael Charles, the orchestra leader, was furious. He just glared at me."

To make matters worse, she had forgotten her music. Taking a slip of paper, she wrote: "Play *Some of These Days* in G Minor." That wasn't what the boys had rehearsed, but they faked it as well as they could. Kay sounded awful.

It was just her bad luck that the director of the Phillip 66 Gasoline Company listened in that night. And sent a telegram: *"Keep Band But Dismiss Vocalist."*

Did Kay care? Not Kay. "I was young and foolish," she told me. "That was my first commercial. I felt sponsors were as thick as fish in the pond. We just went back to the party and had a swell time." And she laughed.

Then there was the time when sixteen-year-old Kay electrified her father and mother by coming home with forty-five dollars for a week's work, playing the piano three hours a day after school.

How did it happen? Piano has always been Kay's forte: since she was four years old she took piano lessons, practicing four or five hours a day. In her early 'teens, she was already an accomplished pianist. A friend of her sister's conducted an exclusive dancing school. Suddenly this girl found herself without a pianist, a few weeks before her recital.

To Kay she came. "How much do you want for playing for me?" she asked the child.

Kay didn't know anything about prices, but her own teacher charged three dollars an hour.

"Three dollars an hour," Kay replied.

"Goodness," said the other. "Who do you think you are, Paderewski?"

Kay knew the dancing teacher was in a tight spot. "That's my price," young Miss Thompson answered, firmly.

"O. K., you little Big Shot. I'll have to give it to you."

Which she did. "That was the first money I ever earned," Kay told me. "It seemed so easy to make forty-five dollars a week." So Kay, once she had had a taste of big money, just had to devise some new way of eking out her five-dollar-weekly allowance. That's how she came to radio as a singer.

Blues singers were just coming in, and with her usual aplomb, Kay felt she could sing better than they could. Although Nature had endowed her with a high, squeaky voice, the butt of her family's jokes, she was not daunted by that.

"Mother, who gave vocal lessons, had often said you could change the range of your tones," she told me. "I decided to get rid of my squeak and develop a lower range for blues singing." So for months she practiced by herself: grunting, growling, barking, using the piano notes as accompanist and guide. After three months she had four low notes, full and throaty, at her command. Finally, there was an entire octave. Now she felt it was time to get on the air and make big money.

She didn't apply for an audition the regular way, approaching humbly, the way any girl who wanted to get started in a new field would (*Continued on page 78*)

the original IF girl

IF!

Upon that insignificant word hinged the whole future of Patti Chapin. *If* she hadn't tearfully broken her engagement with the Boy Friend, she wouldn't have gone on that West Indies trip to forget. *If* she hadn't missed the boat going home she wouldn't have made the next boat. *If* she hadn't made the next boat she wouldn't have got that New York job. *If* she hadn't got the New York job she wouldn't have made the important New York connections. *If* she hadn't made the connections—well, she'd have been where she started, a little Atlantic City typewriter pounder who sang in amateur church shows, instead of cooing blue notes into a CBS microphone.

Lest this sound like so much Einstein, let's start with the Boy Friend, because, after all, he was the first link in the fateful chain.

It was one of those childhood sweetheart arrangements, which began with his carrying her books from school, and then progressed to the fraternity-pin and finally the engagement ring stage. Then one day they took stock of each other and discovered that in the long period between the "school books" and the "engagement ring" periods they had both wandered on entirely different paths. So they shook hands and called it a day.

Well, a girl doesn't break off with a boy friend of upteen years standing without getting some sort of an empty feeling around the heart. Patti's family got tired of seeing her moping around the house, so they shipped her off on one of those West Indies cruises "to forget." How were they to know that the trip was to be link No. 2; forging their Patti to an entirely new life?

Patti was so busy in the West Indies "foregtting" that she entirely forgot the boat's sailing schedule and reached the harbor just in time to see the smokestacks fading into the distance.

Patti Chapin made her début on Jack Pearl's Peter Pfeiffer program.

She (*Continued on page 70*)

Lanny Ross introduced our Willie to the air.

it started

Willie Morris changed

IT was a laugh—a hearty, innocent laugh—which switched Willie Morris from one career to another. Yes, the same Willie Morris who trills those lyrical high notes opposite John Charles Thomas on his Wednesday evening show, "John Charles Thomas and His Neighbors."

It occurred—the laugh, I mean—in the Paris salon of Mme. Hilda Roosevelt, a music critic. Mme. Roosevelt said something amusing and Willie just threw back her head and laughed. That's all there was to it. But Mme. Roosevelt sat bolt upright. "My dear, if your voice has the tonal quality of your laugh, you're a born singer!" At that Willie laughed again. This was too—too funny! Here she was, studying the piano in Europe after having devoted her whole young life to becoming a concert pianist, and now she was told she was a singer—*because of her laugh!*

But Mme. Roosevelt insisted and Willie, being from Missouri (Mexico City, if you insist), decided to be shown. She crossed a couple of borderlines and ended up in Rome and Mme. Bianco's voice studio. Mme. Bi-

they called him 'pipes'

TALK about your success stories—listen to this! Stuart Allen, vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra, was born in Harlem, which—any New Yorker will tell you—is a little neighborhood bounded on all sides by fire-escapes and poverty. A few days ago the social columns carried the item that Mr. Allen was the week-end guest at the Long Island estate of—*ahem*—Mr. George Vanderbilt . . . Boy, page Horatio Alger!

How did he do it? "With my voice," sez he, blushing to the roots of his wavy brown hair. (Yes, Stu is of the blushing variety.)

That voice was to do a lot of things to him. It got his family in the clutches of the law. It had him travelling half way around the world from the time he was eight, giving him the amateur championship of having slept in more Pullmans than all the travelling salesmen put together.

About the "clutches of the law," though. It happened when Stuart was just *so* high and piping his uncertain tenor in orchestra pits of the theatre houses. Everybody was happy. The audience went for kid entertainers in those days. Little "Pipes" (he couldn't escape the nickname) could buy all the lollipops he wanted. And to the Allen family it meant that they didn't have to hide when the landlord knocked. But one day three men from the Gerry Children's Society called and took "Pipes" home and told mama and papa that it wasn't nice to let children perform in New York theatres. Or legal, either, they added significantly.

Mama and papa took the hint, but there was still the landlord to think of, so they trundled "Pipes" off with a travelling show whose manager thought it was perfectly okay and nice and legal if children sang their little heads off on the stage.

Stuart Allen got his radio job in an entirely accidental manner.

This continued until the piping deepened into a baritone, "Pipes" (*Continued on page 70*)

with a laugh

BY HELEN HOVER

horses in mid-stream and triumphantly rode to success!

anco said, "Yes, yes—by all means *sing,* and leave the piano alone!"

But back home there were Complications. It seems that Colonel Morris, a methodical gentleman if ever there was one, had set aside a certain trust fund for the education of each of his three children. So much for Willie, so much for Fred, and so much for Mize. Well, Willie's so much had been spent—down to the very last penny—on her piano. She couldn't squeeze another cent for vocal lessons, because there just wasn't another cent to squeeze. What to do now?

Suddenly young brother Fred stepped in like a Dick Tracy hero to save the day for our Willie. "I'll give up a term of college and give you that money of my fund. But it's for just one term— remember."

Into that time Willie crammed all the voice training she could possibly get, studying with the best teachers in Boston. At the end of the six months Willie trooped into Station WEEI in Boston, took an audition and ended up as hostess-soloist there. Willie continued her voice lessons and Fred entered his second year at Notre Dame. In between times she managed to tuck the New England prize of the 1931 Atwater Kent music contest under her belt, so she decided that she was on the right track.

This past winter she was called to New York to sing with John Charles Thomas in his new show. Imagine—an unknown to sing with *the* John Charles Thomas. It was a gruelling test for a recognized singer—much less a nervous little newcomer from the mid-west. But she's still there, standing next to the great Thomas, singing note for note with him, acting as calmly as though she'd been singing before a mike all her life.

Willie looks more like an athlete than a gifted soprano. She has a wholesome, beaming face like the girl on the Cream of Wheat ads, blondeish, flyaway hair and the broad shoulders and slim hips of a back-stroke swimmer.

Practically every letter that Willie receives asks: *"Whereever did you get that funny first name?"*

I told you before that Willie's father was methodical and planned every little detail in advance. Well, he and Mrs. Morris were so sure (*Continued on page 69*)

When chorines dance, the mike goes on the floor to catch the sound of their lyric feet. Here are the girls who broadcast the opening and closing tap-dance of "N.T.G. and His Girls".

J. Walter Thompson

Bernie Ross, deft impersonator of many famous folk, tries his art on Schnozzle Durante.

Wide World

Taken by our own J. B. Scott, this exclusive shot, Joe and Mrs. Penner.

J. B. Scott

Raymond Page (left) ace CBS maestro, meets Lily Pons and Kostelanetz.

Helen Stevens Fisher, of National Farm and Home hour, with A. A. Stagg.

Foto-News

Can you guess who he is? You're right! Our Eddie, with Mrs. Cantor.

J. B. Scott

radio's merry

Have you heard Prima's band? Its popularity is spreading rapidly from Coast to Coast. Here is Louis Prima with his Famous Door Five, whose ultra-hot dance rhythms are fast becoming the rage. Tune in on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"I don't know whether I'm him or he's me!" says Jimmie Durante, looking at Bernie.

Wide World

Parks Johnson draws many a smile with his "Voice of the People" broadcasts.

Even an injured foot did not keep Anne Seymour from her weekly broadcast.

r Thompson

Foto-News

A million dollars worth of fingers! (L to R) Tex Howard, Griff Williams, Mack, Knapp, Garber, Duchin, Grier, Millar.

World

go-round

i cover the studios

BY GADABOUT

Exclusive new gossip by Gadabout, the columnist the radio stars follow

Wide World Photos

Above, Joan Blaine, of Princess Pat Players, receives the Princess Pat Beauty Contest Cup from Sally O'Brien. Another cup, for First Prize in the World's Fair Personality Contest, is won by nineteen-year-old Gene Abbay, right. Schumann-Heink presents it. Making hot music cool, Buddy Rogers rehearses his musicians in a pool.

MEMORIAL

Radio has a heart! Deep down under its adamant schedules and its iron-bound rules, it has feeling. But Will Rogers and Wiley Post had to die before it was revealed.

Perhaps you listened to the hour-long memorial program NBC prepared, when word was flashed to the world of the tragedy. If so, you heard strong men—Roscoe Turner, Fred Stone, George M. Cohan—cry as they told of their friendship for the dead men. You heard Bing Crosby lower his voice a full octave when it broke in the middle of his song, *"Home On The Range."* So that these men might speak their hearts, NBC waived its most rigid rule: it was not necessary for them to read from approved scripts. NBC knew that only fine, good things could be said of them.

REUNION

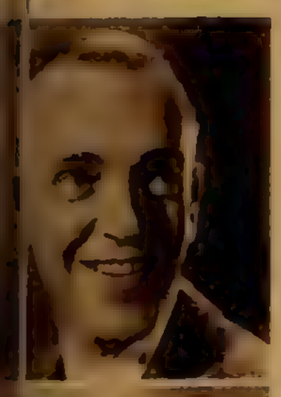
We're in studio 8G, where most of NBC's big things happen. Something is happening, too. Bing Crosby is on the stage, wearing his usual white cap and polo shirt. He's decidedly chubby. He's grinning and shaking hands enthusiastically with everyone in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. For the first time in five years, he's playing a date with the band that started him out. He's doing it for nothing, for old time's sake, and the fact is worth about five thousand dollars to Whiteman, since that is approximately Bing's price for a guest appearance. Paul probably didn't pay Crosby much more than that all the time he sang with his orchestra.

As we watch, one of the violinists asks with mock seriousness for an autograph on a music stand. Crosby bops him smartly on the head with a rubber mallet he takes away from the drummer and they both laugh like a couple of kids. After a bit, the greetings are over and—while Crosby and the Dorsey brothers gab—the orchestra rehearses. Crosby rehearses, too—and everyone who is visiting the studio is disgruntled, for he does not sing while rehearsing. He mouths a line or two, then whistles the rest, listening critically to the orchestra the while. It is this trait of Crosby's that drives production men frantic, since it is their desire to make rehearsals as near perfect as possible.

. . . AND DISUNION

You're hearing, if you like good dance music, Jacques Fray's orchestra over the (*Continued on page 87*)

gossip at a glance



Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Nov. 26	5' 9"	He hasn't any	Brown	Married

Fred Astaire

I saw Fred recently in one of our most staid publishing houses. But even the traditions of the place didn't keep everyone in the building from coming in to look at the new radio star who is plotting a book for them.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Apr. 16	5' 6"	135	Brown	Bride-to-be

Betty Barthell

Betty sang a real swan song to radio recently. She's travelling 'way over to China to marry an aviator stationed there by Pan-American Airways —the name's Vaughn—and she'll only be back for visits, if then.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Oct. 25	5' 9"	152	Grayish Blonde	Married

Wallace Butterworth

His agency cancelled a program on the day of its broadcast. NBC aired it anyway. Wally shouted a denial at the end of the program, and was NBC sore!

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Jan. 15	6' 0"	175	Brown	Married

Goodman Ace

He says he sent a fifty-dollar white suit to the cleaners and it shrank so it came back as a pair of knickers and an Eton jacket. He says he's sore, too.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
June 30	6' 0"	175	Dark Brown	Married

Don Bestor

I understand that bespatted bandleader Don has started making phonograph records to be played from roadside signboards. They'll be automatically played over and over and loud-speakered so we'll hear 'em clear to here.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Nov. 20	5' 3"	118	Brownish Black	Single

Virginia Verrill

According to rumor, her mother, Aimie McLean, may join her in a bit of duo singing—the first such team on the air.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Aug. 17	5' 6"	125	Blonde	Divorced

Gogo DeLys

During one of the breathless Manhattan heat waves, she lost her voice, poor thing. So a pilot took her miles above the humidity and back it came. *Bing!* Like this item!

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Oct. 18	5' 1"	102	Blonde	Single

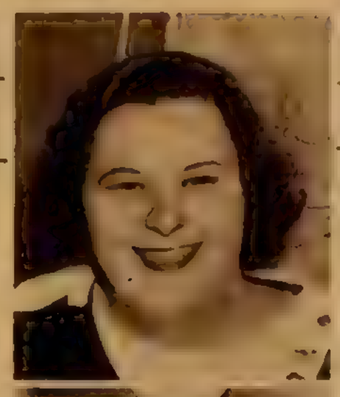
Annette Hanshaw

Annette comes back to a grand new show of her own after her first vacation since Show Boat went on the air—about three years ago. She went to the Maine woods and she looks swell, thank you.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Apr. 29	6' 1"	197	Black	Separated

Duke Ellington

Leo Reisman considers this pianist and arranger and leader one of the few modern geniuses. Ellington buys the most expensive silk shirts made and rarely stays in one place more than a month.



Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
May 5	5' 6"	200	Brown	Single

Kate Smith

She got nicked for fifteen dollars by a millionaire t'other day. Abraham Starr, the East side blacksmith who may inherit millions in diamond dough, was asked if he would broadcast. He said he would—for $25. Kate chiselled him down.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Feb. 20	5' 2½"	110	Blonde	Single

Vera Van

You'll not hear her for a time on Columbia's sustaining programs. She wanted too much dough and now she is looking for something else —which she probably will get.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Nov. 13	5' 11"	165	Brown	Twice

Conrad Thibault

The agency handling Show Boat is plotting stardom for Conrad. The angle is that they will call a new show "Conrad Thibault's Log Cabin," if he signs an exclusive contract which will take him off of Winninger's Tent Show.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Oct. 24	5' 11"	260	Gray	Won't talk

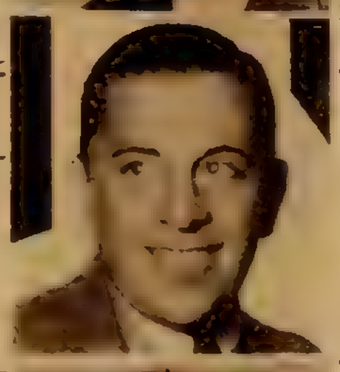
B. A. Rolfe

This rotund gentleman, busy making his third million—he made two in the movies—will hire a promising arranger any day in the week. So, if you arrange promisingly. . . .

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Aug. 23	5' 9"	155	Sandy	Married

Ray Perkins

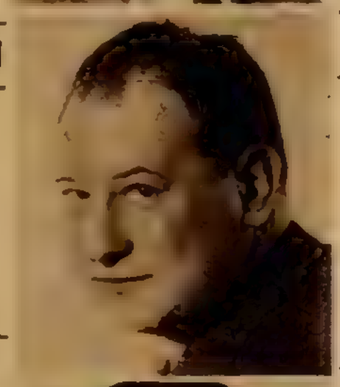
This funny comic could have crashed the dough Major Bowes' amateur winners are making on tour, but since he conducts a rival simon-pure program, he decided it would be unethical.



Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Mar. 18	5' 7"	165	Blonde	Married

George Olsen

Maybe it's because George has six new men in his band, none more than twenty-one, that he is replacing his familiar train theme. Anyway, the new melody (to be inaugurated, possibly, on a new commercial) is by an amateur writer.



Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
May 6	6'	199	Black	Single

Parkyakarkas

Harry Einstein is one of the few who have achieved stardom in a rôle overshadowed by another. Last season as many as six gag writers collaborated on his four-minute spot—and will again when he and Cantor return to the air.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
August	5' 9"	156	Slightly Brown	Married

Phil Baker

Don't worry about Phil. Although the hams he has been plugging have decided against further radio ads, Beetle, Bottle and Baker are set for an even better show to be aired as soon as you read this.

Birthday	Height	Weight	Color Hair	Married or Single
Feb. 19	5' 3½"	110	Chestnut	Single

Connie Gates

Connie is greeted by studio friends with this: *"Wie Gehts!"* It's Peter Van Steeden's idea. Incidentally, Peter and David Broeckman are the only leaders to hail from Holland.

Jessica

BY MARY JACOBS

Mid-Victorian angel, or modern Miss—which is Jessica Dragonette?

Hal Phyfe

IT took almost a whole day for Jessica Dragonette to get her hair cut. Moreover, she had to go to three different places . . . but, what? *What!* You didn't know she'd had her hair cut?

Well, it's the big news of the moment. And a big scene in the Paramount picture, "Big Broadcast of 1936." There, for the first time, the folk who worship at the shrine of the air's First Lady will have a chance to see their goddess in the movies.

The funny—and sorta sad—thing is that they won't be seeing the person they've adored. They'll be seeing a girl whose looks have done a chameleon change these last few weeks. Here is a brand-new Jessica just out of the cellophane wrapper, all dressed up and ready to go places in the motion picture business. The hair-cut did it. Personally, I like her heaps, but somehow I can't repress the teeny-weeny wonder if all this about-face is going to do anything to the heaven-high career of hers. If being a movie actress—and subject to the mad things the movie moguls cause nice girls to do—might not wreck the affection in which she is held by a lot of folk.

You see, Jessica never was a flesh-and-blood radio star. That nightingale voice came out of the heavens and listening Hans Olsen up in Minnesota let his brain vaporings turn her into a blonde and buxom Brunhilde. At the same moment, Enrico Spiglione sat listening to a dark, flashing-eyed Carmen and plain Joe Doakes heard a girl with a Follies face and a Marlene Dietrich figure. But now, parading through two superb songs in the "Big Broadcast," Jessica becomes a lady indubitably lovely to look at but none of the things those worthy gentlemen had imagined.

So the movies, whether we like it or not, indeed, whether she likes it or not, are bound to do something to her.

You may wonder why this all came about. Why has she decided to run the gamut of critical eyes in ten thousand American theatres. I think I know the answer.

You see, really, there are two Jessica Dragonettes. First, there is the angelic sweetness-and-light figure. The girl without a human vice, an ordinary emotion. A spiritual being, above all worldly things, sheltered, living in shadows. That's the picture Publicity has created: the image that millions of fans, hearing only the clear, sweet, flute-like voice, have implanted in their hearts. During the first years of her radio career this side of Jessica predominated.

And then there is the other Jessica, the modern miss. A bit of a flirt. A bit of a hoyden. With a will of iron. With a temper. Courage to spare. Her share of human virtues and failings. A modern up-to-date Jessica, who wears a rubber bathing suit and kids about its ripping; who takes a drink every now and then; who loves to stay up late dancing with the boys. A bit of the devil in her.

Constantly, since Jessica first came to the air in 1926, these two Jessica Dragonettes have been warring with each other. The old-fashioned girl with the modern. The mid-Victorian angel with the flesh-and-blood twentieth century girl.

Publicity has shoved the old-fashioned girl into the limelight. The millions who worship Jessica as an ethereal being never had the chance to get a glimpse of the other Jessica. How could she show her real self to you? Once the image of her as a spiritual being had been created, she was afraid to come out into the open; afraid you might not like her as she really is. Besides, she did not approve of airing her private life.

Well, all that is over. Jessica has surrendered—decided to let you and me know exactly what she is like. She's as fed up with the pictures of herself as an uncloistered nun as I am. It's her cutting her hair that did it, more than any other single factor I know. It has introduced into her life a new phase, what might almost be called the Hollywood period.

In the past there have been flashes of the modern girl, of the hoyden, even. If the stories of what Jessica has done had been told of anyone else, they would have caused quite a rumpus. When they happened to little Miss Dragonette, no one paid any attention to them. For Jessica, like Helen Hayes, has the faculty of making whatever she does seem immensely proper.

You can't conceive of your spiritual, gossamer girl pulling such a prank on a producer that he still nurses a grudge, after nine years, can you?

Yet it happened—when Jessica, new to New York, was walking her feet off looking for a chance at a stage play. For two hours she had sat waiting patiently in the stuffy theatre. There were at least a hundred other girls, tired and restless, waiting for tryouts. They had been called to be tested for a singing rôle in a new Morris Green musical show.

Finally the stage manager appeared, as arrogant and high-hat as they come. Patronizingly he told the girls about the play. As soon as Jessica heard it was to be a road show, her interest vanished. She couldn't leave New York.

She rose quietly, and began walking out.

"Hey, you!" he yelled, "where are you going?"

"On the spur of the moment," she told me, "I decided to have some fun with the pompous stage director. It would, at least, repay me for my two hours' wait."

Now Jessica speaks French beautifully. In her most flirtatious French manner she *(Continued on page 72)*

That pleasant singing voice you hear with the Cities Service Orchestra belongs to Ross Graham (below). This young Southern baritone is an Arkansas Atwater Kent audition winner. He has sung special programs of justly-popular new and old ballads, such as "Bless This House", "Come to the Fair", and "Beautiful Dreams", and other lovely songs well suited to his sympathetic Southern voice.

Leading off our patchwork of radio personalities is "Andy" Andrews (above). Listed in the family Bible in his home town, Lincoln, Nebraska, as Orvill Andrews, Jr., Andy early devoted himself to music. His voice and his banjo helped to put him through the University of Nebraska. In 1932 he joined Al Pearce's gang and still is its singing comedian. He is married and has a young son.

Another one of the popular radio highlights is one who is heard regularly on many outstanding programs. Rosaline Greene (above) has played more feminine leading rôles on the air than most people in radio can remember. When she steps into a rôle, she identifies herself sympathetically with it. No wonder her work is in demand with sponsors and producers. Beauty and brains do mix, yes sir!

So much has been written about Vivienne Segal (below)—Vivienne of the Broadway musical comedy stage—Vivienne of the movies—Vivienne of the airlanes. . . . You know her as well as we do now! Vivienne is the featured soloist of Waltz Time—that delightful program that makes Friday evenings at nine a truly memorable occasion. We couldn't omit her from our pages of radio personalities.

As easy to look at as to listen to is Kaye Kernan (above). Miss Kernan is a Cincinnati society girl, who studied voice at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. She appeared in amateur theatricals and also she modeled professionally for a short time, prior to her radio début in January, 1934. Kaye is the vocalist with Johnny Hamp's orchestra at the Ambassador Hotel, in Atlantic City.

Looking at Loretta Lee (above) you are aware of gay, vivid color notes—green eyes, and auburn hair, and warm, red lips. . . . Listening to her sing, you are aware of sweet notes, and hot notes—notes that stir a responsive feeling in your heart. George Hall "discovered" Loretta in a music publisher's office. She made her start in kiddy reviews. Remember "There ain't no maybe in my baby's eyes"

This young and smiling lady on our left is Helen Oelheim. You've heard her amiable, sweet contralto on the "Showboat" program. Helen began her singing at the advanced age of ten—as a church soloist! Ever since 1928 she's been in radio almost constantly. The Metropolitan Opera has engaged her for the coming season. Helen is married and lives in Merrick, Long Island.

Another in our crosswork pattern of radio favorites is Zora Layman (below). Zora is the tuneful soloist on the "Home on the Range" program, and she likewise has a range of her very own well worth boasting about! Yes—it's a vocal range, and it actually covers three octaves—from low *C* to high *C!* You've heard this lovely and talented songstress with John Charles Thomas on Wednesday evenings.

Meet Lucy Monroe (below). A prima donna of opera and musical comedy, Lucy now stars each week in two of the Columbia network's most popular programs. On Sundays she is heard on Abe Lyman's "Melodiana" broadcast, and on Tuesdays she plays the rôle of Frank Munn's leading lady in "Lavender and Old Lace". Lucy began her singing career in the first "Little Show" in New York.

"Uncle" Jim Harkins (above), pinch-hitter for Fred Allen in Town Hall Tonight while the comedian is out in Hollywood, once was a vaudeville headliner, with his wife. The team was billed as "Marion and Jim Harkins". Later he appeared in many movie "shorts". Friendship with Fred Allen brought him into radio work in 1931. Uncle Jim now acts as Amateur Casting Director for Town Hall.

And another popular singing trio is composed of "The Fiorettes" and "Muzzy" (below). "The Fiorettes", who look like twins but aren't, are May and Dee Gohlke. And "Muzzy" is Muzzy Marcellino. Their fetching close harmony is heard with Ted Fiorito's band. "The Fiorettes" joined the band only last season, but "Muzzy" long has been a favorite with countless Fiorita fans along the airlanes.

There's romance blooming in the Shell Chateau—when Peggy Gardiner and Jack Stanton (below), popular young singing team, contribute their charming duets, along with the glittering galaxy of guest stars presented each week by Al Jolson during the Shell Chateau broadcasts. And is this sweet romance a real one? Or merely a radio romance. But you'll have to guess the answer to that!

After NBC engineers "wake up" the networks, the Don Hall trio (above) goes on the air every week-day morning promptly at seven-thirty, as the eye-opener for the radio audience. The trio's offering is a program of songs and patter, an offering that brought them from an Ohio schoolroom to New York. The trio are Grace Donaldson (left), George "Don" Hall, Hortense Rose (Mrs. Hall).

Across the page, at our left, is talented Anne Teeman. Anne is a New Yorker, but she grew up out in Chicago. There she played in stock companies, then she was whisked off to Hollywood to make silent pictures. After that she returned to New York to play featured rôles on the Broadway stage. She now plays an important rôle—that of Norah—in Gertrude Berg's "The House of Glass."

Last, but not the least in our cross-section of radio, is lovely Bess Johnson (left). And the bewitching young lady with her is her six-year-old daughter, little Miss Jane Orr Perry. Bess is well known to her listeners as the modern, sophisticated bachelor-girl, "Frances Moran", of "Today's Children"—but in reality she is a devoted wife and mother and home-maker. Her husband is Doctor Paul Perry.

How Pat found Pick, Molasses found January and both found fortune

"Us is minstrel mens," say Pat and Pick — alias Padgett and Malone — or Molasses 'n' January.

pick and pat

"RUN 'em on, boys—*Run 'em o-o-on!*" Folks, say howdy to Molasses 'n' January, alias Pick and Pat, alias Padgett and Malone. First meet Pat, or Molasses, or Butterbeans, or Boxcar or Sooty or any *nom-de-blackface* you can think of off-hand. He's answered to the most outlandish names this side of the minstrel boards. But if he had a formal moment, he'd be called Mr. Pat Padgett.

Some folks are disappointed when they see "Showboat" to learn that Molasses 'n' January really are not negroes at all but a pair of white fellers with black stuff smeared all over their Irish noggins. But—"Us ain't supposed to be culluh'd," explains Pat in real Molasses-ese. "Us is minstrel mens."

Any veteran barnstormer just has to take a look at Pat Padgett to see before him a real old-time minstrel man come to life. From that broken-down straw hat, past the burnt cork face and languorous drawl, down to the dawdling dog-trot. Pat's as much a part of a minstrel show as a page out of a 1907 Billboard.

Get his background. Birthplace: Atlanta, Geawgiah. First stepping stone: amateur nights at the "Orpy" House. Experience: end man in a Birmingham minstrel show. Shades of a cross-eyed pickanniny, if that don't give him all the ingrejiments of a lowdown minstrel mans! (*Help, they've got us talking that way, too!*)

After touring around with the then-famous 'Lasses White's Show, Pat annexed himself a partner and they both did a blackface double in vaudeville. They toured the South and Midwest until one fine day the partner got homesick and left Pat and a little note stuck underneath a cold cream jar, and a "dare-you-make-me-laugh" audience howling for them out front.

Equal to the emergency, Pat (*Continued on page 83*)

"WE'RE too much alike to go together outside of work."

Pick Malone—otherwise January of Molasses 'n' January, otherwise Pick of Pick and Pat—talking about his partner and himself. "We're two hot-headed Irishmen," Pat said, "and if we saw too much of each other—well, the team of Molasses and January wouldn't have been together this long." (*Going on its fourth birthday, incidentally.*)

No wonder. They're two scrappy Irishmen who will square fists at the drop of a brown derby. And just as quickly forget what they're fighting about. Like the time they were playing vaudeville and were supposed to take a curtain call. Pick found himself on the stage—no Pat in sight—taking the bow alone. He stalked off the stage and found Pat in the dressing-room contentedly listening to the World Series over the radio. Pick called Pat a so-and-so. Pat called Pick a this-and-that. Pick swung at Pat. Pat swung at Pick. And pretty soon there were four white-gloved minstrel fists pummeling away until a group of stagehands heaved the fists and their owners clear out into the backstage alleyway. They lifted themselves up. Pat dusted Pick's suit, Pick dusted Pat's trousers, and they walked in, friends again.

TNT and nitro-glycerine, Mrs. Pick calls them. Mrs. Pick should know her famous husband better than anyone else because besides being his marital partner for about twenty years, she was his vaudeville partner for about sixteen. She met him when she was a chorus-girl and he was hoofer and end man in a Midwest travelling show. They both came from Oklahoma, they both liked show business and hot tamales, so they married and forthwith became the professional team of Malone and Mack, a black-and-tan minstrel twosome. (*Continued on page 85*)

Radio Stars Junior

:ause it jumps
rwhere at any
e, they call it
: White Rabbit
e. Milton Cross
conductor, and
mie McCallion
the driver.

Here we are, Juniors! New Pictures, new programs, news!

PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

7:30 EST (¼)—Jolly Bill and Jane.
NBC Service to WEAF only.
(Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Spareribs—children's stories with Malcolm Claire.
NBC Service Chicago to WEAF and network.
(Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

8:15 EST (¼)—Pals—children's dramatic sketch.
NBC Service to WJZ and network.
(Monday to Saturday inclusive.)

9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.
(Sundays only.)
WABC WADC WOKO WGR CKLW WFBM WCAU WEAN WFBL WMBR WQAM WDBO WGST WPG WLBZ KLRA WFEA WREC WLAC WDSU WDBJ WMAS WIBX WWVA WSPD WORC WDNC WHP WDOD WNAC WKRC WHK WJAS WBIG WBRC WICC WBNS CKAC WREC WTOC WSJS WSFA.

9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting.
(Sundays only.)
WJZ and associated stations.

9:30 EST (¼)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater.
(Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.

10:30 EST (½)—Let's Pretend—Children's Program.
(Saturday only.)
WABC WADC WAAB WKRC WHK KLZ WCAU WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBO WICC WBT KVOR WBNS WOC WOWO WREC WDSU WMBD KTSA WTOC WIBW CFRB KTUL WIBX KGKO WSJS WKBN WDAE WMBG WCOA WOKO WKBW WDRC WDNC WSBT WMAS WCAO WACO WFEA KLRA WDOD WQAM WFBM WMBR WNOX WHP WLAC WSFA KSL KOMA KWKH WLBZ WBIG KFH WDBJ WGST WORC KRLD KSCJ CKLW WJAS WSMK WBBM WWVA.

10:45 EST (¼)—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Dramatic Sketch. Sponsored by Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.—Jad Salts.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC WKBW WBBM WHK WCAU KMOX.

11:00 EST (1)—Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program.
(Sunday only.)
WABC only.

12:15 EST (¼)—The Gumps. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co. —Linit, Karo, Mazola and Kre-Mel.
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WBNS KRLD KLZ WOWO KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSA KSCJ WMAS.

4:00 EST (¼)—Betty and Bob—dramatic sketch.
(Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.)
NBC Service Chicago Studios to:
WJZ WBZ WJR WHAM KDKA KOIL WBZA WOAI WMAL WSYR WENR KVOO WKY KPRC KOA KDYL KPO KFI WBAP KGW KOMO KHQ WBAL.

4:30 EST—Our Barn—Children's Program with Madge Tucker.
(Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.

4:45 EST—Adventures in King Arthur Land. Direction of Madge Tucker.
(Thursday only.)
WEAF and network.

5:15 EST (¼)—Grandpa Burton—humorous sketch with Bill Baar.
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WEAF and network.

5:30 EST (¼)—The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW CRCT CFCF WFIL WMAL WSYR.

5:30 EST (¼)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC WOKO WNAC WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WMAS. 6:30—WBBM WCAO WGR WHK CKLW WJSV WOWO WHEC WFBL.

5:30 EST (¼)—Children's dramatic program with Tom Mix—Ralston Purina Co.
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR WTAG WCSH KYW WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WHIO.

5:45 EST (½)—Mickey of the Circus.
(Friday only.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WHK WDRC WCAU WJAS WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WICC WBT WBIG WDSU WCOA WHEC WIBX WKRC WTOC WDNC KSL WBNS WMBR WHP WOC WVOR KTSA WSBT WDOD KOH WBRC CKAC KGKO WACO WNOX WHAS KOMA WFBL WDBJ KMBC KLZ KRLD WFAE WALA KMOX KTRH KERN KFPY.

5:45 EST (¼)—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA WBAL WGAR WRVA WIOD WJAX WHAM WJR WCKY WMAL WFLA CRCT CFCF. 6:45—KWK KOIL WKBF KSTP WEBC KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY KPRC WOAI KTBS WAVE WSMB WBAB.

5:45 EST (¼)—The Adventures of Sam and Dick—sketch.
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
NBC Service to WEAF and network.

6:00 EST (¼)—Animal News Club—children's program featuring Lou Rogers, cartoonist and entertainer.
(Wednesday only.)
NBC Service to WJZ and network.

6:00—EST—Orgets in the Air.
(Tuesdays only.)
WEAF and network.

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC.

6:15 EST (¼)—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Tim Healy—Stamp and Adventure Talks.
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA.

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim.
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WABC WOKO WAAB WGR WDRC WCAU WEAN WFBL WHEC WMAS WLBZ.

6:15 EST (¼)—Winnie, the Pooh—children's program.
(Tuesdays.) (6:00 EST—Friday.)
WJZ and network.

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy and Betty—dramatic sketch.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
NBC Service to WEAF only.

7:15 EST (¼)—Popeye, the Sailor (Wheatena Corp.).
WEAF and basic network.
(Thursday and Saturday.)

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Two old friends! Daily, except on Sundays, you can hear Jolly Bill and Jane. Jane's real name is Peggy Zinke. She is fourteen years of age. Jolly Bill's name is William Steinke.

Ooo! Ooo! Danger! Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering are in a tight corner now! But their rocket pistols, jumping belts and television helmets will save them! We'll bet on that!

Billy and Bobby Mauch are ten. They sing, dance and act on The Children's Hour, Gibson Family, Tom Mix, The Lady Next Door and on other NBC programs.

Hoot, mon! 'Tis Walter Campbell Tetley himself! He's been singing in Scotland this summer and there he was called "NBC's Harry Lauder. Walter is now fourteen years old.

Here is Jimmy McCallion, whose picture several have asked to see. He is in several spots in these pages. Jimmy has lots of pep, and is chief mainstay to Madge Tucker.

Ethel Blume is sixteen and a real veteran of the airwaves. She is Queen Guinevere, in Adventures in King Arthur Land. She makes her own sailor suits to wear in the studio.

You know this one, of course! Adventures in King Arthur Land. Left to right—Charita Bauer, Jimmy McCallion, Ethel Blume, Lynn Mary Oldham, Patricia Peardon.

Dick Tracy and Tess Trueheart, whose thrilling adventures are eagerly followed by many fans. Dick is really Ned Wever, and Tess Trueheart's name is Rose Keane.

Billy and Florence Halop

Dear Girls and Boys:

This month we are crowded for space, and so I have o room for a story. . . . On the opposite page you will e some new pictures of your radio favorites, with news hem and their work. Next month I expect to have a y nice story for you.

* * *

ll the children who have written me that they wish to our Radio Stars Junior Club, I must express my deep t that they have had to wait so long eir membership pins. I hope that an be patient a little longer, for I am to have a very fine pin for you— s soon as they are ready to be sent, hall have them.

* * *

use of lack of space we had to omit lub Room page from the September , and so we have few new members month to add to our list. But we ex- to hear from many more children soon as they have read the Septem- r Radio Stars Magazine. Watch for eir names next month.

Here are the newest to join our club:

Hazel Williams, 204 South Washington Ave., Dunellen, New Jersey.
Roberta Perkins, 73 Fayette St., Watertown, Massachusetts.
Allan Jones, Little Britain, Ontario, Canada.
Ruth Gum, East Canton, Ohio.
Rosemary Gaffney, 9718 110th St., Richmond Hill, New York.
Florence Marilyn Druck, 3819 15th Ave., Brooklyn, New York.
Tom Wilt, 107 Chestnut Street, Towanda, Pennsylvania.
Marjorie Rosen, 18807 Lewiston Ave., St. Albans, Long Island, New York.
Robert Ballard, 10 Barstow Ave., Towanda, Pennsylvania.
Virginia Marilyn Rohr, 237 South Richardson Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Your letters were so interesting, I wish that I could print them all. But I have room only for one or two. Here is one from Ruth Gum (a very good letter):

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE · JUNIOR CLUB ·

By Peggy Lee

Dear Peggy Lee:

I noticed in the September issue of Radio Stars Junior that there were only three of our promised five pages. I thought the reason might be that you had not received many letters from your junior readers. I have been wanting to join the club but have never found time. When I saw two pages of our club missing, I thought I had better hurry and join. So, here I am.

I am fifteen years old, and I think the Radio Stars Junior is a great thing for all junior readers. For a long time there have been certain boys' and girls' pictures that I have wanted to see in Radio Stars, and now I am glad I can be assured of seeing them sooner or later.

Would you please put in the Radio Stars Junior a picture of Florence and Billy Halop and Walter Tetley.

Don't you think it would be nice to have a questionnaire, so that the members could ask questions about their favorite child stars?

I hope you like my letter, and I will be awaiting my membership pin. I hope there will be more members joining our club. You will be hearing from me often, because I want the club to continue. I'm all for it!

Yours truly,
Ruth Gum, East Canton, Ohio.

And here is one from Allan Jones:

Dear Miss Lee:

I read Radio Stars and enjoy it very much, especially the Junior section. I am writing to you because I would like to become a member of your club. "Six Gun Justice" is my favorite, with "Dick Tracy," "Little Orphan Annie" and "Buck Rogers" running a close race for second place. I would like to see pictures of the cast of "Little Orphan Annie" in your section.

Hoping that I may become a member and wishing you lots of success,

Yours sincerely,
Allan Jones, Little Britain, Ontario, Canada.

Marjorie Rosen writes:

"My favorite children's program on the air is Bobby Benson. I like him because he is so human, not like others that sound so make-believe. Another favorite is Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.

"Would you please have a picture of Jimmy McCallion in this section some month."

Adeline Rosinski wants a story of Og, Son of Fire, and I hope to have one for a future issue. . . . **Gwendolyn Withers** and **Carolyn Kerr** ask for a story of Bobby Benson. . . . **Frances Fox** would like to see one of Mary Small. . . . **Clara Waller** also is interested in Mary Small and in Florence and Billy Halop. . . . **Marie Hedges** asked for a picture of the White Rabbit Bus, and I was glad to use one for our program page. . . . **Virginia** and **Vera Guratorich** also are Bobby Benson fans, and followers of Little Orphan Annie. . . . **Russell** and **Elaine Carroll** ask for Buck Rogers and Bobby Benson. . . . **Eleanor Fair** wants the story the Singing Lady told about Cinderella. . . . **Thomas M. Hancock** likes the Singing Lady and Mickey of the Circus. . . . **Edith Green** enjoys the Let's Pretend program. . . . And there are many, many other requests and

(Please turn to page 54 for other letters and Club Room news.)

How to serve grand dinners with that greatly desired effect of casual perfection

By NANCY WOOD

For his evening meal Fred Waring enjoys a thick slab of roast beef, bouillon potatoes and new succotash. Below, a tempting dish, this plate of Southern chicken and rice croquettes.

Courtesy Southern Rice Industry

radio stars' *Cooking* schoo

THE important business of an appetizing meal may seem to have little in common with a successful broadcast, yet in both cases the reason for their success is much the same—advance thought and preparation.

I kept thinking of this the other day as I listened, fascinated, while Fred Waring described the tremendous amount of thought and planning that goes into each of his regular weekly Ford broadcasts. Yet this delightful hour of entertainment achieves above all an effect of casual informality. The effort expended on its preparation, as you know, is never, for one instant, apparent during the broadcast.

Just the previous Tuesday I had witnessed one of these broadcasts at Columbia's Radio Playhouse and commented on the smoothness and ease of the performance (quite unlike the hurried last-minute-meal I had literally *thrown* together before going to the theater).

At the door of the Playhouse I presented a pass which had proved almost as hard to get as an interview with Greta Garbo! Then, as I found a seat in the already crowded theatre, a slim, collegiate-looking young man came to the front of the stage and made a short speech of introduction to the audience of well over a thousand people. On the platform back of him were three young girls in simple evening dresses and an orchestra of some thirty-five men, all grinning in happy, friendly fashion. Even the sound effect fellows and the men in the control room were wreathed in smiles.

The hands of the clock moved around to 9:30. The young leader raised his hand. Silence! Then a burst of gay, peppy music—Fred Waring was on the air. The studio audience settled back in (*Continued on page*

MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE

"I'M ALL READY TO GO ON AFTER I'VE SMOKED A CAMEL...IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO RENEW MY ENERGY"

• The Langhorne estate, "Greenfields," is famous for its hospitality. "I notice that Camels disappear amazingly fast," says Mrs. Langhorne. "Every one likes them—they are mild and you never tire of their flavor." Costlier tobaccos do make a difference!

• "I certainly appreciate the fact that Camels never make me either nervous or edgy," Mrs. Langhorne says. "I can smoke all the Camels I want." It is true that Camels never upset the nerves. The millions more Camel spends are justified. Smoke one and see.

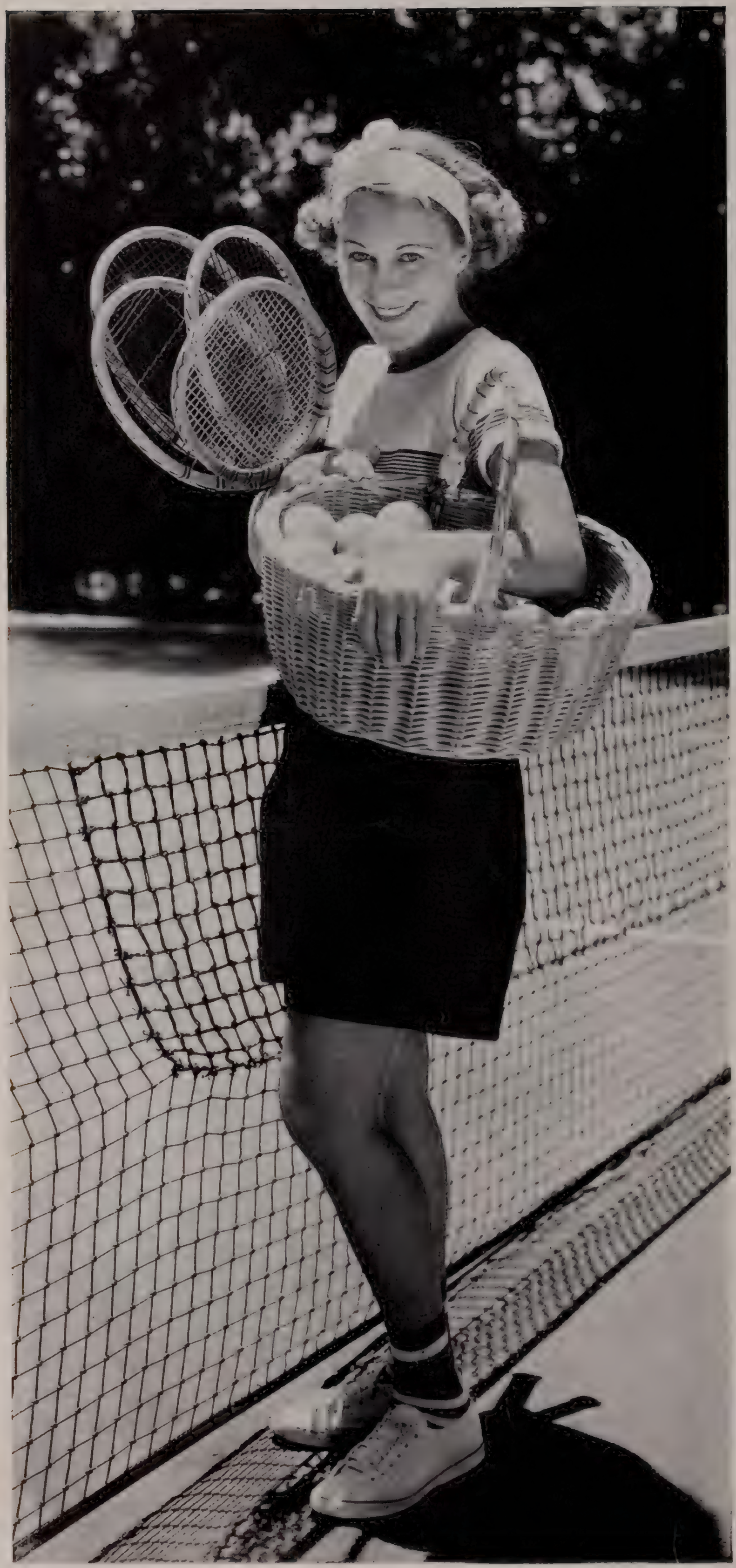
MRS. LANGHORNE grew up in New Orleans. Now she lives in Virginia, where she rides to hounds. "One thing I especially like about Camels," she says, "is the fact that they are not strong and yet, if I am tired, smoking one always picks me up. I feel better and more enthusiastic immediately." Camels release your latent energy—give you a "lift." Millions more are spent every year by Camel for finer, more expensive tobaccos.

AMONG THE MANY
DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER
New York

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C

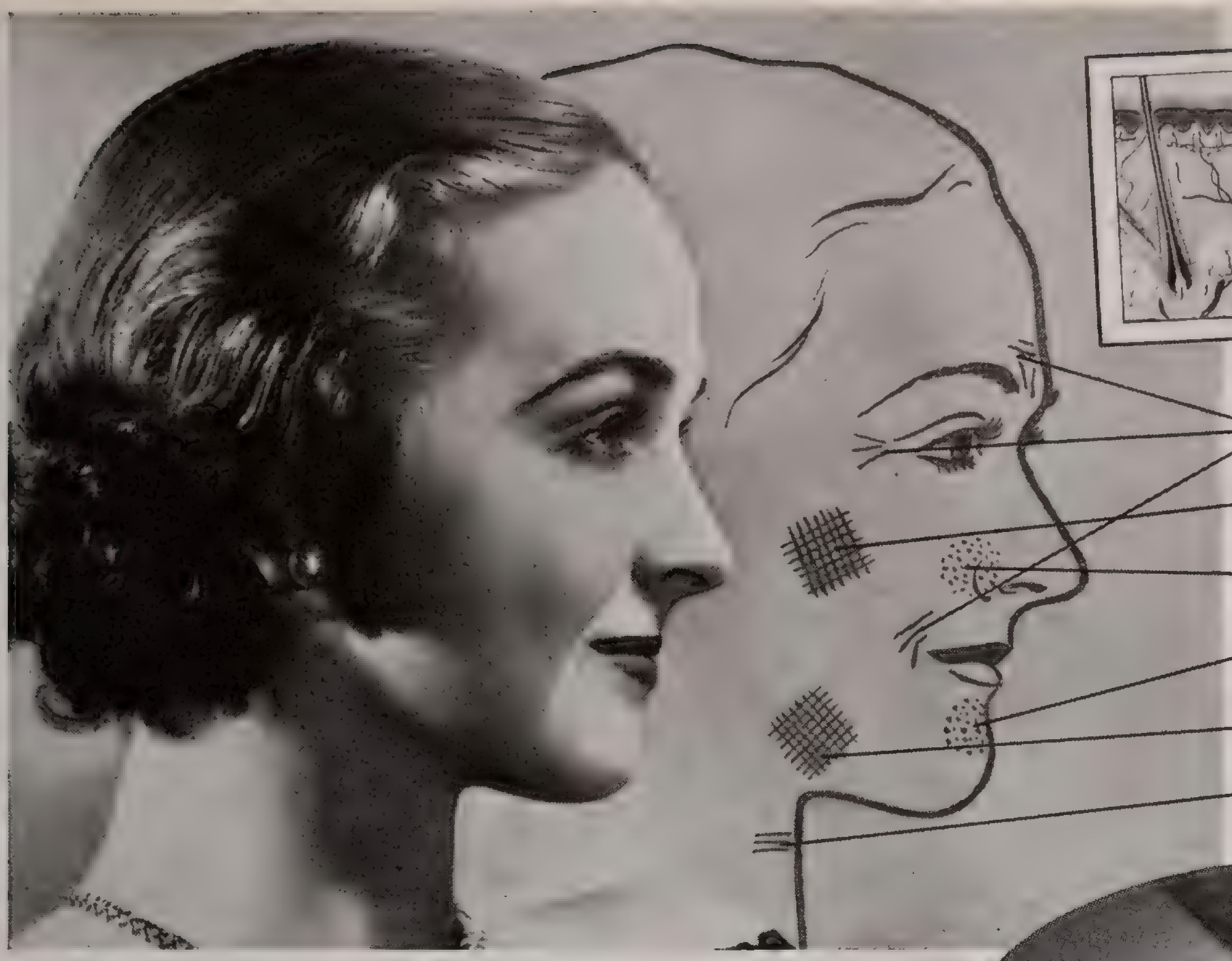
Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

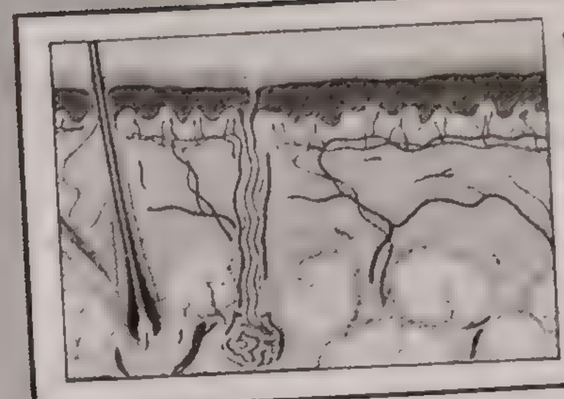


Grace Moore

All her eggs in one basket? Oh, no — just tennis balls! And here's another rôle in which Grace is a winner— as a tennis star! She loves to be out on the court of her Beverly Hills estate. Playing tennis, singing in Grand Opera, making Motion Pictures, singing on the air —we wonder what Grace does with her spare time? Also we wonder, granting that one person really can have so many talents, where does she get all the energy necessary to employ them all? Our battered beret is off to Grace, who soon will be singing once more to her countless admirers over the radio on the Vick's program.

William A. Fraker
Columbia Studios





Skin Faults start Underneath!

In the *underskin* are the tiny glands, blood vessels, nerves and fibres that make the outer skin lovely. When they begin to fail, skin faults start!

Which is Yours?

LINES FADE when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated and fill out.

PORES REDUCE when freed of clogging secretions from within skin.

BLACKHEADS GO when clogging secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents clogging.

BLEMISHES STOP coming when blackheads are prevented.

DRY SKIN SOFTENS when penetrating oils restore suppleness and failing oil glands grow active.

TISSUES WON'T SAG when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.

Miss Maralyn Tankersley—St. Louis: "Pond's Cold Cream stimulates the very life of my skin. It has kept away many a line and blemish."

Wake up that Sleepy Under Skin with "Deep-Skin" Cream

See outer skin lose
Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes

Mrs. Richard C. du Pont

Society aviator who holds many awards for her achievements in the air, says: "After using Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks as if it never saw a speck of dirt! I never have a sign of a line or wrinkle."

THE FIRST LINE that shows in your face is a danger signal! A sign that right *under it* skin glands and cells are growing tired—getting sleepy.

Every blackhead you find means that those same little glands are *overworked!* Getting clogged! And that's true of most common skin faults—nearly all start when your underskin slows up.

How to stir up underskin

But you can waken that sleepy underskin! Start the circulation going briskly again. Stimulate those little glands and cells to full activity!

What your underskin needs is the rousing action of Pond's deep-skin Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is made of specially processed fine oils which go deep into the pores. The first application flushes them clean of every particle of dirt . . . make-up . . . skin secretions. At once, your skin feels fresher, livelier—*looks* clearer.

Then you pat fresh Pond's Cold Cream right into your newly cleansed skin. Pat it briskly with your finger tips. Feel the blood coursing through! Every little nerve and gland and fibre is wakened by this treatment. Toned up. Invigorated! Your skin feels alive! . . . wide-awake! Do this day after day—*regularly*—night and morning.

The very first treatment makes your skin clearer—feel satiny. Soon little threatening lines begin to fade. Blackheads clear away. Blemishes stop coming. Once again your skin is firm—young. Its color blooms again!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment . . . Pat in Pond's Cold Cream to flush out all dirt, make-up, skin impurities. Wipe off. Then—briskly—pat in more Pond's Cold Cream to invigorate your underskin—wake up tired skin glands, nerves and cells.

Every morning, in the daytime before you make up, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin will be smooth and satiny, ready for powder.

Try this for just a few days—Send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. You'll always be glad of the day you started to use Pond's! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube

Begin to clear YOUR ***skin faults away***

POND'S, Dept. L128 Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

In the picture above, we look in on a rehearsal scene. Miss Nila Mack is the lady standing with her back to the camera. She is the director of children's programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and she is leading her juvenile cast through a rehearsal of the dramatized fairy tale program, "Let's Pretend". Florence Halop is standing by the hanging microphone. Estelle Levy and Pat Ryan are seated.

The Club Room

(*Continued from page* 49)

preferences—all of which I shall try to answer, with pictures, news and stories, in future issues. And I hope that you will find in each issue of Radio Stars Junior a great deal of pleasure.

News Notes

James McCallion is Billy and Audrey Eagen is Betty, in "Billy and Betty" . . . Bobby Benson takes banjo lessons from the Mitchell boys who do the instrumental theme on his program . . . "Sugar Cane," twelve-year-old singer and mimic, is featured in the new Sunday radio series begun September 8th, at 12:15 over NBC-WEAF. Sugar comes from New Orleans and she was christened Annablanche Honness . . . Did you know that Billy Idelson writes poems? Some of them have been published in newspapers. He likes to cook, sometimes, too . . . You can hear Popeye the Sailor on the radio now—in the East on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:15 p.m. The West Coast program will be presented at 4:45 p.m. P.S.T. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays . . . Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, enjoyed a short vacation in London, England, this summer. One of her special wishes was to see the "changing the guard at Buckingham Palace" . . . Here is the cast of the Bobby Benson program: Bobby Benson, Billy Halop; Tex, Neil O'Malley; Harka, Craig McDonnell; Waco, John Shea; Diogenes, Tex Ritter; John and Bill, John and Bill Mitchell . . . Billy Halop's salary for his radio work is high, but he gets only twenty-five cents a day for spending money.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS:

Donna Eberly, Carolyn Kerr—Bobby Benson (Billy Halop) is thirteen, Lucy Gilman is ten.

Roberta Perkins—Yes, child stars read their own fan mail and will send pictures if you ask for them.

Anne Oliver—Baby Rose Marie's address was given in the Club Room in the October issue. As this book goes to press there is no information as to when she will return to the air.

Mrs. Elsa Blackman, Bernita Richey—Our press service gave us the information that Ireene Wicker had played "Jane" on the "Judy and Jane" program. Checking with the studio, we learn that the rôle is played by Joan Kay. Sorry. Errors will creep in sometimes, but we do make every effort to be accurate. Thank you for writing us about this.

Russell and Elaine Carroll, Joan Levides—No information as to the date of Dick Tracy's return to the air is available at this date.

Ages—Several have inquired the ages of some of the child stars. This always is a difficult question to answer with complete accuracy. Very often child stars, or their parents, or their managers, do not like to reveal their actual ages. Which is natural enough. Everyone has a right to privacy in certain matters. We give you these figures which have come to us from the studios where the children broadcast: Billy Idelson (15), Melvin Torme (9), Michael James O'Day (10), Pat Ryan (11), Seymour Young (10), Florence Halop (11), Sonya Benjamin (4), Mildred Schneider (12). Billy Halop and Lucy Gilman we have mentioned elsewhere in this department.

In case you have not already joined Radio Stars Junior Club, here is a coupon for you to send in. Remember, it costs you nothing. There are no dues to pay. The purpose of the club is to bring child radio listeners together, to have a place where they can tell what programs they like, and what they think of the programs to which they listen, to bring to children pictures, news and stories of child radio performers and their programs.

I want to join Radio Stars' Junior Club.

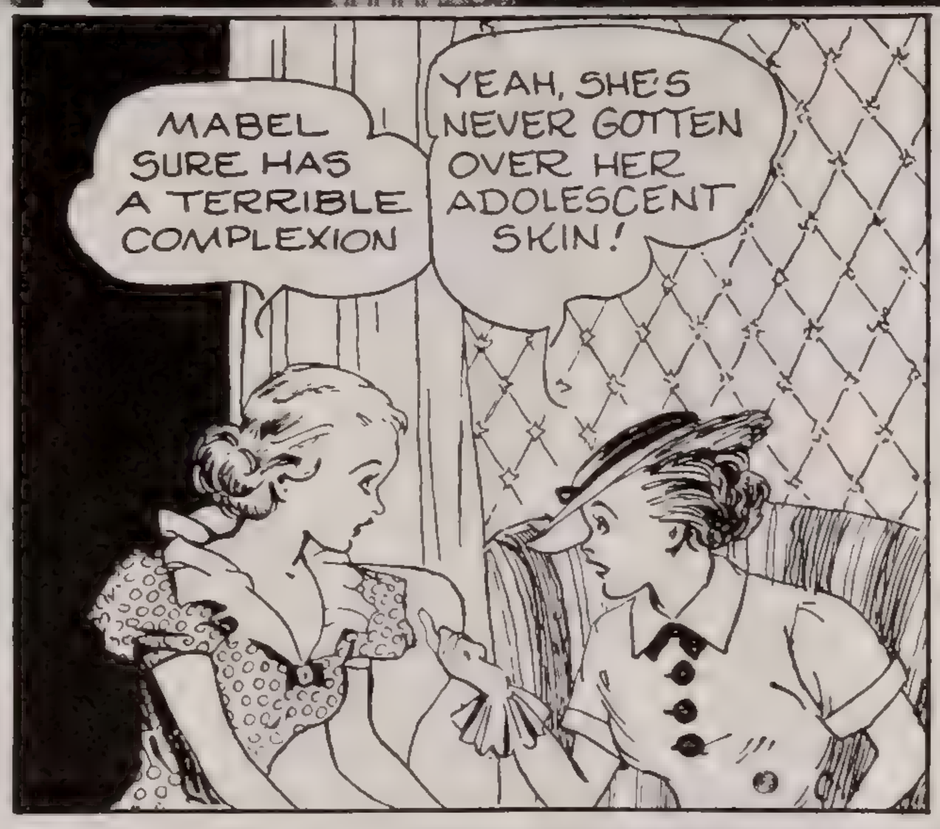
Name.....

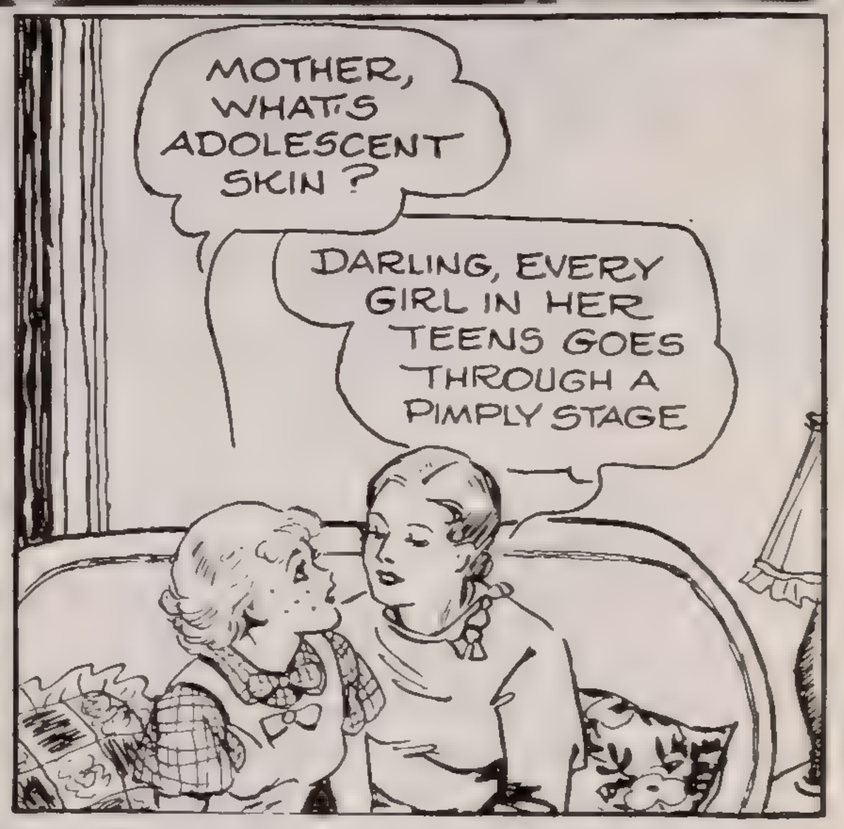
Street.....

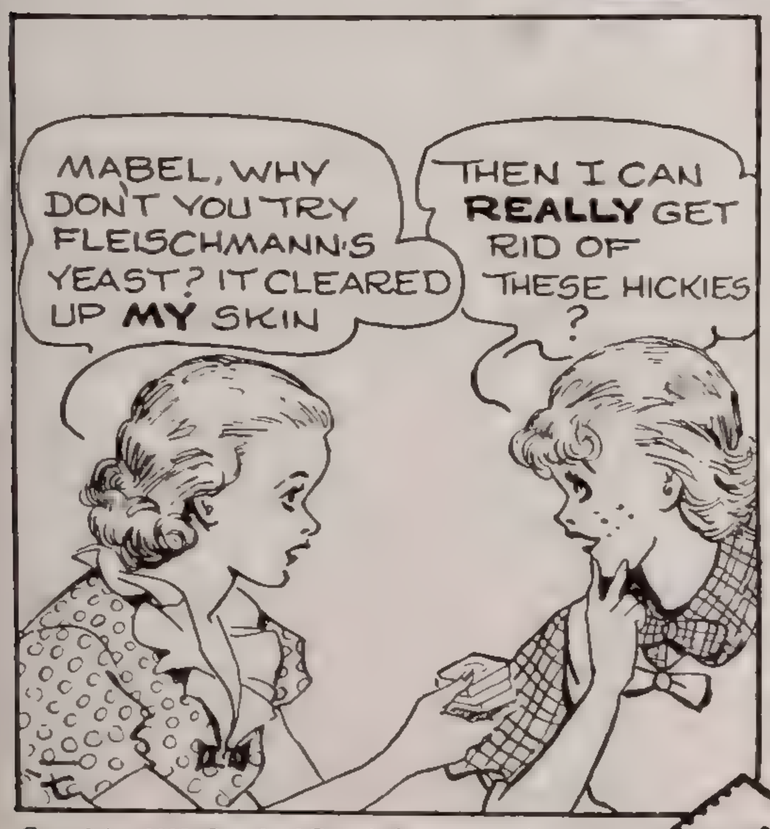
City.....

State.....

Read how Mabel won lots of new dates







Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

COOL UNDER FIRE!

COOLER—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B & W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and sniffles is coming, do right by yourself and your throat; get on the trail of KOOLS. And send for illustrated premium booklet.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for*
HANDSOME PREMIUMS

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Programs DAY BY DAY

SUNDAYS
(Oct. 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th)

10:00 EST (½)—Southernaires Quartet.
WJZ and an NBC blue network.

10:00 EST (½)—Dr. Charles L. Goodell.
WEAF and an NBC red network.

11:30 EST (1)—Major Bowes' Capitol Family, Waldo Mayo, conductor and solo violinist; Roy Campbell Royalists; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, operatic tenor; Helen Alexander, coloratura soprano.
NBC Service from the Capitol Theatre to WEAF and network.

12:00 EST (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. (From Utah.)
WABC WOKO CKLW WIBX WSPD WQAM WDBO WDAE WPG WLBZ WORC WMBR WKBN WGR WHK WCAU WICC WHP WEAN WNAC CFBR WJSV WDNC WTOC WBNS WBIG WCAO WJAS WFBL WADC. **11:00 CST**—WGST WDSU WNAX KWKH KLRA WREC WCOA KRLD KTRH WCCO WLAC WMBD KSCJ KLZ WDNC KOMA WIBW WOC KTSA WACO WHP WDOD KRNT KFAB KFH WSFA KTUL WOWO KGKO, KMOX, KTRH, WALA, KOH, WNOX WLAC. **10:00 MST**—KSL. **9:00 PST**—KERN KOIN KFBK KUI KGB.

12:00 Noon EST (½)—Tastyeast Opportunity Matinee, Johnny Johnson and his orchestra; guest artists.
WJZ WBAL WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR KDKA WJR WCKY.

12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Music Hall. Symphony orchestra; Glee Club; Soloists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network.

2:00 EST (1)—Guest Artists, orchestra. (Radio Corp. of America.)
WJZ and basic blue network.

2:30 EST (¼)—Between the Bookends.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WKBW WCAU WJAS WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBJ WHEC WIBX WMAS WHK CKLW. **1:30 CST**—KRNT KMBC WFBM KFAB WHAS KMOX WGST WBRC WBT WBNS KRLD WOWO WCCO WLAC KOMA WMBD. **11:30 PST**—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KOL KFPY.

3:00 EST (1)—Symphonic Hour. Howard Barlow, conductor.
WABC WKRC WLBZ WADC WDNC WHP WMBG WKBW WCAO WEAN WPG WKBN WMBR WBNS WIBX CFRB WMAS WGR WHEC WOAM WTOC WDRC WFBL WSMK WFEA WDBO WICC WDBJ WSJS WOKO CKLW WJAS WSPD WDAE WBT CKAC WORC. **2:00 CST**—KFPY KRNT WMBD WACO WSFA WBBM KLRA WSBT WIBW WOC KTSA KSCJ WFBM WREC KWKH WDSU KRLD KTRH KOMA WHAS KGKO WDOD WNOX KMBC KMOX WGST WBRC WCCO KSCJ WLAC KFH WALA. **1:00 MST**—KVOR KSL. **12:00 PST**—KHJ KOIN KOL KGB KERN KFRC KFBK KWG.

3:30 EST (½)—Penthouse Serenade, Charles Gaylord's sophisticated music; Don Mario, soloist; Dorothy Hamilton, beauty adviser; guest stars. (Maybelline Co.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WHIO KYW WSAI WRC WBEN WTAM WJAR WCSH WFBR WGY WCAE WWJ. **2:30 CST**—WMAQ WOW WDAF WHO KSD.

5:00 EST (½)—Melodiana, with Abe Lyman's Orchestra; Bernice Claire; Soprano, and Oliver Smith, Tenor. (Sterling Products, Inc.—Philips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WCAU WJAS WEAN WSPD WADC WJSV WHEC CFRB WGR WFBL WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM. **4:00 CST**—WBBM KMBC WHAS KMOX KFAB WCCO CFRB.

5:00 EST (½)—Roses and Drums. (Union Central Life Ins. Co.)
WJZ WMAL WBZA WHAM WGAR WFIL WJR WBAL WBZ WSYR KDKA WLW. **4:00 CST**—WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL WMT.

5:00 EST (½)—America's first Rhythm Symphony—De Wolf Hopper, narrator, with 86 artists from the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. (United Drug Co.)
WEAF WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAM WWJ WSAI WTIC WTAG WRC WJAR WCSH WFRB WGY WBEN. **4:00 CST**—WKY WEEI WCAE KVOO WBAP KTHS KTBS KPRC WOAI WMAQ WDAF WIBA WEBC WAVE WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB. **3:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **2:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KYW KHQ KFSD.

5:30 EST (½)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (General Baking Co.)
WABC WOKO WAAB WHK WIBX WSPD WBNS WWVA WADC WCAO WGR CKLW WJSV WHEC WORC WDRC WCAU WEAN WFBL WICC WMAS. **4:30 CST**—WFBM KMBC WHAS KMOX WDSU KOMA KFH KTUL.

5:30 EST (¼)—Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs. (John Morrell & Co.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR KDKA WBAL. WMAL WFIL WHAM WGAR WJR WCKY. **4:30 CST**—WENR WMT KSO KWK WREN KOIL.

6:00 EST (½)—National Amateur Night. Ray Perkins, Master-of-Ceremonies; Arnold Johnson's Orchestra; Amateur Talent. (Health Products Corp. Feen-A-Mint.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBT WBNS WHEC CFRB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **5:00 CST**—WGST KRLD WREC WCCO WDSU WOWO WFBM KMBC WHAS KMOX. **3:00 PST**—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI. **4:00 MST**—KLZ KSL.

6:30 EST (½)—Grand Hotel. Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Co.)
WJZ WCKY WBAL WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WJR. **5:30 CST**—WMT WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL KSTP WEBC. **4:30 MST**—KOA KDYL. **3:30 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

6:30 EST (¼)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Songs. (Acme Paints.)
WABC WEAN WFBL WKBW WDRC WAAB WKRC CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV. **5:30 CST**—WBBM WHAS KMOX WCCO.

7:00 EST (½)—Jack Benny. (General Foods.)
WJZ network.

7:30 EST (½)—Alexander Woollcott—The Town Crier. (Cream of Wheat Corp.)
WABC and network.

7:30 EST (½)—The Bakers Program with Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard and Bob "Believe-it-or-Not" Ripley. (Standard Brands.)
WJZ and network.

7:30 EST (¼)—Fireside Recitals. Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Johnson, tenor; Graham McNamee, commentator. (American Radiator Co.)
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH WTIC WHIO KYW WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WWJ WCAE WTAM WSAI. **6:30 CST**—WMAQ WOW WIRE WDAF KSD.

7:45 EST (¼)—Sunset Dreams—Morin Sisters and the Ranch Boys. (Fitch.)
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH WHIO WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WLW CFCF WTIC. **6:45 CST**—WHO WMAQ KSD KYW WOW WIRE.

8:00 EST (½)—"Rhythm At 8." Al Goodman's orchestra. Sponsored by Lehn & Fink Products Co.—Lysol Disinfectants.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WFBL WSPD WJSV WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **7:00 CST**—KRMT WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX.

(Continued on page 80)

THE SINGING LADY

Asks your CO-OPERATION

I AM SURE that every one who loves children will be interested in this unusual offer.

You see, as the Singing Lady I have been telling stories over the radio to children five days a week for the past five years. In that time I have written and told over a thousand stories. Now I am eager to have your co-operation in obtaining new ideas for new story material. And I am sure that there are many wonderful stories that you tell your children, or have read, or know about that will bring joy and pleasure to little folks who listen to the Singing Lady. Won't you send those ideas to me?

My sponsor, the Kellogg Company, has very generously offered $9000 in cash prizes for the best letters that are sent in to me. Doesn't that make you want to get busy at once? And don't forget that your letter may not only win a large cash prize—but it will help make millions of children happier!

Please write me a letter telling the kind of stories you think children like best. Or give a brief suggestion for new story ideas—the kind your children—or children you know—enjoy most. It isn't necessary to write a complete story—just send in ideas—plots of stories—or even a letter containing suggestions for Singing Lady programs.

Your interest and help will be very sincerely appreciated.

Irene Wicker
THE SINGING LADY

NO TOPS TO SEND—NO LABELS—NO BOTHER!

$10,000 IN CASH PRIZES

The Kellogg Company is very happy to co-operate with the Singing Lady in her quest for new ideas by offering $10,000 in cash prizes.

Few radio programs have ever appealed to a larger and more loyal audience. The Singing Lady has been voted the best children's radio entertainment for the past two years in a poll of radio editors conducted by the *New York World-Telegram*. This year the Singing Lady received the *Radio Stars' Award* for distinguished service to radio. In addition, more than two million fan letters have been received.

The Kellogg Company believes with the Singing Lady that the mothers and those who love children can help materially in making these programs even more interesting and enjoyable to little folks.

Three kinds of letters can win prizes:

1. A letter with ideas for new stories.
2. A letter telling what kind of stories children like best.
3. A letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady's program.

Make your letter any of these three types. The cash prizes will be paid for the letters that are the most helpful to the Singing Lady. As there are 1033 cash prizes, there is a fine chance for you to win one of them.

You can hear the Singing Lady over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network — also in Toronto and Montreal. See your newspaper for time and station. Also, you will find some of the Singing Lady stories in condensed version printed on the backs of Rice Krispies packages. These are very helpful in writing your letter.

Let your children enjoy the stories on the packages. They are an *extra value* when you buy Kellogg's Rice Krispies—the delicious cereal that snaps, crackles and pops in milk or cream. Your grocer sells Rice Krispies. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Any one can submit a letter excepting employees and members of employees' families of the Kellogg Company and their advertising agents.
2. Put the name of your grocer or the store manager on your letter. If you win one of the big prizes he will win one too.
3. Prizes will be awarded for the letters that are the most helpful to the Singing Lady. Any one of three types can win: (1) a letter with ideas for new stories; (2) a letter telling what kind of stories children like best; (3) a letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady's programs.
4. All suggestions submitted become the property of the Kellogg Company.
5. Contest closes October 26, 1935. Letters postmarked later than this date not accepted.
6. Send your letter to the Singing Lady, Kellogg Company, Box 9, Battle Creek, Michigan.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

$1000 for the best letter	$1000
600 for second best letter	600
400 for third best letter	400
100 for next ten best letters	1000
50 for next twenty best letters	1000
5 for next 1000 best letters	5000
TOTAL	$9000

$1000 *IN PRIZES FOR GROCERS*

In recognition of the co-operation of grocers in displaying Rice Krispies and explaining this offer, we will give the following prizes to the grocers whose customers win prizes: First prize, $300; second prize, $200; third prize, $50; next ten, $25 each, $250; next twenty, $10 each, $200; total, $1000.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

Easier on YOU and on your clothes is the Rit way of dyeing!

You'll glory in Rit's glowing colors—and you'll be grateful for this easy way to get them. Transform dresses, draperies, lingerie, or anything else that color benefits—so easily and surely now!

Simply use Rit in *warm* water for the loveliest Tints imaginable. For dark shades (even black!) you can now get FAST COLORS without the harsh boiling that is so hard on fabrics. Rit contains an exclusive penetrating agent that makes the color soak in deeper and set faster—quick and failure-proof. Use Rit for all tinting and dyeing!

Rit is a concentrated wafer: easier to measure than powder; won't sift out of the package; dissolves instantly.

INSTANT

AT ALL DEALERS

RIT

TINTS AND DYES

White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(*Continued from page 50*)

their chairs to enjoy an hour of outstanding entertainment, characterized by its general air of high good humor.

It all seemed so simple—"nothing to it at all!" I thought. Yet those "in the know" could tell you, as Fred Waring afterwards told me, that those minutes on the air represented hours of planning, days of rehearsing and actually years of experience (many of Fred's "fellas" have been with him for six years).

What is true in broadcasting is also true—fortunately in a more simplified sense—in the home. Where the perfect program that goes out from the studio is one that is planned and rehearsed until neither planning nor rehearsing is evident, so the perfect meal that comes out of the home kitchen is one that has been planned and prepared with an eye to achieving the same effect of *casual* perfection. The program-director who can give that impression over the air waves is a success—the housewife who can achieve it in the home is a jewel! And both types have discovered that they must approach the problem well in advance. Certainly any dinner I know of benefits tremendously by some constructive thought given it in the morning, or even the day before.

The big meal of the day, generally, plans itself around the main dish which in the majority of homes most frequently is meat. The Waring penthouse home is no exception in this respect. There a colored cook presides over the kitchen (under the watchful eye of Evalyn, Fred's wife) preparing for the evening meal any one of the many meats that the Warings like.

During the day Fred eats very lightly, having a decided preference for dairy foods. On the day of the broadcast he scarcely eats at all, contenting himself with graham crackers and milk both before and after the broadcast. On other days, however, he enjoys a hearty evening meal.

Dinner in the Waring home features a good filling meat around which the rest of the meal is planned. A favorite combination of Fred Waring's is the one you see him eating in the picture—a thick slab of roast beef, with Bouillon Potatoes and New Succotash. Here are simple directions for the potatoes and the succotash.

BOUILLON POTATOES

4 medium sized potatoes
1 can condensed bouillon

Peel and quarter potatoes. Place in small deep saucepan and cover with canned bouillon. (If the bouillon does not cover potatoes add water.) Cover saucepan, bring contents to a boil and continue boiling gently until potatoes are tender. Drain off and reserve bouillon.

The potatoes cooked in this way have a most unusual flavor. The bouillon in which the potatoes have cooked may be used for the soup course of that meal, or the one following, or it may be used to add flavor to sauces or gravies.

NEW SUCCOTASH

2 cups whole kernel corn (canned)
¾ cup milk
1 cup fresh, cooked peas
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
a few grains pepper

Heat together corn and milk for 10 minutes over boiling water in top of double boiler. Melt butter. Add flour, salt, pepper and sugar. Blend thoroughly. Add milk and corn mixture slowly to flour mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add cooked peas.

Not all of Fred Waring's favorite meats are as expensive as the Roast Beef that accompanied these two dishes, I am glad to report. Meat Loaf, for instance, appears frequently on the Waring menu, combining with beef such penny savers as veal, pork and bread crumbs. Here is the recipe given me by Evalyn Waring's cook:

MEAT LOAF

1½ pounds ground beef
¾ pound ground pork
¾ pound ground veal
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 small onion, minced
½ cup bread crumbs
juice of 1 lemon
1 egg
½ cup milk

Mix together all ingredients until thoroughly blended. Place in well greased loaf pan, pressing down firmly. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 1½ hours. Remove loaf carefully to hot platter. Make a gravy of 2 tablespoons of fat in pan, adding flour, water and seasoning to taste. This meat loaf is delicious hot or cold.

Roast Stuffed Veal, Country Gentleman Style, is another inexpensive meat dish that Fred likes. The potatoes that go with this, brown in the pan with the meat and the accompanying gravy is something to write home about. Or to write me about—for after all that's all you'll have to do to get this delicious recipe for your very own files. This is but one of the recipes you'll receive in return for mailing in your coupon—for there are four knockouts in this month's leaflet. The other cards give you easy, tested directions for making three dishes that Fred Waring likes immensely—Ham with Cider Sauce (ideal now with the new cider just coming on the market) Southern Chicken and Rice Croquettes (did you ever know a colored cook who *couldn't* cook chicken and rice in many delicious ways? Well this one given by the Waring cook is one of the nicest ever! And the last Waring recipe, but certainly not the least in my estimation is Caramel Chiffon Pie. Fred's fondness for dairy foods explains why this dessert is a favorite of his.

And why not prove to your own entire satisfaction how good these dishes are by

writing in for your own set of recipe cards? It takes only a minute's time to fill in and mail the coupon. It takes only a short time for us to send your leaflet to you. And then it won't take *you* long to make up these dishes.

But let me remind you again that no amount of recipes will help you to serve a good meal, if you don't give some real thought, well in advance, to its preparation. In the morning get out the recipe card you plan to use for the main dish of the meal that night. If it is to be the Waring Ham and Cider Sauce (and I can think of no *better* suggestion) decide on the vegetables and potatoes or other starch that will accompany this dish. Make out your menu and your marketing list. *And do your marketing early.*

Since the oven will have to be lighted for the ham anyway, why not decide on having sweet potatoes which can be put in to bake along with the meat? Scrub and grease the potato skins and have them ready to pop into the oven. Prepare your green vegetable. Spinach is excellent with ham but don't wait till the last hurried minute to wash it.

If you have all these dinner preparations done well ahead of time and have your salad chilling and your dessert made there should be no last minute flurries of indecision, or late shopping sorties.

Remember, when next you listen to the Fred Waring broadcast, that there have been five days of rehearsing before those sixty minutes of gay entertainment go on the air. Then you won't feel so abused when *you* have to give a few minutes of thought to your own most important hour of the day—the Dinner Hour.

The Fred Waring recipes will be a great help to you so be sure to use the coupon to get your free copy of this month's Radio Stars' Cooking School Leaflet.

This is Nancy Wood signing off.

P. S. As a special "Prize for Promptness" this month I will also send a copy of the leaflet containing Annette Hanshaw's favorite foods to the first couple of hundred who ask for it when sending in their Fred Waring coupon. I had some extra copies made because I felt many of you would certainly hate to miss having Annette's Chocolate Angel Food recipe! Women's liking for Angel Food goes on through the years, seemingly undimmed by the number of eggs required, while men will especially like this Chocolate version. If you are not one of the lucky gals who got their copy of this cake recipe, together with recipes for three other delicious dishes that petite Annette Hanshaw likes —or if you would like an extra copy to give to a friend—make a note of your request on the Fred Waring coupon. But it's first come, first served.

Please send me the free leaflet containing recipes for three of Fred Waring's favorite Meat Dishes and the Caramel Chiffon Pie.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

"Beats my home-cooked spaghetti a mile— *quicker, easier—costs less, too!*"

"I DON'T wonder Mary was surprised. I certainly was the first time I tasted Franco-American. Up until then I firmly believed no ready-prepared spaghetti could possibly be as good as home-cooked. But Franco-American is actually *better*—ever so much better! I use it all the time now and I've told a number of my friends how delicious it is.

"We all agree it has the best sauce we ever tasted. In fact, we never knew how good spaghetti *could* be till we tried Franco-American!"

Good? No wonder!

Franco-American chefs use *eleven* different ingredients when they prepare their delectable sauce. Tomato puree, lusciously smooth and rich. Golden Cheddar cheese of just the right sharpness. Selected spices and seasonings, each one adding its tiny bit more of zestful flavor and delicate piquancy.

"Why *should* I bother with home-cooked spaghetti now?" women are saying. "I never could make as good a sauce as this. And I'm not even going to try." Franco-American is so much easier, too. No cooking or fussing—simply heat and serve.

And here's a pleasant surprise. You pay *less* for it than if you bought all the different sauce ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Ask your grocer for Franco-American today. A can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents.

Any Woman can be Up to Date

(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date.*

With *Zonite* available in every drug store, it *is* old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)

Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION RS-511
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....
(Please print name)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Too Old to Dream?

(Continued from page 34)

the funny little cap and bright striped blazer of the university. We were too young to realize we were sweethearts.

"Now I was a musician, with the first laurels of a concert master being heaped on me. I was old enough to have a girl. For months I saw her every day, and every day I loved her more. We drove through the park behind smart trotting horses, we dined and drank at sidewalk cafés, we danced at every gay party in town. We—well, I was in love. I thought I could not live without her.

"But I wanted to know if she could live without *me*. I decided to test her love. There was a fashionable swimming club along the Danube; we were going there for the first time one afternoon. The swimming master tied a long rope around my waist to find out whether I could swim in the strong current. Now was my chance. If I dove under the raft and slipped from my belt, I could rise free on the other side. I knew the rest: my girl would faint, the guard would jump in and save me, and everything would end happily. We would go to a café later; there would be music and dancing. She would hold tightly to me, tell how scared she was while I was drowning. . . .

"Well, I did dive in, and I fastened my belt to the raft. But everything else went wrong. It was the guard who fainted, and my girl who jumped in to save me. She couldn't swim. I had my hands full; she was saved—but I was lost! My little practical joke had ended in tragedy. She was through with me; she had seen through the whole silly business. Her warm, full heart which had been full of a love that needed no testing was cold and bitter now."

Try as he would, Romberg failed to win her back. All his little blandishments which before had been so effective now were met with terse requests to "go away". And without her Budapest seemed suddenly empty, lifeless. Even its gay music fell on dull ears. She had told him to go away; now he felt like it. Perhaps in America he could forget; things might be different there.

Brokenheartedly his parents watched him sail. This was one sort of explosion, one unhappiness against which they had never thought to guard their sheltered son.

In the new world Sigmund Romberg found that the praises of Budapest and Vienna had preceded him. But there were other things to worry about. New York producers frankly were not interested in European dilettantes. How, they asked him, could he write soul-stirring music when he never had felt the pangs of poverty?

Still he continued to write. To get a good job playing in an orchestra would have been easy, with his reputation; but this was not what he wanted. At the musicians' clubs he met other composers—thin men, underweight from overwork, hollow-eyed. They were poor, hungry, yet the producers did not want their music either. What *did* they want? Perhaps, he thought, they would like him better if he were American and spoke their language.

He applied for naturalization papers and enrolled at night-school. His knowledge of the violin, piano, organ, bass viol and cello he shared freely with others. He even took a job as violinist in a pit orchestra of a musical comedy. He wrote sketches, submitted them to every producer and recognized actor along the Great White Way. Was this enough?

It must have been. One of his sketches was accepted. Sigmund Romberg, humble violinist in an orchestra, could sell music where Sigmund Romberg, son of wealth, could not.

In the production which used his first sketch were three young actors just getting started. Al Jolson had not yet thought of blackface, and was playing straight as stooge for Willie and Eugene Howard. Long after the last curtain had fallen on the first performance, the three comedians and the young composer sat in a cheap beer garden listening with critical ears to the hackneyed ragtime of the day. They realized that Sigmund Romberg could easily have bought his way into any production on Broadway; they knew, too, why he had never done so, why he never would. And they admired him for it.

As they sat musing, a girl came to their table. She was selling songs, inducing customers to stay for one more round of foaming steins. Suddenly Sigmund Romberg smote the table with his big hand. He would write an operetta! He would call it "The Midnight Girl". Great bowls of pretzels disappeared, washed down with stein after stein, as the four sat and planned. Dawn crept over the jigsaw sky-line of Manhattan when they finally parted and went wearily home.

Confident, almost over-confident, the day "The Midnight Girl" opened at the Winter Garden Theatre Sigmund Romberg quit his orchestra job. If no one else knew his show would be a success, he himself was certain of it. So were the critics, the morning after. He immediately signed a contract to write another farce with music, "The Girl of New York". At last America was giving him recognition. His light and breezy tunes were hummed and whistled all over the country.

In four years he had become as American as the rest. When the United States plunged into the maelstrom of war, Citizen Romberg was among the first to forget his own tender *"Auf Wiedersehen"* for martial strains. He enlisted in the infantry, but never felt the grip of a machine gun. Because he spoke German, Hungarian, Polish and Serbian fluently, he was transferred at once to the Intelligence Department. City after city he visited as a secret service agent, ostensibly searching for musical ideas, in reality keeping his eyes and ears open for valuable information. He could identify spies uncannily, and with his winning manner wormed important secrets from them.

When the war was over he went back to Broadway. The first people he looked up were his old pals, Al Jolson and Buddy De Sylva. (De Sylva had written the lyrics for his first operetta.)

"Times had changed," Romberg said. "It was the age of aspirin and jazz, and all our old haunts were closed. We decided to write a show together. So we went to a resort in the Adirondacks where we could live bachelor-fashion and not even shave until our work had been completed. Our cottage happened to be named 'The Lion's Den', and believe me, we all looked like Daniel after the first week!

"We worked hard from sunrise till dinner every day, and each night we gave a concert for the other guests. Jolson sang the ballads, Buddy played the ukulele, and I hammered on the old piano. . . . One day some new visitors arrived, prominent people from Washington. But we didn't care. We wouldn't shave. We weren't senators—we were musicians. If they wanted to hear our music they could come to 'The Lion's Den' and see us as we were.

"Well, they did. With them came the loveliest woman in the world. I played for her alone, and when she left that night it was with a promise to be my guest at tea the following afternoon. All bets were off. I had to look presentable for her, so I shaved. Al and Buddy kidded me unmercifully, but I didn't care—I was in love. . . . Over an hour I waited, hot and uncomfortable in a stiff collar and tightly buttoned coat. Then she came up the walk. She looked at me in bewilderment. She didn't even like me now! I was a different man, she said—too square-jawed and red-cheeked, and not half as *cute* as I seemed the day before!

"She refused to have tea with me. I vowed I'd make her pay for humiliating me and I did. I grew another beard—and I married her!"

His happiness complete, Romberg turned toward writing compositions of a finer, more lasting quality. Work—he was a slave to it. But it brought him fame; he was fêted like a king, pointed out everywhere by eager hero-worshippers. Women adored his personality and charm; men admired him for his genius. Naturally, this adulation had its effect on him.

"I took things, people, too seriously," he realizes now. "I was as temperamental as Duse. The Musicians' Union was wrong because I disagreed with them; Actors' Equity crossed my young path and there was another battle. I was Romberg, the most sought-after writer in New York, and I let everyone know it."

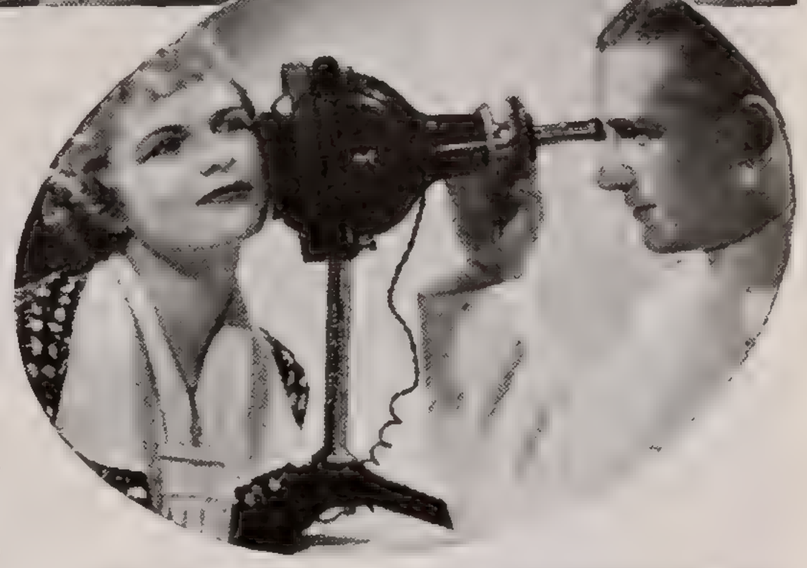
All this passed with youth, however; today, far more signal honors have been heaped on his wide shoulders, yet he lives like a simple country squire, in harmony with everyone. The years have mellowed him; he is content. Only one thing mars his happiness, his longing for a son has never been gratified. But all the energy, all the devotion he would have expended on a family of his own he gives to others. Sigmund Romberg is perhaps the gentlest, most charitable man in the theatre, a profession which prides itself on bringing joy and help to those less fortunate.

Five years ago he visited a children's hospital along the Hudson, merely two rude frame buildings with an inadequate

They swapped powders!

☆ **The Blonde's skin brightened—**

★ **The Brunette's was shades clearer**



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

BLONDE: "Look! Your Brunette powder makes my skin glorious!"

BRUNETTE: "No more Brunette for me! Your Rose Cream makes *my* skin *clearer*."

The two girls had happened on something that many a woman can benefit by.

Creamy-skinned, Miss Hope Gatins (left) had deadened her skin with *too light* a powder. Miss Marjorie Striker, dark-haired, had dimmed her fair skin with *too dark* a powder!

Then, how can I find *my* shade, you ask. Study your skin—not your hair, nor your eyes! Is it sallow? Your powder can brighten it! Dull? The right powder will make it *clear!*

But old-style, deadening shades can't do this!

With an optical machine, Pond's tested over 200 girls' skins. They brought to light the hidden tints that make skin beautiful. In blondes, a suggestion of bright blue intensifies that delicate transparency. In brunettes, a hint of brilliant green brings sparkling clarity!

Now these magic tints are blended *invisibly* into Pond's new shades. Try them—see the difference! Each does something special for a different type of skin.

Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin
Natural—lighter—a delicate flesh tint
Brunette—clears creamy skins
Rose Brunette—warms dull skins—tones down ruddy ones
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

See how delicately Pond's clings. Won't clog or cake. As natural as skin itself!

New Reduced Prices—

55¢ size now 35¢
$1.10 size now 70¢

5 Different Shades FREE!—*Mail Coupon Today*
(This offer expires January 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. L126 Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

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Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

staff of nurses. Romberg returned to New York; in Park Avenue mansions and Fifth Avenue palaces he appealed to his many influential friends, with the result that débutantes donned grease paint and dowagers gladly forsook their ermines to put on costumes for charity. More than a million dollars was raised through his ceaseless efforts. The Dobbs Ferry Hospital was built so that two hundred and fifty tots no longer need fear the ravages of fire.

Two years of untiring devotion during the most productive period in his life had been given up to charity; now he must work for himself. Romberg returned to his penthouse apartment to try a new experiment in music. For the first time large choruses of men and women took the place of the dancing ensemble on the stage. The libretto told the story of the boy Schubert, and the score was based on the sweet-sad themes of the great composer himself. Months turned into years and Broadway still thronged to "The Student Prince". Nine companies poured its tunefulness into eager ears all over the world. Romberg rose to higher fame than he had ever dared to dream.

But happiness was not to be his for long. He returned to Vienna in mourning while the world hummed his gay tunes and proclaimed his genius. Gay parties given in his honor failed to make him happy now. Vienna, city of youth and song, he left behind the day his father's funeral was over.

In Berlin he sat with two friends, pretending to be amused, hiding in false laughter the deepest sorrow of his life. First one of them wrote several bars of music on a menu and handed it to Sigmund saying: "Here, play this; it is art." Then the other pulled an envelope from his pocket, scrawled two bars of music and handed it to his sad-eyed friend from America.

Tired, bored, Romberg rose solemnly, pushed the beer mugs aside and drew on the tablecloth one simple bar, headed by the word "Andante". Pointing to it, he said: "Here, you play. *This* is art."

In bewilderment, the two men picked the cloth up and carried it to the piano. Then, in unison, "How is this possible?" they exclaimed. "One hand at one end of the piano, the other at the opposite end. . . . How do you expect us to play the middle C?"

"With your nose," sighed Romberg, as he rose and left the beer garden.

Two days later he was on his way back to America. The memories of his father could not be blotted out. The very genuineness of his grief refuted the aura of make-believe his lilting music had built around him. Sigmund Romberg hid from the world. Work was his only solace. Titles, words, a catchy phrase, a line of verse—anything was apt to start him on an orgy of writing. He would work for days, weeks at a time, trying to transfer to paper some of the loneliness and sadness that was in his heart.

"The Desert Song", one of Hollywood's first talking musicals, was written during this period. Money poured in from all sides, but dollars and cents from a fawning public meant nothing now. Sigmund Romberg knew at last what sorrow was. The producers who had turned him down because he never had suffered should have seen him. He needed sympathy, friends, himself.

Instead, from Pittsburgh, came word that a young acquaintance wanted to become a professional singer. Could Romberg in any way help "just once more"? . . . Help others! Help others, when his own heart was breaking? Of course he would. Other people's troubles were his salvation.

When he saw the tall, lanky young man standing before him in awe, like a boy gaping at the president, he had his first good laugh in a long time.

"I listened to him sing because I knew the earnestness in my own heart years before when I was asking for a chance. I told him that if he could get a letter granting him leave of absence from his bookkeeping job I would help him. Six weeks later I placed him in the chorus of my own show "New Moon", and sent him to a prominent voice teacher. I watched that boy slaving at his music with all of youth's eagerness, and when Hollywood offered him a contract not even he was as happy as I. Today you hear him as a leading man in pictures. . . . Who is he? That doesn't matter. But he deserves every happiness life can give him.

"Oh yes," his broad, friendly smile lightened up his kind face. "Here is something that might interest you. Last year I received a letter from the Death House at Sing Sing. It was from one of those hospital kids who recalled that I had once been kind to him. He asked me to help him now. . . . A strange letter, from a strange place. But suppose that were my son, condemned to die—I would want some one to help him. With the aid of friends I got that boy a reprieve and a new trial—his case comes up next September. I believe he's innocent, and I'm sure he will be freed."

This is the man I know, the Sigmund Romberg who lives quietly, surrounded by his six thousand beloved volumes of music, his organ and grand piano. If his home were as big as his heart, visitors could move more easily among the crowded chairs and settees, while "Rommy" clears away sheaves of manuscript with sweeping gestures of both great arms.

He is the man who always has brought happiness to everyone and everything. Yet Broadway once tried to hold him back because he was not poor, because he never had suffered! That's why he knows that talent visits in wealthy homes as often as in hovels, why he realizes that riches can hold one back as relentlessly as empty pockets. Ask any of the many stars he has befriended—Vivienne Segal, Rosaline Green, Lila Fisk, Mary Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald, Janis Jarrett. Ask Helen Marshall, the Joplin, Missouri, script girl, who gave *her* a chance at radio stardom. Ask who made them famous. They will fall over themselves to tell you it was Romberg. He wasn't interested in how much money they had—it was because they had talent that he helped them all, rich or poor.

We sat for a long while in his dressing room at NBC. He has a special loud speaker rigged up, which I imagined was to bring him music exclusively. But I

soon found out that "Rommy" is a great football enthusiast. Here, during leisure moments, he sneaks away and listens to all the big games. He even hired a page boy last fall to take down the scores while he was rehearsing or conducting.

William Lyon Phelps was already on the air when we entered the glass enclosure to watch the broadcast. But all eyes turned toward the great musician as he ascended the platform. "Rommy" tapped first one foot, then the other, on the dais. He fingered the gardenia in his lapel—forty-five seconds! He was really nervous now as he declined the paper cup of water offered by an attendant. Beside him stood one of his secretaries, who turns pages for him. . . . The music starts, he smiles broadly as the great orchestra goes into some theme which he has just composed. Perhaps he is thinking, remembering the past, when as a lad of seventeen he conducted another great orchestra in Budapest.

Whatever his thoughts may be, his smile disappears as he lowers his Napoleonic baton. A girl rushes forward handing him a freshly polished pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. The music which can't be conducted with glasses on is forgotten for the script which can't be read with glasses off. "Rommy" is now the actor—until the program ends. Then he mops his brow, plunges his handkerchief hurriedly back into his pocket and walks off, smiling, bowing right and left. Another performance has been added to his memories.

Memories . . . memories. He looks back now on his fiery, turbulent youth and smiles tolerantly. How different now is his creed of life from what it was in those days. "Happiness is so simple," he says. "I believe it consists of little things like rising early every morning, with a smile. If you never keep a grouch over five minutes you won't get in much trouble. . . . Don't expect the world to be as you want it. Take it as you find it—and you'll find it's a pretty good old world, after all. Besides," he smiles, "it's more fun being surprised than disappointed!"

The End

Meet the New Lanny Ross

(*Continued from page 15*)

How they had come, filling the street and stopping traffic, eager to catch sight of the boy whose sincere voice had thrilled them in their homes. After that it was easy to make money. But that was singing. . . . This—this was *acting*. And the critics said he couldn't act!

Well, it is no secret that in the village of White Plains on a bare board stage Lanny Ross found himself. He got the answer he wanted. He showed the world he could act.

It was really that performance, I think, that made possible the new announcement line he uses on the air: *"Lanny Ross presents . . ."*

I know it was that performance which completed his "coming of age."

Fashion advisers recommend Kleinert's **Dress Shields for every dress because the *underarm* is the part most likely to show signs of wear. *Whatever* threatens the smartness of your dress—friction, perspiration, or corrosive chemicals—a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields will give you the assurance of guaranteed protection. Genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields now cost as little as 25c a pair—why be imposed upon by substitutes?**

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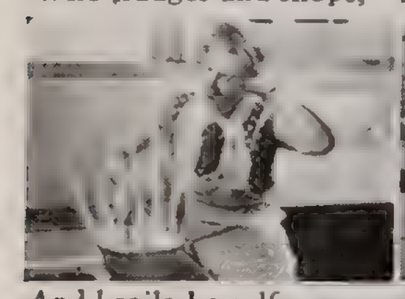
When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl... Washable...Some are pinless...From 25c to $1.00 each...All Notion Counters.

This is the mother
Who trudges and shops;

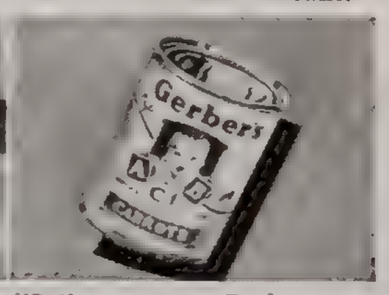
And scrapes and peels
And shreds and chops:



And broils herself
In the kitchen steam,

And pushes a sieve
Till she wants to scream.

Now she's in tears;
And she's asking, "Why?"



"Why not use Gerber's
Before I die?"

. . . Besides

they're good for Baby!

Your baby's proper nourishment comes first, of course. So the big point to remember is that these foods are *specially good* for your baby.

We strain vegetables many times finer than you can. We cook them with air shut out, to guard against loss of vitamin C. We save water-soluble vitamins and minerals that you often pour off with the cooking water.

And Now—Shaker-Cooking

Best of all, there's a new, exclusive Gerber process—Shaker-Cooking. It "stirs" the contents of the can, allows the heat to penetrate more quickly and uniformly, shortens the cooking time and makes Gerber Strained Vegetables fresher looking and fresher tasting than ever before. That's saying a lot—for we grow our own, and pick them fresh, in our own Michigan gardens! For baby's sake—and yours—use Gerber's.

Hundreds of thousands of babies have been fed the modern Gerber way on recommendation of physicians. Every Gerber product has been accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods. Ask your doctor.
. . . Remember that these products are unseasoned—salt or sugar may be added to meet your baby's individual taste or requirements.

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 4½ and 10¼-oz. cans.

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Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

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MOTHERS! *Send for these two helpful books*
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☐ 1. "Baby's Book," by Harriet Davis, R. N., former instructor in nursing. Practical information on baby's daily care. SEND 10c.

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City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

Somebody asked me recently: "What about the women in this man's busy life?" That is easy to answer. Three years ago he told me of his youthful love for a girl in Sweden. Since then, his name has been mentioned with that of but one other woman. She is Olive White, and she is Lanny's manager.

On Monday evening, July 29th, at eight o'clock, Lanny and Olive were married in a simple ceremony at Millbrook, N. Y. They first met in 1932 and a few months later she assumed the management of his radio and motion picture engagements.

It was Olive White, herself, who persuaded Lanny to accept that New Jersey theatre engagement—indeed, she arranged it. Since then, she has handled most of his business affairs. Yes, even a large extent of Lanny's "growing up."

I mean just this. Three years ago, Lanny was only a name. Of course, he was drawing a king's ransom for singing and every girl's dormitory pulsed to his ballads but as yet he had not struck down enough roots to be an individual. I felt, when I first knew him, that he was a magnificent instrument for making musical sounds, but little else. As a man, he was less important and less colorful than he was as a star. Which meant there was no telling what might happen to him; how he might go.

So many people in that situation go fat-headed. Or pompous. Or else, they remain empty the rest of their lives. You know many such, don't you; men and women who are professionally successful but who are failures as individuals, because they never do any of the things they want to. Because they never really have any fun.

Lanny easily might have been like that. His success came when he was so very young.

Last spring, he took his first vacation in seven years. I saw him just after he came back. Lanny, tall and lean, with the cleanest level blue eyes, and a speaking voice that is touched by exactly the same feeling that warms his singing. He told me about his rest; thirty days of letting time and fame shift for itself while he had done many of the things he had so long delayed doing.

Last spring, he told me, "Well, I've made up my mind to become a singer."

He'd made up his mind to be a singer! What else, in Heaven's name, had he been all along?

Well, for one thing, he had been a law student. In the beginning, radio was just a means to earn money toward the completion of his law course. I imagine the crash of his Hollywood pictures caused him to recall often that other career he had abandoned.

Until he thought it through. "I went off by myself and cocked a cold and dispassionate eye at all the years ahead of me," he told me. "Asked myself point blank if singing my way through those years gave me an even chance of finding the satisfaction and happiness which spell real success. Or if I'd better get into something else. Then I decided it was music for me. I've been studying ever since. Music itself, languages."

After that, things began to happen. Coincidence, perhaps, or something Olive White saw in the man she managed. Something that gave her confidence to plan bigger things for him.

One of those bigger things was Lanny Ross as the showman presenting the Show Boat. You've heard the result these past weeks. Another big thing was Lanny's own concert series. The State Fair program is completely his own. Another big thing is a big Hollywood motion picture.

Lanny Ross and Olive White are a team to reckon with in today's entertainment world. Thursday nights at the Radio City studios, the crowds see him spotlighted on the stage, the idol, the hero, the singing star. But they never see her. Four floors below there is a little room to which only a few people ever find their way. She sits there alone, listening to the voice that fills the little room, making mental corrections that she will tell him when he joins her after the program. She sits there listening, while through her brain march dreams that match his—Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan, La Scala . . . yes, even another fling at those treacherous Hollywood movies. Dreams that would be insane for anyone else but for which "Lanny Ross presents" may soon become only a stepping stone.

THE END

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 13*)

elevated on a pillow. That gives your feet a change of blood circulation. It's a good trick. Try it!

When you want to feel energetic enough to dance through a whole day, try Gogo's favorite salt rub in combination with your morning shower. Just take a handful of ordinary table salt and rub it over your body briskly while you're slightly damp from the shower. Then with a thorough rinsing and drying, your circulation will be all in a glow. The salt rub is a good thing to remember, now that the days are getting chillier. You'll need all the "glow" you can get.

"I'm not going to fib," said Gogo, looking at me with a twinkle in her eye, "I do *not* take cold showers. Tepid ones, yes, but cold ones, no."

There's no pretense about Gogo. She is one of the most thoroughly natural persons I've ever met. And, naturally enough, we got around to the subject of make-up, which of course is always interesting to all of us experimental females. What does she use? Well, a liquid rouge, for one thing, because of the natural effect it gives. It is slightly astringent, and only mildly colored, and leaves the cheeks with a sort of natural sheen. She applies it over her powder. When she uses eyeshadow, she generally chooses brown, in spite of the fact that her eyes are blue, because it seems to tone in well with her skin, and thus looks more subdued and natural than blue eyeshadow does. You

see, Gogo has lived in Hollywood, the world's greatest center for unnaturalness and artificiality. That has contributed to make her all the more wary of anything that tends in the least toward artificiality. Her French-Canadian background was anything but theatrical. All her relatives looked askance at the idea of Gogo "going theatrical" by profession. They got over it, but she hasn't got over her naturalness.

Gogo says that her hair is not a lovely shade (I disagree with her), but that at least it's her own natural shade. Hollywood wanted to bleach or tint it or do something Hollywoodish to it, but she refused all offers. It was her own shade, and she was going to keep it. You would appreciate why if you could see how beautifully it harmonizes with the underlying color tones in her skin. It is closer to an ash blonde shade than anything else, although it is a little too dark to be definitely termed, "ash blonde." It belongs to her as part of her own symphony of coloring. Every once in a while when you write me about bleaching your hair, or changing its color in some way or other, I feel like groaning aloud, and calling upon nature to defend its own handiwork. Why is it that we can't give nature credit for being the clever color chemist that she is? You would be wiser to worry about "sheen" than "shade." Apply the hairbrush, and one of those harmless rinses that bring highlights to your hair! Be your own shiny-haloed self!

Gogo's color preferences in clothes are largely determined by her own coloring. She is very fond of gray, for example, and gray is something of an "individual" shade because so few people can wear it to advantage, as she can. If you have any such color individualities, capitalize on them! Don't choose a color just because "it's what they're wearing." Choose a color because it is flattering! Gogo likes soft unusual shades of blue. They "do things" for her eyes, which are just as large as they are blue.

Naturalness and individuality . . . there's a whole beauty sermon in itself.

But let's get back to our original footnotes. If you want slender ankles and shapely legs, you'll have to exercise a little energy, energy enough to cut out this coupon, and then to follow the instructions the coupon brings. It will bring you exercises to reduce or build up the legs and thighs . . . and for good measure, exercises to slim down the hips. If you want a figure like Gogo's, you've got to work for it.

Kindly send me your exercises for the legs, thighs, and hips.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please inclose self-addressed stamped envelope! If you wish any additional bulletins offered in past issues, kindly inclose additional stamped envelope.

Mary Biddle,
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

THIS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly . . . and it's *important* that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's *needs*—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body.

It will never cause griping pain. It does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and *thorough*.

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

CHARLES FARRELL *chooses girl with* NATURAL LIPS

HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW

UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Film star picks Tangee Lips in interesting test

Charles Farrell makes lipstick test between scenes of **"Forbidden Heaven"**, a Republic Pictures Corporation release.

● When Charles Farrell says he prefers natural lips, doesn't that make you want to have soft, rosy, kissable lips?

Millions of other men dislike bright red lips too . . . that's why more and more women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint!* Instead, Tangee, as if by magic, accentuates the *natural* color of your lips. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

New **FACE POWDER** ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK now contains the magic Tangee color principle

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM115
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

My Adventures in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 17*)

Garbo, for instance. She reminds me of Jessica Dragonette. Jessica has lots of natural beauty and with her new hair-cut she's prettier than ever, but the thing you feel about her is the mental force she puts into her job. She says a little prayer every time she sings, you know. And something more than her voice goes through the mike, just as something more than Garbo's external appearance goes through the camera lens. Jessica is in pictures now, too. I wish Garbo were on the radio. That link between them—that depth—would be interesting to observe.

Jean Harlow walks on to your set. She talks about books and philosophy and whether horse-racing is a good or bad influence. You find she's one of the best-read women you've met. She has life all worked out. Live for today! Forget tomorrow. It may never come. The past has gone. Why worry? Today is here. Let it do its best for you. And after ten minutes talking to Jean you are ready to launch a thousand ships.

As for Myrna Loy. Now there is a woman a man can never forget. She has a knack which gives a man an entirely new thought about a woman. *She can listen.* She leans slightly forward, a lithe, bright-eyed hollyhock, swaying slightly in a light breeze. Her eyes are stars twinkling approval. Her lips part slightly like delicate petals awaiting rain. And *your* words are that rain. I guess I'm going poetic. But that's what Myrna Loy does even to a Benny.

Myrna doesn't make a man feel like just an extra in life. He's the whole show. He's the star from the first moment he sits down with her until she says she must go, not with words but by gathering her hankie and bag and smiling the loveliest farewell you've ever had said to you.

Of course, when you've met these women and come to know them, you remember radio. And you wish they were on your program. They'd bring the pulsating vigor of youth to the loudspeaker. Don't ask me how, but they'd do it—and it's something radio could use.

As for Myrna, she's got a standing offer to join my hour. And she won't need to say a word. She can just sit there in the first row of the audience, where each of us can see her. We'll broadcast to her, in person. She'll make us so good, just by the way she listens, that we'll be better than our best.

Now, here's a thing about this town I like, too. People have cut out the false modesty. And it's wonderful, I mean it. Most places, people talk about ego and conceit as if they were diseases. Well, I've still got to meet the guy who makes the other fellow believe in him unless he believes in himself. Take a kid. If he wins the high jump, he's proud and happy about it. He doesn't hide the fact he's done something big by saying: "Someone else took that jump for me." He knows he did it and he went a little higher than the other fellow.

Somehow, outside of Hollywood, a man who's succeeded in *his* jump is supposed to act as though he didn't know he'd been jumping. He's supposed to show the world a face blushing from modesty when it should properly blush from pride.

In Hollywood, they're honest. Here they don't brag about things they haven't done, but they are enthusiastic and bubbling over from excitement about what they have accomplished. If Lupe Velez has just signed a contract for big money in South America, she tells you about it. She tells you the salary, tells what a new fame in a new land is going to mean to her. She's a kid who's won another race and she wants everyone to enjoy the fact with her.

Why, these folks out here like the way they act so well they play charades at private parties. They show each other their latest films; their newest publicity pictures. They have photographs of themselves sitting possessively on grand pianos. They are stars. They are important. They know it. And they expect and want you to know it.

Yeah, it's a crazy town, and a grand town. I could go on for another ten million words about it. Hollywood, like a Hollywood party, never stops. Which reminds me, the other night Mary and I threw a pretty sizable party for Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa. It was the first week of their stay out here and I wanted them to meet all the right people.

I was receiving the guests at my front door. One fellow I'd known around New York in the old days but hadn't met for some time saw me standing there. He came over and stuck his hand up. "Jack Benny! Of all people. What are *you* doing here?"

He didn't realize he'd come to *my* party. And that's typical of Hollywood.

P. S. I just read this over. I made an awful *faux pas.* I forgot to mention the name of the picture I came out here to make. It's *"Broadway Melody of 1936."*

THE END

STOP!!! **Wouldn't you like to win a prize?**

LOOK!!! **On Pages 30 and 31 of this issue—314 prizes! Yes, sir! three hundred and fourteen of 'em—just waiting to be won!**

LISTEN!!! **Read the rules—put on your thinking cap—and go in and win one for yourself. It's a cinch!**

Heaven in the Pines

(*Continued from page 33*)

even bears the name of the room in which you are quartered.

No, indeed, you don't sleep in a room with a number in the Vallee establishment; you sleep in a room with a name. A year ago I'd heard the story of his naming rooms after famous songs he had popularized, and then had been only a little impressed. Let me tell you it is different when Theresa comes up to you and says you will sleep in *"Betty Co-Ed."* And dinner is served in *"The Stein Song."* And you can take a shower in *"The Pink Lady."* And how would you like to peek at *"Vagabond Lover"?* A tidy bronze name-plate is attached to every door.

"Vagabond Lover" is Rudy's own room at the head of the stair, and if Theresa likes you she permits you to step within.

The color scheme is blue, Rudy's favorite color, Theresa told us. He has a little balcony that overlooks the lake, a bathroom positively classic in its beauty and the usual twin beds, dresser, and other accoutrements. A perfect place for peace and relaxation.

I forgot one thing about the guest rooms. Each has a lady's dressing-table. And each bears two cruets which hold two kinds of perfume—Paris perfume, mind you, in the heart of a Maine wilderness—of which the wives of visiting firemen can take their choice. I used it for two nights and I still can't quite believe it happened.

A second building is a guest lodge, much like the first, but not so pretentious. A third houses the cars and truck and several servants. The fourth is called "The Pirate's Den" and is the daytime headquarters of all and sundry.

Right away, we were told by Theresa that Rudy's system of entertaining was "every guest for himself." Do as you please and be happy. It's a nice formula, isn't it? "The Pirate's Den" is ideal for that sort of thing. It has, upstairs, a pool table, ping-pong, bar, and a bathroom. On the balcony are a half-dozen bagatelle games. Below, the building adjoins the boat and swimming float.

Rudy has worked hard since that red-ringed day when he became a radio celebrity. His hours have been fantastic. For instance, the night we arrived at the lodge he was playing at a dance at Burlington, Vermont, hundreds of miles away. He got away from Burlington only a little while before dawn and drove through the sunrise to Lake Kezar. It was 9 a.m. when he arrived. Can you imagine getting into bed at 9 a.m.? Some of his guests were just getting up. He slept until 3 and then came down to the lake for his swim.

Sunday night he rested. Monday and Tuesday were supposed to be free, too. But on Monday he went down the road to a nearby town and helped them put on a show to raise money for some worthy cause. Tuesday night he drove to another town. He got no money for those jobs, but he sang as hard and entertained the crowds with as much energy and enthusi-

GET RELIEF FROM THESE TROUBLES . . . NOW

Thousands get Amazing Results with Yeast Foam Tablets—a Dry Yeast—the Kind Science finds so Abundant in Health-Building Vitamin B

IF YOU suffer from any of the common troubles listed above, let Yeast Foam Tablets help you correct the condition now. These pleasant, pasteurized yeast tablets have done wonders for thousands of men and women.

Doctors all over the world recommend yeast for combating skin troubles and faulty elimination. In these easy-to-eat tablets you get this corrective food in the form science now knows is so rich as a source of Vitamin B.

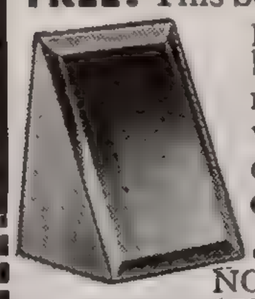
Tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system quickly absorbs generous quantities of the precious element that gives tone to the digestive system, stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. No wonder users report such amazing results!

At a well known clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported marked improvement within two weeks. Before starting to eat this *dry* yeast, some of these patients had used laxatives almost continuously.

Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this *dry* yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



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NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

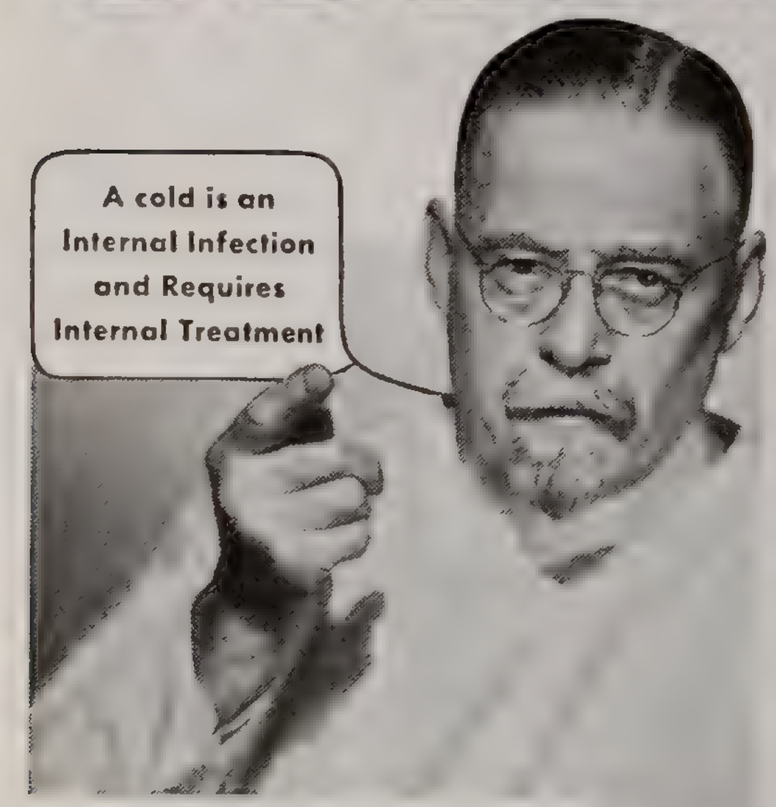
I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Don't Fool Around with a COLD!



Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

asm as the times he was paid five thousand dollars a night.

So he works hard—and for relaxation he plays hard. I found that out during my brief visit. His lodge in Maine is stocked with playthings. Grown-up playthings, of course, that only a man with a hundred-thousand-dollar income could afford, but nevertheless playthings.

Look at his boats. In the first floor of "Pirate's Den" I counted fourteen. A Chris-Craft speedboat—the fastest thing on the lake, by the way—is his flagship. After it come sailboats, rowboats, canoes, scooters with powerful outboard motors, even two water bicycles.

For the more athletically inclined there was a springboard, a slide, and an aquaplane that trailed the speeding Chris-Craft like a leaping tuna on a line. A leaping tuna, by the way, that was ridden beautifully by a sprite of a girl barely out of her teens and from which my ambitious editor-husband tumbled three times before he gave up ignominiously.

The most recently acquired plaything was a diving helmet which dropped down over your head until it rested on your shoulders. Then the seventy-five pounds of it shoved you gently under water while some trustworthy soul above pumped down air. I tried it and walked about the bottom of Rudy's lake with almost as much confidence as I would walk into my kitchen.

Rudy himself is the champion diver of the camp. It was he who put on the helmet and went out on the lake's bottom, tied a rope around a sunken tree that had menaced swimming and boating, and hauled it to the surface.

In talking about playthings I shouldn't forget his cameras. This is an old love that has been publicized before. What hasn't been mentioned is that, during the past spring, he has had a projection-booth built into his lodge so that he can put on a motion picture show as good as any you get at the Bijou or Capitol. We saw one that Sunday evening—Rudy Vallee in "Sweet Music," plus short subjects and one natural-color reel he had taken of a cat-and-dog argument between the camp kitten and one of his dogs.

That one of his dogs was Jim, a tremendous Great Dane, who could make a single mouthful of Shirley Temple, but who wouldn't harm a fly. Another is a Doberman named Himmel, who races madly to the lake every time someone dives and won't leave until he perceives that the diver is not in immediate need of rescue.

The third is Windy, Rudy's personal pet. Windy looks like a tall, thin Chow and acts like an uncaged tiger. Alone and unaided, I think, he could whip both Himmel and Jim if he got his dander up.

I am not sure Rudy would permit me to mention it, but I must say something about his open-handed hospitality. I understand my own week-end at his camp was quiet. There were only fourteen guests. The previous week, he had entertained fifty-four.

One delightful couple we met was honeymooning. Friends of Rudy's, he had given them the run of his place—and where a more delightful honeymoon could be spent, I don't know. Another was the mother of a friend. Others were business acquaintances. Each year he invites his entire orchestra, with their wives and sweethearts, up for five days. This year, which was their fourth annual outing, he had them for three days of one week; and then the next week he put them up at Old Orchard Beach for three days, to give them a taste of the ocean. I do know of others, dozens of people to whom he owes nothing, but to whom he has offered the use of his lodge any time they wish it. Sometimes they call him and ask if he has a vacant room.

"We'll make room for you," is his answer.

And he does make room for them. Why? I think I know one of the reasons. I think he takes a little-boy sort of pleasure in showing his friends the kind of a place he has carved out of virgin forest. The meticulously furnished guest rooms, the broad sweep of his veranda. But most of all, I think he likes for them to see his bathrooms.

I mean this seriously. There must be six or seven bathrooms in his lodges. Each one is done in pastel shades and is equipped with the very latest fixtures. My powers of description falter at the thought of them. Pull down the shade, blot out the sight of pines and the sound of birds and you might be in New York or Los Angeles. Their presence there is incredible, fantastic, and you are grateful all the more that the amazingly thorough Mr. Vallee has done it again.

I wondered about the sheets, the towels, the pillow-slips required by such an establishment. Theresa threw up her hands at my questioning. Women were the worst, she told me. They use a towel once and then look for a clean one. Fortunately, Rudy has more men guests than women.

And the food?

There were fourteen of us at dinner Sunday. I watched Manuel come from the kitchen with a huge tray carrying fourteen broilers. In my humble household, fourteen broilers would bankrupt the budget. I saw the milkman make an early morning delivery. He carried two wire baskets heaped with bottles. And cream! "Cream in your coffee" at the Vallee lodge means rich, golden, gooey cream, completely unlike the mixture to which my milkman had educated me. I'm still tasting it.

Purposely I've stayed out of the kitchen until now. Because I don't really expect to be believed. But honestly the one I saw must be most housewives' idea of Paradise. To begin with, all the cooking is done by electricity. To continue, there are banks of ovens and burners and broiling racks that rival the famous electric range just installed in the White House. To finish it off, there is an electric refrigerator that is the granddaddy of all the private home ice-boxes I've ever seen. It is tall and broad, and it needs to be. If you had, or if I had, fifty-four guests to feed over a whole week-end, I'm afraid we'd be borrowing shelves in refrigerators all up and down the block.

Someone asked me about Rudy himself—the someone was a neighbor girl in the hero-worshipping stage. Was he sweet? Was he handsome? Was he really as nice as he sounded?

One doesn't learn much about a man in a week-end, so my answers to her were probably unsatisfactory. I saw a Rudy who played through the hot summer day in a pair of trunks. That night he donned sloppy white trousers, and suspenders. A white fleece sweater topped them off.

I didn't have to tell my little friend he was as sweet and handsome as he sounded. She was convinced of that already. What I did have to tell her was that Rudy reminded me, a little pitifully, of a squirrel in a cage. As he climbs, the cage turns. The higher and faster he climbs, the faster the cage turns. He's at the peak now, and he must work furiously to stay there or the cage will spin away under him.

This became especially apparent as I watched him play his phonograph. From the time he awoke at 3 p.m. until the curfew hour of 2 a.m. he kept the machine going. One record after another from his vast and entertaining collection. Rudy Vallee songs and numbers recorded by other orchestra leaders. As they were changed or replayed by the automatic machine, he listened intently, made criticisms, suggested improvements. As he swims, or rests or plays billiards, he listens. That phonograph has speakers in each of the lodge buildings. Wherever one is, the music comes to him. We had it straight through dinner. Once, during the evening, he stopped in the midst of conversation to dictate some notes to his secretary.

Music has become his life. He eats it, breathes it, sleeps it. It is all modern music that sets a lusty rhythm going through your blood. He has helped make much of it, and it has helped to make him. They make a fine team, Rudy Vallee and rhythm music.

Recently he bought one of the new electric organs which are proving to be such a miracle instrument. Perhaps you have heard some of the broadcasts made with them. They produce the tones of the old pipe-organs, but occupy only a little space. Rudy's magnificent instrument stands across the room from the busy phonograph. Except for a few brief moments, it stood silent and neglected.

Thinking of it, I found myself wishing that Rudy could get into his soul some of the chords of that unused organ. I wish its peaceful harmonies could soothe the feverish tempo of his life. Soft music and slow music can be so restful, and Rudy needs rest. I know. Oh, it wouldn't make a better man of him or a finer host or a gayer companion, but it would, I'm sure, make him happier.

Somehow, after you have enjoyed his hospitality a little while you feel that he isn't quite happy and, darn it, he's the kind of a guy who deserves to be!

THE END

It Started with a Laugh

(*Continued from page 37*)

their first arrival would be a boy that they plucked "William" off the old family tree, dusted and polished it and had it waiting for the little stranger. And even when they found that it wasn't that kind of a baby, they just couldn't go back on their plans. You see, Willie's parents, unlike herself, do not change boats in mid-stream.

THE END

FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (18) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Exquisite but not Expensive

CHERAMY
April Showers
Talc

IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

The Original "If Girl"

(*Continued from page 36*)

waited around and hopped on the next boat that came along. On *this* boat was the prominent New York dentist, who offered her a job in his office which made her Atlantic City salary look like so much gum-drop money. And New York! The day-dreaming little Atlantic City stenographer was sprouting wings!

Dreams do come true—if you dream them well and long and hard enough—and by this time our little love-lorn lassie had discovered what she really wanted.

Patti lost no time in the Big City. She flashed her toothpaste ad smile and arched her Irish blue eyes at the Important People who came into the office. She knew that sooner or later she'd start her own personal chain—you know, meet someone who could introduce her to someone who could introduce her to someone who could get her on the air. It required clear headwork, and the smile and eyes had to do sixteen-hour a day duty.

Sure enough, the break did come. Oh, not as easy as all that. There was the small job with WNEW, a local radio station.

Then the graduation to WOR. By this time Patti had an inkling that she was heading straight for a singing career, so she gave up the dental job and its regular Saturday pay-check to devote her afternoons to making the rounds of audition directors.

And, friends, if you don't think that requires nerve, show me ten people who will give up a secure position just on a slim hope!

It was the audition at Columbia which clinched it for her. Last winter she made her début on Jack Pearl's Peter Pfeiffer program and Columbia thinks there are big doings ahead for her on the airwaves.

The night that she made her first network appearance, she received a telegram of congratulations from the old Boy Friend. She wired back one word:

"Thanks."

Maybe when he reads this story, he'll know just what she meant.

THE END

They Called Him "Pipes"

(*Continued from page 37*)

became Stuart and the skinny little kid developed into a romantic singer who could get his listeners in a *ga-ga* mood.

Because his voice and his boyish good looks fit in just swell with soft lights and sweet music and expensive, modernistic doodads, he was quickly grabbed by the more elegant of the New York night clubs. The Embassy, El Morrocco, the Versailles, the Westchester Bath Club, for instance—where a ham sandwich is paid for with a gilt edged security and you're liable to find a Whitney floating around in your soup.

Stuart was looker-on to the high jinks of the hoity-toits and in no time at all he found himself calling the scions of Park Avenue by their pet names. He played Cupid to several society romances. John Jacob Astor and Tucky French, for instance, would trip to El Morrocco nightly to hear Stuart sing "Melancholy Baby" for them. It was guaranteed to put them in that hand-holding, melting-eyed mood. Stu was present at one of the most lavish weddings in the social calender, the Winston Guest-Helen McCann nuptials which united two old families and fortunes. The reception lasted all day, and take his word for it, never have so many orchids, so many diamonds, or so much champagne ever been crowded under one roof.

Do you want the lowdown on what socity folks do to keep from getting bored? Stuart reports that at the Westchester Bath Club the main sport at night would be for the guests to start pushing each other, clothes and all, into the pool. Heaven only knows how many two-hundred-dollar de Pinna full dress suits or Hattie Carnegie creations were thus ruined!

Stu got his radio job in a most accidental manner. It was just about the time that Dick Himber and Joey Nash, his former vocalist, had a falling out. Himber strolled into the Versailles one night, heard Stu and walked out with a new singer.

Stu likes radio better than singing in night clubs. "The hours are much saner—and so are the people."

THE END

'Scuse It, Please!

Remember that lilting little yarn about Kathleen Wells which appeared in RADIO STARS for last July. It stated the blue-singing Katey was released from WHOM in New Jersey because the station was in financial difficulties. Now comes a letter from Harry O'Mealia, WHOM president, saying, "At no time has Station WHOM been in financial difficulties, and especially at the time of which she speaks."

So that there can be no misunderstanding, we want readers who are interested to know the facts of the case, which are as presented by Mr. O'Mealia. For its error, RADIO STARS offers regrets.

You Don't Need Beauty

(*Continued from page 25*)

upholstered one yawned for the elfin body of the star. Accustomed to a place among the socially élite, and a leading light of the smart literary and artistic set, she completely ignored the distinction and made for one of the small chairs.

"Here's your place, Miss Hayes," the director pointed out.

"Oh, I fit better into this one!" She smiled, and at the next rehearsal the larger chair was missing, undoubtedly at her request.

Later on the director called time for lunch. He invited Miss Hayes to a restaurant in Radio City, along with the sponsor, explaining that there really wouldn't be time to frequent her usual rendezvous, the smart Park Avenue restaurants, hotels or clubs.

"Is everyone going?" she asked.

The rest of the company, she learned, were remaining.

"Oh, let us all have our lunch here together," she suggested. And along with the director, the sponsor and the rest of the cast she munched sandwiches, sipped a malted milk out of a container.

Hollywood, with its caste system, its cliques of stars, featured players, bit performers and atmosphere hangers-on, all of whom keep to their particular sphere on pain of complete social annihilation, would be horrified. I think Helen gets pretty bored with that sort of thing, even after such successes as "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "A Farewell to Arms," "Another Language," and many others. Pictures never held the lure for her to which most of the great ones of the stage ultimately succumb. Probably that is because money means so little to her. She spends as she goes and, except for a trust fund for little Mary, she never has made any effort to insure material security. In her work, her husband and their child she already has found it.

Her contract with M-G-M calls for two more pictures but they permit her to fit the time with her stage engagements, and this fall she is to open in a new play, so the picture work will be deferred. During the summer she remained East with Charlie, who was making pictures in Astoria (remember "The Scoundrel?")

Never before has she been so happy.

"To watch a rose grow," she says, "to get down on my knees in my garden and nurture it tenderly, spreading the bonemeal around with my fingers, feeling the kindness and closeness of the good earth is the most exciting, absorbing and satisfying of careers. And radio permits me to have that and my work, too!" . . . And then there is Charlie, that good-looking, witty, irresponsible genius, who is her perfect companion, her dearest friend. And there will be more children. That is *very* important.

Years ago MacArthur sent her this telegram:

"Darling, if you marry me you'll never be contented, but you'll never be bored exclamation point."

I know she never has been bored. And I am sure she *is* contented.

He is, of course, a delightfully interesting person—and an *enfant terrible.*

Listen to this:

When the Lux Radio Theatre was putting on "Peg o' My Heart," starring Margaret Sullavan and Bramwell Fletcher, Miss Sullavan suddenly was stricken with laryngitis. It was 12:45 on the Sunday afternoon of the broadcast, then scheduled for 2:30. The agency that put on the show was faced with the almost impossible task of securing a star to go on the air without any rehearsal.

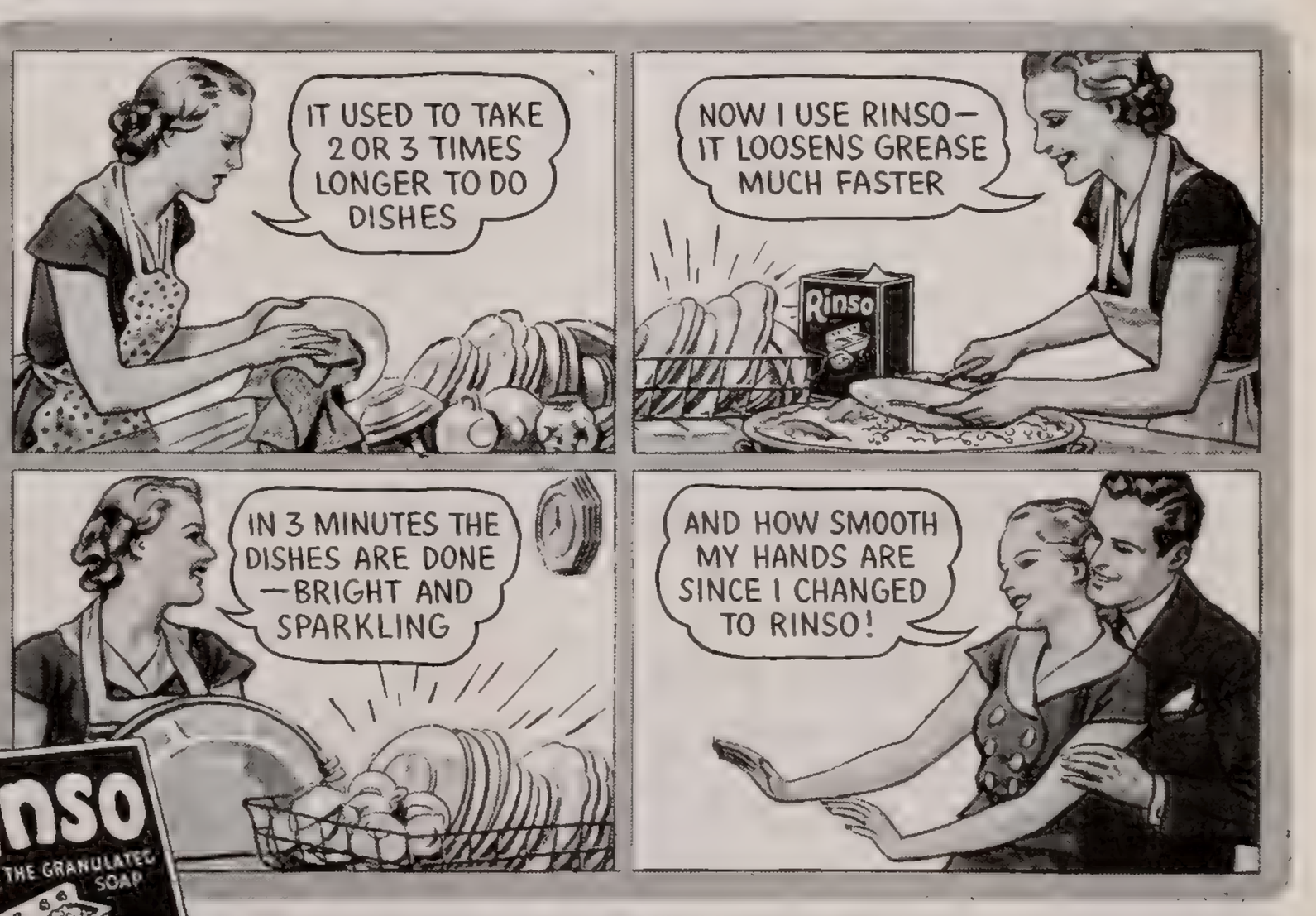
Desperate, they called the MacArthur home at Nyack. Charlie answered. He and Helen were having their usual Sunday "brunch"—a combination breakfast and lunch.

Helen heard this conversation:

"*Um hum?* . . . I see . . . oh, yes . . . I see—*um hum* . . . right away . . . yes . . . goodbye."

NOBODY CAN CALL HER A "SLOW POKE" NOW!

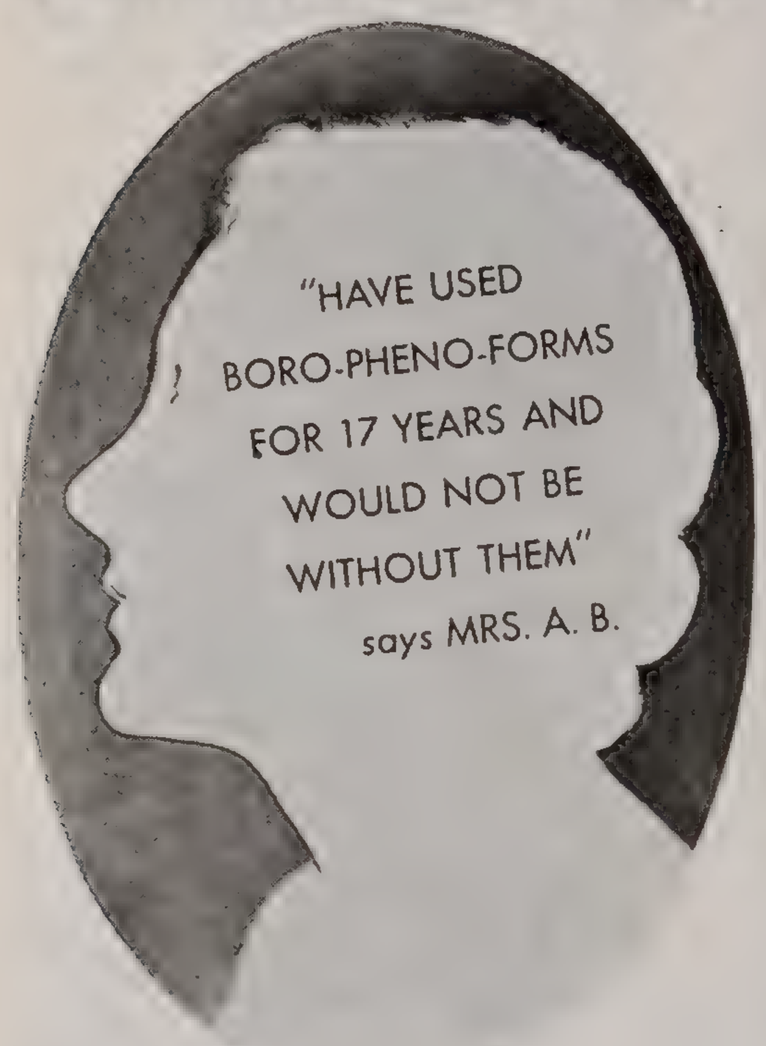
She can do a big pan of dishes in 3 minutes—let her tell you how



RINSO'S rich suds loosen grease in a flash—dishes come bright and clean in no time. Wonderful for the week's wash, too. *Soaks* clothes whiter—safely—without scrubbing or boiling. Great in washers.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Free Sample DEMONSTRATES Doubly Effective MARRIAGE HYGIENE



Doctor's Prescription Wins Praise of Millions...

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Helen ate on, tranquil and undisturbed.

"Helen," Charlie explained, "Margaret Sullavan can't go on the air. You've got to do her broadcast. I said you would."

"But Charlie—" Helen began.

"Get going, darling," was his answer. "I'll see that the car's in front of the door in ten minutes."

No time for anything. Helen threw her things on and Charlie brought the car around.

But he hadn't mentioned a minor detail—what she was to do. That was *his* secret! He knew that Helen, of Scotch descent, never had played an Irish rôle. Moreover she'd never seen "Peg o' My Heart," as a play or as a picture. She never even had read the script.

They bustled into the car and along the highway Charlie's conversation was enhanced by a thick brogue, Helen falling in with it merrily. They chatted and laughed, Charlie making occasional corrections in her dialect and Helen, smiling in blissful ignorance, having a swell time! She hadn't the slightest suspicion there was method in his madness—madness she was used to, without method!

As they crossed the George Washington Bridge MacArthur furtively glanced at her pert profile as he said:

"And shure darlin' it's 'Peg o' *My* Heart' ye are to the life—and it's 'Peg o' the Radio Audience's Heart' you'll be afore the day is out!"

"Charlie!" she whispered, "you *couldn't . . .*"

"G'wan with your blarney!" he continued, and along they sped to Radio City.

She went on the air immediately, without having had time even to run through the script, Charlie remaining in the control room, the full weight of his responsibility facing him. As Helen's voice, tremulous, with a throb that holds and sways and thrills, went out over the air waves, as clear and assured and right in its Irish accent as though it were being broadcast from Dublin, he registered increasing delight. Her triumph is history.

One of the production men asked MacArthur how it was possible for a Scotch woman to do such a marvelous job in an Irish role.

"She's Scotch and Peg's Irish," he explained, "and anything an Irishman can do a Scotchman can—it's just like shooting fish in a barrel!"

When the broadcast was happily over Helen was asked what price had been agreed upon. Price? Helen hadn't thought about that. It was simply that the show must go on!

"What," you will ask, "*is* Helen doing with the money she earns from radio? A new diamond bracelet, perhaps? Or a town car, or some sables?"

You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. Her money is buying her father a farm in Maryland.

And starting in September for twenty-six weeks over NBC you will be able to enjoy her charming voice and certain ability in an original series which is being written especially for her. In it she will portray an average young woman concerned with the problems of everyday life.

And that, if you ask me, is what she really is, only she's made a success of it! Beauty? Perhaps not. But charm and sincerity and real talent. As for there being any trick to it, I have only to recall Helen's own words:

"Everyone can have a successful career as a stage, screen or radio star, as a sales person, a model or a secretary. . . . As Shakespeare said: *'All the world's a stage,'* it's only a matter of loving your work and working at it!"

THE END

Jessica

(Continued from page 43)

said: *"I eez no interested. I dooz no wish to try for zee part."* Then she rolled her eyes provocatively at the surprised man, and marched out.

"I've got to talk to you," he yelled, running after her. "I think you're just the person we need."

He led Jessica into Morris Green's sanctum, buzzed into Mr. Green's ear excitedly.

"Then things happened fast," Jessica told me laughingly. "Mr. Green dismissed the important-looking actress he was interviewing, and porters rushed back and forth, pulling out a piano for me."

Royally they waved her to the piano stool. "Sing something," both men commanded. Jessica could hardly control her laughter. She sang, still with her put-on French accent, *The Sunshine of Your Smile.*

"Wonderful," they said, when the last clear, sweet note had died away. "But what are we going to do with you? How will the public feel about your accent? If only you could speak English better."

She pretended to be greatly hurt, and drew herself up stiffly to her entire five feet one and a half inches. Regally she pouted. *"I sink I speak zee English very well. I speak as good as you."*

"Yes, yes," they said placatingly. "But that French accent."

For an hour they kept Jessica there, correcting her pronunciation, coaching her in English idioms. Then, when she thought the game had gone far enough, she spoke in her normally perfect English.

They were flabbergasted, furious. Immediately their interest in her ceased. No, they couldn't use her. "To this day they haven't forgiven me!" Jessica told me.

And the people she worked with in radio also learned that she wasn't the spineless, fragile, weak-willed songbird they'd been reading about. Ask the Coca Cola people. They'll tell you. Do you remember when she was under contract to them as Vivian, the Coca Cola girl? Vivian was supposed to be a refined, charming girl who traveled around the country, followed by two admiring suitors, Jimmie and Freddie. One week, when Jessica came for a rehearsal, she found that the part written for her was not in keeping with Vivian's character. She was expected to

act the part of a cabaret singer. Common sense told her that a wealthy, inexperienced young girl would not turn cabaret entertainer overnight. She explained this to the director.

"You don't like the part we've given you," he said impatiently. "OK, we'll give it to someone else this week. We'll write you out of the script."

"But I'm supposed to be in it," she said. "Why not change the script a little?"

"What's the matter, sister," he sneered. "Are you afraid the show wouldn't be any good without you?"

"I know it wouldn't be any good without me," Jessica said in her quiet way. *P.S. The script was changed.*

Another time when Jessica revealed the fighting spirit of a young modern was four years ago. She was having a good deal of trouble with her sponsors, who insisted that she change the type of her program. It had too much high-brow music. It was jazz the public wanted. And it was jazz they meant to give it!

Do you think Jessica said: "Yes, sirs," meekly, blushed and hid, as accounts would have you believe she does? Like a defiant little squirrel, shoulders thrown back, tiny chin protruding, she stood her ground. And convinced the men she was right. Not only that, but ever since her contracts have read that she alone has the right to select her own singing numbers.

But these were only flashes, kept carefully concealed from the public. It would never do to let them learn that their angel with the nightingale's voice was really a shrewd business woman, quietly confident of her own abilities.

Not till the present year did the modern Jessica emerge, triumphant at last. And the cutting of her hair stands as a symbol—the only visible token of the bitter emotional strife that has been going on inside little Miss Dragonette. It is the decisive round in a long, hard-fought battle.

Remember this. Three years ago most girls already had done away with their long tresses. It was cooler. It was easier to comb. Short hair made you look years younger.

Jessica longed to cut her honey-colored, waist-length hair and be like other girls. First her family dissuaded her. So did her business advisers. And when her fans got wind of what she planned to do, they wrote in, objecting. She wouldn't seem like 'our Jessica' if she cut off that luxurious head of hair: she'd be just another girl. And the illusion would be spoiled.

For millions of photographs had been sent out of Jessica with her long, wavy hair, and that's the way they pictured her.

To Jessica, the millions of her admiring fans are her life. They always come first. She no more dreamed of tearing down the illusionary figure they had built up of her than you or I would of murdering our best friend. So Jessica did nothing. But inwardly she kept thinking about it.

Then suddenly, on June 19th of this year, she got a hair-cut. Risking her sponsor's wrath. Jeopardizing your affections and mine, taking a chance on casting down the ideal we have built up. Why? Because the hidden, human side of Jessica conquered, overthrew once and forever the old-fashioned image that had been created.

HE LOOKS FOR A "Yes" IN YOUR EYES

How to give them tantalizing allure
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EYES say more than lips ever can . . . so make-up must begin with the lashes . . . in 40 seconds Winx Mascara gives new beauty to skimpy lashes, lifeless eyes.

For only 10¢ you can improve your appearance greatly—you'll never know how beautiful your eyes can be until you try Winx Mascara—so buy it today.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms—Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today.* See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note Winx superiority—refuse any substitute. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

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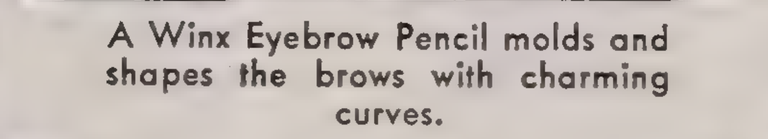

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B R I G H T

THE NAKED EYE!

To YOUR naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! $1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-11. *The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto,* 3.

I know what it must have cost Jessica to do this. But I also know that once she realized it was right for her to do it, she went ahead, unflinchingly.

The immediate cause of her hair shearing was her moving picture, in which she sings two songs. For years Jessica has been vowing that she would make no pictures. All her time and attention, she said, belonged to her radio audience, her first love. Besides, she privately admitted, she didn't think she was pretty enough for pictures. . . .

After Jessica saw the first rushes of her film, she decided to cut her hair, come what might. Paramount officials provided the impetus. "Why in heaven's name," they argued, "don't you cut your hair? Every other girl wants to look young. And you deliberately make yourself appear years older, wearing that lovely hair in a bun like an old lady!"

Tired and discouraged, Jessica went home that night. She looked at herself in the mirror, fingered her spun-gold hair. And her heart was as heavy as the tumultuous, swelling river, straining to burst its dams.

Rebellion seethed within her. Rebellion against the publicity men, who had branded her as a tissue-paper doll. Rebellion against her business advisers who dared tell the woman, Jessica Dragonette, what to do. And before her eyes there floated a vision—the vision of what she would look like with her hair cut. She knew in her heart that the Paramount officials were right, that she would look years younger. "Let me be a human being," she prayed silently.

And then she exulted in a new freedom. No longer would her wings be pinioned. Once and forever she cast off the bondage of the figure she had outgrown.

"It took me a whole day to get my hair cut," she said. "Nobody wanted to do it. I went to my regular hairdresser, and she turned me down flat.

" 'What,' the woman said in horror, 'cut off that long mass of lovely hair? You must be crazy!' " So Jessica went to her beauty-parlor. Here again the operator was adamant. It wasn't till she visited a strange hairdresser that the job finally was done.

With her new hair-cut, shoulder length, Jessica looks about sixteen. In fact, she looks so enchanting that when the Paramount officials saw the new bob, they begged her to make retakes. So the Jessica you will see in pictures will be the girl with bobbed hair.

And now her full personality, that of a "regular" girl, is apparent even to the blindest. People are beginning to look at her with different eyes. They worshipped the Jessica whom they considered an angel; but they adore this human Jessica.

This courageous, altogether real, girl. One with faults like you and me. With a temper, which she has striven for years to control. "My temper," she told me, "is worse than the kind that makes you want to throw things at people. When I get angry I freeze up externally and get all choked up inside. I go as far away as possible from the person who's angered me."

She doesn't get angry often, and never allows herself to get angry before a broadcast. Any violent emotion interferes with singing. And her singing must come first.

But you can always tell when Jessica is reaching the boiling point. Her blue eyes shoot sparks, "South American looks," her friends call them.

When someone circulates false, or half-baked stories about her, it makes her furious. Like the time a story was printed that she had chased someone out of her studio, saying: *"I am Jessica Dragonette. This is my studio. You're not allowed in here!"*

The real facts? Here they are:

"One day I was sitting in the studio before a rehearsal," she told me. "I noticed a fine-looking gentleman peering in. Very evidently looking for someone."

Jessica smiled. He came forward. "Are you the young English lady who is waiting for me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," Jessica replied. He excused himself and went out.

That's all the writer of the story saw. So he used his imagination.

But he didn't see the gentleman, Captain Davis, come back a minute later.

"Please forgive me," the Captain begged, "for not recognizing you. You are Jessica Dragonette, who sings over the air. When I was laid up in the hospital, I used to wait eagerly for your programs."

Jessica and the Captain began to talk, as would any normal girl and man under similar circumstances. And it ended with Jessica's going to lunch with him!

In line with the groping for the true Jessica, she has not turned down offers for personal appearances this year, as heretofore. Within the past year she has made more personal appearances than in all the other years combined. She even appeared before the Sales Convention of the Motion Picture executives, and actually made a speech!

On her last vacation she learned to pilot an aquaplane, something that would have been forbidden to the Jessica of old. One morning Jessica, out at Ventnor, New Jersey, got it into her head that she wanted to learn to pilot an aquaplane, that she'd enjoy the thrill of skimming over the bouncing waves. Now the water in Ventnor is pretty rough, what with boats sailing back and forth. Unless you can dive, it's really taking quite a chance to go out on one of the planes by yourself.

Everyone Jessica knew was aghast when she said she was going to learn to ride one. "Why, you can't even dive," they said. "What if your aquaplane should capsize? You must be careful what you do."

But Jessica was sick of being the *mustn't-take-chances* star.

Fearlessly she rode the waves. And then the backwash of a passing boat threw her off her plane, almost breaking her wrist. Her friends stood on shore, wringing their hands. Their darling Jessica had been hurt! But Jessica just picked herself up, twisted her wrist a few times to relieve the strain, and hopped back again on the plane, laughing as she rode the waves.

Yet, though you may not believe this, Jessica claims nothing has changed about her. As for changing her personality, she says that's all nonsense—it's just that people are beginning to see the true Jessica Dragonette.

Frankly, I think she's wrong—that she has changed more than she herself realizes. What do you think?

THE END

Introducing Miss Radio Stars

(Continued from page 29)

from the very beginning. At the age of five, Neila's pudgy fingers were already plucking tunes on the piano. She was going to be a concert pianist. Go on the stage. Taste the glory and fame that had been snatched from her mother.

When Neila was in the "growing up" years, the Goodelles left New York for the lure of gold in the Florida land boom. Here she met Burton Thatcher, the singer, and made a bargain with him to play his accompaniments in return for vocal lessons. Through this arrangement she gained entree into the Winter mansions of the Stotesburys, the Huttons and the Vanderbilts, and over the piano tops she cooed at the Captains of Industry. One of these Captains fell for the cooing and sent her to New York with a letter of introduction to some theatrical friends. The letter was partly responsible for her winning a scholarship to the Berkshire Playhouse, where Katharine Hepburn and Alexander Kirkland were among those who were learning how to walk gracefully on to a stage.

"Neila" at the time was Helen Goodelle. "Alexander Kirkland thought it sounded too kitcheny for an actress," she explains, "He said: 'Pronounce Helen backwards and spell it to fit,' and there I was! I even had a christening. I was wrapped in a huge white sheet like a baby and Alexander dumped a big pitcher of ice water over my head."

Dripping little Helen became siren Neila, and from then on her life managed to fit that *de luxe* name.

There was that experience in a New York café, for instance. This was several months later, after Neila had been seen in the Playhouse by Theresa Helburn of the Theater Guild and placed in the Garrick Gaieties. The season in the Gaieties was as much fun as a college prom, but since mother was back home Neila went her own way and blew her one hundred and twenty-five per on the silliest doodads. That's why she grabbed the first job offered her, even though it was singing in a club that you couldn't exactly take your visiting Aunt Lydia to.

About that experience, though—two men wanted to take her home and then decided to settle the argument by pulling out guns. Neila, who gets the jitters at the sight of a firecracker, ran screaming from the place. The next night occurred the raid of the club, accompanied by more guns and screams, and Neila found herself shoved out in the street, tickled pink to have the skin left on her bones.

Here Iney (pet name for Inez, who is Mrs. Goodelle) stepped in and took control once more. The master-of-ceremonies of that night club got Neila a job singing at the Ritz-Carlton in Philadelphia. And it was there that Neila was to run smack into *Heart Throb No. 1*—and also into the fact that she couldn't take her life and live it as she pleased.

He was the college boy whose dad owned a good share of the city. Now that in

"Can it be TRUE?"

WOMEN GASPED WHEN THEY SAW THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF

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These gorgeous new CLOPAY "Venice" shades are literally taking the country by storm! For they now make it possible for the first time for every home to have that expensive Venetian blind effect thousands have envied but few could afford! No wonder these new CLOPAY 15c "Venice" shades have become the rage almost overnight!

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Best of all, these thrilling new shades are made from famous, durable CLOPAY fibre. Won't crack or pinhole. Patented texture makes them roll easily, hang straight and resist wear. No cracking, no fraying, no pinholing to make them look shabby. See the new "Venice" pattern—and 20 other beautiful patterns and rich plain colors at your nearest store. Send 3c stamp for color sample to Clopay Corporation, 1504 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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itself was enough to turn any girl's head. Add to it a perfectly disarming grin, the most attentive stare and a long roadster which stopped at the best parties in town and you have a picture of Neila being rushed right off her *4 AAs*. She was dizzy with happiness the night he gave her his fraternity ring.

But Iney wasn't. "He drinks too much," she told Neila. They were having one of their "after-midnight" talks in Iney's bedroom. Neila laughed, then stormed her disagreement. Oh—all right, better to give in to Iney's strange request. She'd wait a month. Test him.

For several weeks he was on his best behavior, and Neila flipped the fashion magazine pages looking at bridal gowns. One day she got a hurry call to come to New York for a few days. "We'll be married when I get back," she promised. She was still lovestruck.

When she did return, he wasn't at the station to meet her. He was at the infirmary, she was told. She saw him there, in an ugly, drunken stupor. "He's been on a continuous tear since you left." Neila rushed home to the comforting arms of Iney, but not before she first switched a jewelled frat pin from her dress into an envelope and slipped it under his door.

Score one for mama.

That stroke of good judgment made Neila the most confirmed "mother's girl." Iney advised her about contracts, about her diet and what shade of lipstick to smear on her lips. And the advice, take it from Neila, was good. Otherwise she would never have got that chance to take Jane Froman's rôle in the road show of the "Follies". Nor would she have met Heart Pulser No. Two.

Iney had warned her about taking the job. Oh, strictly business principles. No hint of the Love Menace at the time. "The show will keep you out of New York for about a year, and in that time the managers here will forget you." But Neila thought she saw in this her Big Chance.

In every city she was dated and fêted and fussed over. But that all seemed like a Sunday-school ripple compared to the Big Rush the Movie Star gave her when the "Follies" played California. I can't reveal his name here, but his flashing grin and his six feet of magnetism has caused a flurry in every movie house. Night after night Neila received his telegrams in her dressing-room, but she thought it was a joke of one of the boys in the show. Well, you could have toppled her over with a false eyelash when this star appeared in her dressing-room one night—*in person*—with a bunch of velvety orchids in his hands.

The next day there was luncheon with him, breezing through Beverly Hills in that gleaming silver projectile of a car. Introductions to Swanson and Lombard and Beery at the Brown Derby. Then to his home, where he had a genuine Japanese valet and all the movie star trappings. By this time Neila's arm was black and blue what with her pinching herself so often. After the show that night came the Trocadero club where dinner is something like twenty dollars a throw and movie stars get in your sherbert. Neila was still in Wonderland with a Prince Charming come to life. He was so sweet, and just daffy enough to make himself completely irresistible. At the head of the famous winding stairs, he lifted her up and ran down the steps holding his squirming little bundle lightly. "Folks," he announced to the gay crowd below, "I want you to meet my future wife!" There were lots of giggles and congratulations and envious stares.

On the tour back East again, there were extravagant telegrams from him. He flew to New York to be with her for a few days and wanted to take her back to Hollywood as his bride. Neila's head was whirling in the clouds as she rushed into Iney's room.

But it seems that mother had done some sleuthing. She learned that the man was one of those irresistible philanderers who couldn't quite stay true to one woman for very long. He had been married before—after a furious and hectic courtship like this—and the marriage had exploded in two months. The girl had been a promising actress who had given up the stage to be his wife. Today she was doing second-rate rôles, buried in obscurity. Neila suddenly remembered his, *"Give up the stage, honey, and be my wife."* Was she headed for the same fate as his first wife? As she and Iney threshed out this problem together, she saw him as one who would chafe at the bit of domesticity. His pace was one dizzy joyride; she wasn't geared to his stride. How long could they stay together? And after that—what? Just another ex-wife accused of trying to trade in on her famous ex-husband's name? Not on *la Goodelle's* life, thank you!

Another one of Iney's prophecies was coming true, too. After the road edition of "Follies," Neila couldn't get a grip on another show. That eight-months' tour had been too long to stay away from the street that forgets names so quickly.

It was about this time that Neila got so good and mad sitting in the outer offices and hearing the familiar, "Come back tomorrow," that she decided to get married and forget all about the career.

She looked around for a lifeline and found it in the person of a famous lawyer in the Middle West. She had met him some three years ago while she was singing in a hotel there, and he had fallen in love with her. He was twenty years older than she—well-known, rich, looked up to in the community—but he was as completely infatuated as a sixteen-year-old boy. Promised her everything. "I'll settle an estate upon your parents and they'll never have to worry." If Iney were a daughter-exploiter, she would have seized this opportunity. But instead— "He's older than you and what you feel for him is admiration, not love. Then again he wants you to leave show business altogether. To settle down in a small town and be his wife. In a month you'll start thinking of Broadway and the fame and glory you might have had. That's it—you'll be a *'might have been'*."

Up to that time Neila, young and impressionable, had accepted Iney's advice complacently. But now, with her career in midair, doubts began to assail her. Was mother always right? Was a career so important? Wouldn't it be better to have the luxury and security of an advantageous marriage?

She learned for herself when the man came to New York to see her. It was at a party. She was dancing with one of the men when he strode toward her, his face

flushed with anger and too much Bourbon. *"See here!"* Everyone turned around to stare. "No wife of mine is ever going to look at another man. And no more of this show business, either! You're going to live an entirely different life from now on."

So! Neila could see herself cooped up, away from everything her young heart loved. Her career suddenly became very precious to her.

She crept into the apartment and flew into her mother's bedroom. "Iney! Iney!" It was a joyful war whoop. "Iney, you were right!"

She plugged down to the business of her work in dead earnest now. Men were out of the picture for the time being. And with Iney to advise, to criticize, to encourage and to manage her, she obtained a one-time spot on Al Jolson's Shell Chateau program.

"I was so nervous, my knees almost buckled under me! Jolson had to put his arm around me to hold me up."

But nerves or no nerves, it was that program which got her the present contract with Cutex. There's an interesting story about this show. Neila was originally supposed to carry the entertainment part of the program, while a society woman was to do the announcing. They auditioned this woman, and then let Neila do a little prattling herself. After listening to both, the sponsor decided to have Neila do the announcing, too. "You sound more refined," she was told. So, as things stand now, Neila will carry the complete program alone, singing, playing the piano and announcing. "Unless," she adds, "I slide under the piano from mike fright."

Today Neila is a young woman in her early twenties, belonging to the show world where girls of her age usually have discarded one or two husbands, or have acquired a cynical attitude toward life. "Where does she get her old-fashioned common sense," asks Broadway of this girl who, in spite of her pert face and chorusey figure, has certainly not "gone Broadway." They don't know that whenever Neila shows signs of ranting off into an *"I'm-a-star"* complex, Mrs. Goodelle merely says, "Don't forget you're still Methodist Helen Goodelle to me." It always works.

Is Mrs. Goodelle one of these possessive stage mamas who is determined to have her daughter crowd out love and marriage for the sake of the career? Or is she a woman who is weaving a sensible pattern of life for daughter—one in which marriage will take its natural place after the first thrill of applause has worn off?

I found the answer.

We were all in the Goodelles' modern white-and-blue apartment in New York's chic Fifties—Neila, Iney and myself.

"Oh, yes, I intend to get married. When?" The snub nose wrinkled. "In about two years, I guess, I'll be ready for it."

"You mean give up your career, after all, for marriage?"

Neila grinned. "Not at all. But in two years I'll really know just how my future will work out. If I'm a success, then marriage will be all I need to give me complete happiness. If I fail—well," a shrug, "at least I've had my chance. I'll never have to say, 'I might have been'."

THE END

"NO. 8" .....

She is easy to identify

ALWAYS HERSELF

She knows how to live . . . how to get through the world . . . the eighth woman who uses Midol.

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the *knowing* women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.

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Read THIS TIMELY HEALTH HINT

At this time of year it is desirable to give your dog a tonic. It may ward off serious troubles. Give "SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS." Sold by druggists and pet supply dealers everywhere.

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Miss Hey Nonny Nonny Arrives

(*Continued from page 35*)

She just walked up to the secretary of George Junkins, director of station KMOX, and said in her haughtiest manner. "You'd better tell Mr. Junkins Miss Thompson is here, and I haven't much time to give him."

Mr. Junkins, amazed, consented to see her. She was ushered in. "Oh, hello George Junkins," she said brightly.

Flabbergasted, Mr. Junkins stared at her. "Heavens know who she is," he thought. "She must have slipped my memory. She seems to know me, well enough."

Then she explained what she wanted.

"So you think you can sing," Mr. Junkins said weakly.

"I know I can sing."

"Go ahead."

She sang *Rocking Chair.* "You sound a little like Libby Holman," he said. "All right, we'll take you on at twenty-five dollars a week."

Any other girl would have been tickled. Not Kay. "That's not enough," she said. "Look how much Libby gets and you said I sound just like her."

"Keep still or I'll make it twenty dollars," he countered.

"Go ahead," said Miss Thompson, as sassy and fresh as they come. "I'll be making more than you will, some day."

On the air went Kay three times a week. "What, they pay you for making those noises that drove us crazy?" her father said. "Something is wrong somewhere."

In the middle of one of her first broadcasts, something happened. Now a microphone (particularly the old style one they used) is a precious, fragile, expensive thing. And at the slightest touch mikes have been known to break and fall apart. Artists are always warned never to handle them. They are sacred to the fingers of the engineers alone.

But little Kay knew nothing of this. One night the mike was too high. She was in a hurry. She saw the screw that did the job. And *bango,* the mike had toppled over, and lay at her feet, in a hundred pieces. Kay kept on singing.

The studio officials were wild. "That mike cost us three hundred dollars," they said. "How did you ever dare touch it? You'll have to pay for it."

"Pay you three hundred dollars?" she hooted. "Don't be silly. You can't draw blood from a turnip."

She never did pay, either, and she kept right on singing till she was fired from her first commercial.

Then her father insisted she enter Washington University in St. Louis. He thought it might keep her out of mischief, enable him to keep an eye on his effervescent daughter, since she had to live at home. But he didn't know his darling little Kay. She cut classes right and left, on the principle that it was a mistake to allow learning to interfere with pleasure.

One term her family insisted she take Greek. Her sister Blanche had passed it with flying colors. Kay took it, cutting classes three quarters of the time.

When the day for the exam arrived, Kay was at a loss for once. The only words she recognized on the exam were the verb for *to march,* and her sorority letters. For ten minutes she sat and thought. Then she wrote on her paper: *"Dear Mr. Durfy:* (he was the instructor)

"I am sorry I will not be able to answer these questions today. Mother has been ill and I haven't been able to concentrate. This is no reflection upon your teaching."

After handing in her paper she walked out, every one of the suffering studes gaping at the proficiency with which she had completed a three-hour exam in ten minutes.

Mr. Durfy insisted, under the circumstances, that she take a reëxam. They set the date for the end of the summer vacation. By that time Blanche had coached her sufficiently for her to get by. "My days," Kay told me, "as a Greek student though, were over."

The next year Kay decided to go to California, the land of sunshine, movie sheiks, and romance, where one could dance and swim and golf to one's heart's content. Unfortunately, dad refused to finance the trip. That didn't phase Kay.

"I got a copy of Harper's Bazaar," she said, "and picked out all the ritzy western girl's camps as my prey. I sat down and wrote them all the same masterpiece, asking for a job as counsellor."

She said modestly that she was terribly efficient in swimming, diving, music, dancing, could be head of campfire, that she was a college graduate, and felt if they took her they'd be getting something worth while. And she landed a job at a camp on the Catalina Islands, at $175 for the season.

At the end of the summer, she refused to go back to St. Louis. With that $175 tucked away she would conquer the world —of radio, anyway. She was all set for big time. It was easy, or so she thought.

At the very beginning, it seemed she was right. She went up to see Glenn Doiberg, in charge of programs at station KFI. He promised her a job singing.

A month later, when she came back in her very best bib and tucker, and the job was supposed to be ready, Dolberg said he couldn't remember her, didn't remember any such promise.

It's the thing that's puzzled Kay ever since. Why did he do it? I think I know. I think he was an exceedingly wise man. When he met this cocky, bombastic, personable young lady, he recognized the fine talent in her voice. But, very evidently, she needed discipline, or she would ruin her career.

So he made his plans to do something about it. He taught her a lesson, once and for all. He took her down a peg or two.

Now it seemed her luck had turned for the worse. For three months she hunted a singing job, and couldn't get one. It got so the only time she was sure of a decent meal was when one of the local sheiks took her out. Since her dad and mother kept begging this headstrong

daughter to come back to the fold, she couldn't very well write asking them for cash to stay in California. You know how it is with a girl, if you've ever been away from home, and broke. You hate to ask for help because you've proudly struck forth on your own.

At a party she met the daughter of the president of the Union Gas Company. In spite of the fact that she was down in the dumps and worried, she didn't let anyone in on her troubles. She kidded around, and sang and played for the guests, as though she were on top of the world.

Why did she act like a Big Shot? Here were people of importance in the social world, people in contact with men who hired girls to sing for them on the radio. Have you ever felt like getting into a corner and hiding, and instead had to put on a big front? Then you know how Kay felt.

She let it be known she was at liberty, and the world's best radio singer. She got the job singing for the Union Gas Company on the air, at ninety dollars a week.

One day, just before a broadcast, came a wire from her mother: FATHER TERRIBLY ILL COME HOME AT ONCE.

"I stayed for the whole broadcast," Kay told me. "I couldn't walk out on them." Throughout the entire program she cried, and she was sensational!

Back home she found the report of her dad's illness exaggerated. Her father, who had angina pectoris, was as well as could be expected, and walking around. It was just a ruse to get their wandering daughter back to home and mother. Kay arrived on Thursday. On Friday she did nothing. On Saturday she did nothing. Saturday night she almost went wild from restlessness.

The old boy friend of the deathride, Jimmie, hearing this sweet little minx was back in town, took her out stepping. They went dancing at the Coronado Hotel. Kay, ever on the lookout for opportunity, noticed that Al Lyons' band, which played at the hotel, had no vocalist.

"Wonderful music, isn't it?" asked Jimmie.

"Yes," she answered, but her mind said, "Gee, I wonder if I could sing for that band leader."

"Do you want anything to drink?" he asked.

"No, thanks, not till later," she said. And her mind was saying, "How in the world can I meet Al Lyons?"

"Say, you're not very talkative tonight, baby," Jimmie said.

Kay leaned forward suddenly. "Say, wangle me an introduction to that band leader, like a good boy." There it was, out in the open. Before long, Lyons was at their table, taking a drink.

"I'm surprised, Mr. Lyons," Kay said, "that as swell a band as yours should have no vocalist." Lyons looked doubtful.

"In Los Angeles," she continued, "it's all the rage now. And I know just the girl for you. She's good looking, can sing like nobody's business, and has oodles of personality besides."

"Bring her around," Al countered. "I'd like to meet her. Make it Monday afternoon." Next Monday afternoon Kay got into the car and drove down to see Al. He looked up in astonishment as she ap-

(*Continued on page* 81)

Millions use Medicated Cream to Promote Rapid Healing

...to relieve irritation and reduce pores

YOU CAN dress smartly—you can have lovely features—but if your skin is marred by Large Pores, Blackheads or Pimples, much of your charm is lost.

Today, *millions* of women use a famous medicated cream as an aid to quick healing—to improve their complexion by eliminating blackheads and reducing enlarged pores. That cream is Noxzema Skin Cream.

Prescribed by Doctors

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors to relieve itching Eczema, and for Burns, Scalds, Chafing and other skin irritations. Today over 12,000,000 jars are used throughout the United States, in Canada and other countries!

If your skin is Rough and Chapped—if you have Large Pores or Blackheads—if you have Pimples resulting from dust, face powder or other external causes—then by all means get a small inexpensive jar of Noxzema. Use it and see how wonderful it is.

Noxzema is not a salve—but a dainty, snow-white, medicated vanishing cream. It's so soothing, clean and easy to use.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Use Noxzema until skin condition is entirely relieved.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too

Relieve them overnight with this famous cream

12,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema relieves hands *overnight.*

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Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 511, Baltimore, Md.

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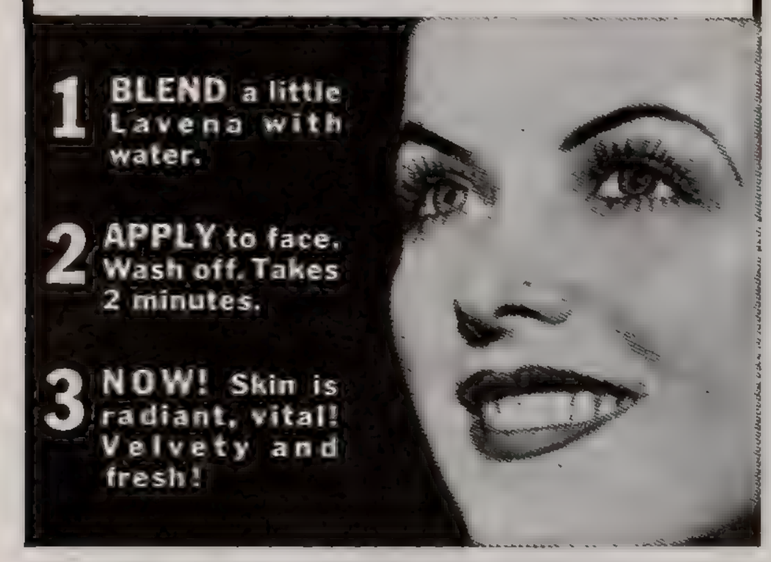

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It's a miracle! It deep-cleans. Exercises your lazy skin. Soothes, softens and protects it. And best of all, unlike soap, Lavena can't irritate dry, tender skins. It contains no grease to make pores cloggy and oily!

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The 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial

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INDERA MILLS COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM
NORTH CAROLINA

Write for FREE *Style Catalog*

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 56)

8:00 EST (1)—Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WEAF WTAR WBZ WBZA WTIC WTAG WTAM WBEN WCAE WIOD WFLA WWJ WLW CFCF WWNC WIS CRCT WFBR WRC WGY WPTF WJAR WCSH WRVA WJAX. **7:00 CST**—KTHS WAPI WSB WMAQ WSM WTMJ KFYR WOAI WOW WMC WJDX KSD WHO WDAF KPRC WKY KSTP WEBC WDAY KVOO WFAA WSMB WAVE. **6:00 MST**—KTAR KDYL KOA. **5:00 PST**—KFI KGW KPO KOMO KHQ.

8:30 EST (½)—Gulf Headliners with James Melton, tenor; Revelers Quartet; Hallie Stiles, soprano; Pickens Sisters and Frank Tours Orchestra.
WABC WJSV WWVA WGR WBDJ WTOC WMBR WOKO WSMK WDNC WSJS WESG WICC WHP WADC WBIG WBT WKBN WBNS WCAO WCAU WHEC WJAS WKRC WMAS WNAC WORC WSPD WDAE WDBO WDRC WEAN WFBL WFEA WHK WLBZ WQAM CKLW. **7:30 CST**—WCOA KLRA KRLD KTRH WALA WSBT KWKH WNOX WFBM KTSA WACO WBRC WDOD WDSU WGST WHAS WLAC WREC WSFA WOWO.

9:00 EST (1)—Ford Sunday Evening Hour.
WABC and network.

9:00 EST (½)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town trio. (Sterling Products, Inc.)
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAM WHIO WTAG WCAE WBEN WCSH WFBR WRC WGY WWJ WSAI CFCF KYW. **8:00 CST**—KFYR WMAQ KSD WHO WOW WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAF. **7:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KHQ KPO KFI KGW KOMO.

9:00 EST (½)—Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery.)
WJZ WBAL WMAL WBZ WJR WFIL WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WLW WENR KSO KWK. **8:00 CST**—WREN KOIL WMT.

9:30 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell. (Jergen's Lotion.)
WJZ WBZ WMAL WJR WLW WBZA WBAL WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL WMT.

9:30 EST (½)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.)
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR WPTF WCSH WFBR WWNC WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WIOD WFLA WRVA KYW WHIO WJAX CFCF CRCT WIS. **8:30 CST**—WSB WMAQ WHO KSD WSM WOW WMC WOAI WJDX WFAA WSMB KPRC WDAF WTMJ KSTP. **7:30 MST**—KDYL KOA. **6:30 PST**—KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KPO.

9:45 EST (¼)—Neila Goodelle. (Northern Warren Corp.)
WJZ and basic blue network.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK WBNS CKLW WDRC WCAU WJAS WFBL WSPD WJSV. **9:00 CST**—WFBM KMOX WBBM KMBC WHAS WDSU WCCO KRLD WIBW KFAB. **8:00 MST**—KSL KLZ. **7:00 PST**—KERN KMJ KOIN KHJ KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI.

11:00 EST (¼)—Sunset Dreams—Morin Sisters and the Ranch Boys.
10:00 CST—WOAI KTHS WDAF WKY KPRC WBAP KTBS. **9:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **8:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR.

11:15 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell. The Jergens Program.
9:15 MST—KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR.

11:30 EST (½)—Jack Benny. (General Foods.)
WJZ and network.

12:00 EST (½)—The Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra.
10:00 MST—KOA KDYL. **9:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

MONDAY

(Oct. 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas gives the day's news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ WLW CRCT WBAL WBZ KDKA WHAM WJR WSYR WBZA WJAX WFLA WMAL WGAR WRVA WIOD.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WEAF and network.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—"Just Entertainment." Variety Program. (Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.)
WABC network.

7:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus—dramatic sketch with Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Foods Corp.)
WJZ WBAL WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WCKY WFIL WPTF WIS WWNC WJAX WIOD WFLA WSOC WTAR WGAR. **6:15 CST**—WENR.

7:15 EST (¼)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station E-Z-R-A." (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WEAF WJAR WTAG WEEI WBEN WCAE WRC WCSH WGY WTAM KYW WHIO WFBR WLW. **6:15 CST**—WHO WOW WDAF WMAQ.

7:30 EST (¼)—Lum and Abner—comedy sketch.
NBC Service Chicago Studios to WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR.

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.)
WJZ WLW WBAL WMAL WFIL WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA. **6:45 CST**—WENR KTBS KWK KSO KOIL WREN WSM WSB WSMB WBAP.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.)
WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WEAN WFBL WKRC WJSV WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WBT WGR. **6:45 CST**—KMBC WBBM WHAS KMOX KRLD KOMA WCCO.

8:00 EST (½)—Hammerstein's Music Hall. (American Home Products.)
WEAF and basic red network.

8:00 EST (½)—Fibber McGee and Molly—comedy sketch with Marion and Jim Jordan; Lynn Martin, contralto; mixed sextette; Ulderico Marcelli's orchestra.
NBC Service Chicago Studios to WZJ WGAR WFIL WBAL WMAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WCKY. **7:00 CST**—WLS WMT KSO KOIL WREN. **6:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KPO WSYR.

8:00 EST (½)—Esso Marketers present Lombardo Road. (Standard Oil Co. of N. J.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WMBG WDBJ WHEC WICC WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WJSV WPG WBT WDNC WBIG WHP. **7:00 CST**—WDOD WNOX KLRA WREC WHBF WLAC WDSU KWKH WIBX WWVA WSJS WORC WCHS WESG WCSC.

8:30 EST (½)—Firestone Concert; Margaret Speaks, soprano; Wm. Daly's orchestra. (Firestone Tire Rubber Co.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WRVA WJAR WCSH WFBR WRC WHIO WGY WBEN WTAM WWJ WLW WCAE CRCT CFCF WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WSOC WTAR. **7:30 CST**—WMAQ WHO WPRC KSD WEBC WTMJ WIBA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB WAVE WKY KTBS WOAI KYW WDAF WDAY KSTP WOW WIRE WFAA WAPI KTHS.

8:30 EST (½)—Evening in Paris—Odette Myrtil, the Pickens Sisters, Mark Warnow and orchest. (Bourjois Sales Corp.)
WJZ and network.

8:30 EST (½)—One Night Stand with Pick and Pat; Joseph Bonime orchestra. (Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobacco.)
WABC WNAC WADC WOKO WCAO WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WLBZ WICC WBT WHP WMBG WHEC WMAS WORC. **7:30 CST**—WBBM, KFAB WOWO. Repeat 11:30 EST on KRNT WFBM WHAS KMOX KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL.

9:00 EST (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Guest stars.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI KYW WHIO WRC WJAR WCAE WCSH WWJ WGY WBEN WTAM. **8:00 CST**—KSD WOW WDAF WHO WMAQ WSAI WIRE.

9:00 EST (1)—Lux Radio Theater.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WKRC WHK WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM WDAE WICC WBT WBNS CKAC WDBJ WHEC CFRB WORC CKLW WDRC. **8:00 CST**—WBBM KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB KMOX WGST WBRC KRLD KLRH KLRA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA KTSA WNAX. **7:00 MST**—KLZ KSL. **6:00 PST**—KHJ KOIN KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KWG.

9:00 EST (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ WGAR WWNC WSYR WRVA WAPI KTHS WJR WMAL WTAR WLW WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA WSOC WPTF. **8:00 CST**—WSB WLS KWK WREN KSO KVOO KSTP WEBC WDAY KPRC KTBS KOIL KFYR WTMJ WFAA WMC WSMB WJDX WOAI WKY WMT WIBA WSM. **7:00 MST**—KOA KDYL.

9:30 EST (½)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ WBAL WSYR WJR WMAL WFIL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WENR WCKY. **8:30 CST**—KSO KWK WREN KOIL WMT.

9:30 EST (½)—Grace Moore (Vick Chem. Co.)
WEAF and basic red network.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)

(Continued on page 82)

(*Continued from page 79*)

proached alone. "Where's your girl friend?" he demanded.

"I'm the gal," she admitted.

"For heaven's sake," he gulped. He eyed her up and down. Then, "Since you're here already, you might as well sing." She got the job.

A few weeks later came a wire from California, offering her a job singing on the Bing Crosby program! She thought she was made. But at the end of her thirteen-weeks' engagement, she found she hadn't made as big a splash in the pond as she thought; in fact, some people seemed to think it was just a tiny eddy. So she thought of coming to New York.

Now you know and I know New York has many big programs, much bigger than the West Coast can offer. But would any have a place for Kay Thompson?

She didn't know. But she looked into her past. Why, she had never got anywhere by hesitating. She took her nerve in both hands and made the jump, persuading both her sisters, who were students, to come along.

"Fred Waring's program was one of the best," Kay told me. "And nothing but the best for Thompson was my slogan." She walked in on Fred just as he was leaving on a six-weeks' tour last November.

The only thing Fred needed was a chorus of sixteen girls, a glee club. The girls were to be pretty, refined, and to have untrained voices. Now Kay didn't know a soul in New York. But do you imagine that she let that stop her? "I'll get you them," she promised. "When you come back we'll be ready for you."

Then the fun began. Where to dig out sixteen sweet, pretty, refined girls? Two of them she picked out of the Capitol Theatre chorus; a trio came from the Roosevelt Hotel. She got hold of a girl at a song plugger's. She went to Macy's, began talking to one of the salesgirls, told her to sing right then and there and said, "You're hired." When she got all through she discovered that she had only fourteen girls with really fine voices. She came home that night and said to her sisters, "Kids, you've got a chance to get on the air with me." And she slipped them in.

Some of the girls couldn't read music, some had never sung jazz. Some were a little dubious, now they had thrown their jobs away on the chance of pleasing Waring. But Kay kept up their morale.

They practiced from noon till one o'clock every night, every day, just on the chance Waring would take them. Kay prepared two arrangements, *Wistful and Blue,* and *I Got Rhythm.* And if you think preparing arrangements for a nondescript group of sixteen isn't work, try it sometime. Waring came back, heard them, and hired them on the spot. They went on the air December 29th, as Kay Thompson and Her Girls.

And that was the beginning of Kay Thompson's exciting career in New York. From her work with Fred Waring's orchestra, she went to the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, where she sings and handles all the choral work.

What the future holds for Kay, I don't know. But if you ask her, she's confident. "It's something mighty close to the top," she told me.

THE END

NEW FIGURES FOR OLD QUICK, SAY THOUSANDS

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 80)

WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WCAU WEAN WSPD WBNS WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WJAS WFBL WJSV. **9:00 CST**—WBBM KMBC WHAS KMOX KFAB WCCO WIBW WDSU KRLD WFBM. **8:00 MST**—KLZ KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KFBK KDB KWG.

10:00 EST (½)—Contented Program. Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Co.)
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR WSAI WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WCSH WCAE WFBR WRC WTIC WGY WBEN WTAM WWJ KYW. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD WHO WOW WDAF WFAA. **8:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

10:30 EST (¼)—The March of Time. Dramatizations.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **9:30 CST**—WBBM KRNT WGST KRLD WCCO WDSU WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB KMOX WISV. **8:30 MST**—KLZ KSL. **7:30 PST**—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI.

11:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus—dramatic sketch with Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Foods Corp.)
WMT KSO WREN KOIL WIRE WTMJ WIBA KSTP, WEBC WDAY KFYR WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KTHS KTBS WAVE KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR KWK WAPI WFAA WJR.

11:30 EST (½)—Voice of Firestone Concerts.
KOA KTAR KDYL KGIR KGHL KFSD KFI KGW KPO KHO KOMO KGU. (See also 8:30 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—One Night Stands with Pick and Pat. (Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobaccos.)
KRNT WFBM WHAS KMOX KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL KSCJ, WCCO.

TUESDAYS

(Oct. 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR WBAL KDKA WLW WSYR CRCT WMAL WHAM WGAR.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

7:30 EST (¼)—Singin' Sam. (Barbasol.)
WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WEAN WJSV WADC WOKO WKBW CKLW WHK WJAS WFBL WSPD. **6:30 CST**—WOWO.

7:30 EST (¼)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for stations.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Kate Smith (Atlantic and Pacific.)
WABC and network.

7:45 EST (¼)—You and Your Government.
WEAF and network.

8:00 EST (½)—Lavender and Old Lace, with Frank Munn, Tenor; Bernice Claire, Soprano, and Gustav Haenschen's orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.—Bayers Aspirin.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WNAC WCAU WJAS WGR. **7:00 CST**—KMBC WHAS KMOX WBBM KRNT KFAB WFBM.

8:00 EST (½)—Leo Reisman's orchestra with Phil Duey and Johnny. (Philip Morris & Co.)
WEAF WTAG WFBR WBEN WCSH WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WSOC WTAR WCAE KYW WEEI WJAR WRC WTAM WTIC WGY WWJ. **7:00 CST**—WHO WDAF WMAQ KSD WOW.
(See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)
WJZ network.

8:30 EST (½)—Packard Presents Lawrence Tibbett.
WABC WADC WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WOKO WCAO WNAC WSJS WBIG CKAC WMBG WDBJ WTOC CFRB WCAU WJAS WEAN WBT WBNS WDNC WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **7:30 CST**—WBBM KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD WOC KTRH WNOX KLRA WREC WISN WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WCOA KTSA KWKH KSCJ WIBW KTUL WACO KFH KGKO WNAX. **6:30 MST**—KVOR KLZ KSL. **5:30 PST**—KHJ KOIN KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KFBR KMJ KWG KERN KDB KOH.

8:30 EST (¼)—Edgar A. Guest, in Welcome Valley with Bernadine Flynn, Don Briggs and Sidney Ellstrom; Joseph Gallicchio's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ WBZ WHAM WBZA WFIL WJR WLW WMAL WGAR WBAL KDKA WSYR. **7:30 CST**—WREN KOIL KSO KWK WMT WLS.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's dance music.
WEAF WCAE WBEN WRC WSAI KYW WGY WCSH WTAM WTIC WTAG WEEI WJAR WWJ. **7:30 CST**—WTMJ KSD WOW WHO WIBA WJDX WDAY WAVE KTBS KFYR WKY WDAF WSMB KPRC WMC KVOO KSTP WMAQ WOAI WSB WIRE WFAA.

9:00 EST (½)—On the Air with Lud Gluskin.
WABC and network.

9:00 EST (½)—Ben Bernie and his Blue Ribbon orchestra. (Pabst.)
WEAF WTAG WJAR WGY WSAI WBEN WTAM WCAE WWJ WTIC WEEI WCSH WFBR WRC KYW. **8:00 CST**—WOW KSD WMAQ WHO.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EST.)

9:30 EST (½)—Helen Hayes (General Foods).
WJZ and network.

9:30 EST (1)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Col. Stoopnagle & Budd. (Ford Motor Co. Dealers.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WHP WFEA CKAC WDBJ WHEC WTOC WMAS WICC WBT WBNS WSMK WDNC WBIG WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE CFRB WLBZ WIBX WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WORC WKBN WNAC WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WSJS. **8:30 CST**—WBBM WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD WOC WOWO KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WCOA WMBD KTSA KWKH KSCT WSBT WIBW KTUL WACO KFH KGKO WOWO KTRH WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS KMOX WNBF WKBH. **7:30 MST**—KVOR KLZ KSL. **6:30 PST**—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBT KNOX KOH.

9:30 EST (½)—Eddie Duchin and his Fire Chief orchestra. (Texas Co.)
WEAF WTAG WJAR WGY WEEI KYW WHIO WJAX WIOD WFLA WLW WTAR WTAM WRVA WIS WTIC WCSH WBEN WWJ WPTF WSOC WFBR WRC WCAE WWNC. **8:30 CST**—WIRE WEBC WAVE WMAQ KSD WMC WSM WHO WOW WDAF WSB WSMB WKY WBAP KTBS WTMJ WIBA KSTP WDAY KFYR WJDX KVOO WOAI KPRC. **7:30 MST**—KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL KTAR. **6:30 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

10:00 EST (½)—Sigmund Romberg, musical director; Deems Taylor, narrator and guest artists. (Swift & Co.)
WEAF and basic network.

10:30 EST (¼)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
WEAF split network.
KFSD WHIO WIRE WEBC.

11:15 EST (¼)—Singin' Sam. (Barbasol.)
KLZ KSL KHJ KOIN KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KFBK KMJ KWG KERN KDB.

11:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

11:30 EST (½)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Duey. (Philip Morris.)
9:30 MST—KOA KTAR KGHL KGIR KDYL. **8:30 PST**—KFSD KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KGU. **10:30 CST**—WOAI WIRE WIBA WEBC WDAY KFYR WAVE WSM WMC WAPI WSB WJDX WBAP KTBS KPRC WKY.
(See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

12:00 Midnight EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
10:00 MST—KOA KPO. **9:00 PST**—KFI KOMO KHQ KGW KGU.

WEDNESDAYS

(Oct. 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(See Monday same time for stations.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station "E-Z-R-A."
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for stations.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. (Philco Radio Corporation.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury, Inc.)
(For stations see Monday same time.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Johnnie and the Foursome. (Philip Morris.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WGR WHEC WLBZ WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **7:00 CST**—WBBM KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS KMOX WCCO KFAB.

8:00 EST (½)—Rendezvous Musical—Jane Williams, Phil Duey, etc. (Life Savers, Inc.)
WJZ and basic blue network.

(Continued on page 84)

Pick and Pat

(*Continued from page* 46)

Pat . . .

instantly transformed the blackface team into a blackface single and became "The Dixie Sunflower".

But, being a good-hearted, fun-loving Irishman underneath all that burnt cork, he spent his money like a college boy on a spree. And the audiences, being normal human beings who wanted their money's worth, demanded two blackfacers instead of one. That's how it happened that the Dixie Sunflower found himself one day without any more bookings and no money in the bank. And that's how it happened also that this same little Sunflower started the long and fateful quest for a partner.

The search brought him clear to New York. He had invested three of his last remaining nickles on a chicken pie in the Automat and was morosely nibbling it when a fellow sitting at his table clumsily spilled his cup of steaming coffee in Pat's lap. Pat got up, Irish temper riled, Irish fists poised *à la* Dempsey, he yelled: *"Why, you bug-eyed ape!"* The coffee-spiller yelled back: *"Push your bare face in, you fan-footed fool".*

Pat's anger left and he scratched his head in amazement. Why, that was strictly a Beale Street colloquialism that no one but a blackface would know. Could it be possible? Could it *possibly* be possible that out of all the six million people in New York, fate had contrived to steer him into that rare species of humanity—another minstrel man? They sat down and talked it over. They walked out partners. That was how Pat found Pick, Molasses found January, they both found a little fortune and radio found its bona-fide, genu-wine minstrel men.

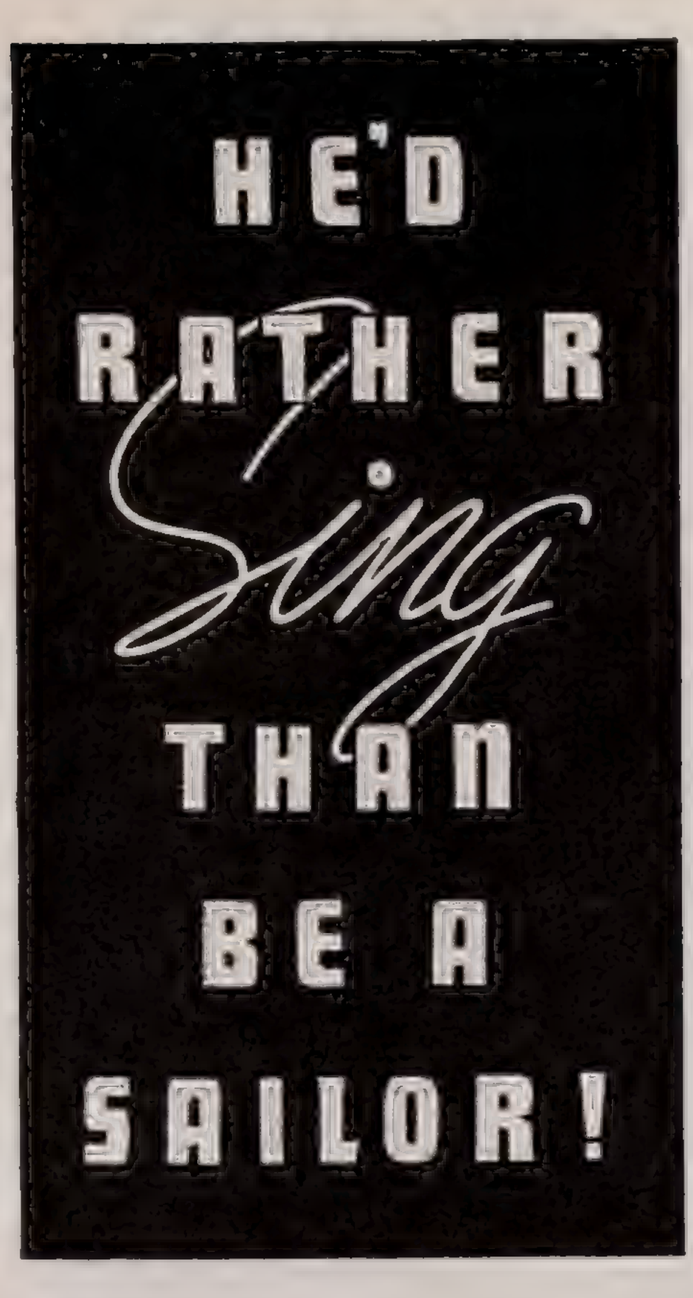
In spite of that varied background, Pat is a young man, still in his early thirties. He is a widower and is devoted to his five-year-old son. His wife, a former Vanities beauty, died out West on a Thursday just two months ago. Pat heard the news during a "Show Boat" rehearsal. The director offered to eliminate Molasses 'n' January from the program that night so that Pat could go out to her. But Pat, who had twenty years of the severest trouping behind him, stayed until the show was over before he flew West. For somehow, it just ain't like a minstrel man to quit his show in the middle, come what may.

The End

The Story of PICK is continued on page 85

WHAT IS THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA?

See Pages 6 and 8.



It was strange that the son of an Admiral and the descendant of generations of Navy men should care nothing about the Navy. But Dick Melville thought he would rather sing than do anything, and he only joined the Service to prove to his father that he could succeed. When it came time for him to leave, however, he found that his heart was bound up with loyalty and love for the Navy and for the girl who showed him the right path to follow.

You'll enjoy reading "SHIPMATES FOREVER," a grand story of life in the Navy, where the highest ideals of loyalty and devotion prevail. The complete story of Warner Brothers' picture, starring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, appears in the November issue.

Other stories and features in this issue include "Barbary Coast" starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea . . . Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose" . . . Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person" . . . Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall in "I Live for Love" . . . Paul Muni in "Doctor Socrates" . . . Pauline Lord and Basil Rathbone in "A Feather in Her Hat" . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster in "The Bishop Misbehaves" . . . "Broadway Melody of 1936" with an all-star cast . . . Tom Brown in "Freckles" . . . Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll in "Thirty-Nine Steps" . . . Nancy Carroll and Loyd Nolan in "Atlantic Adventure" . . . "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson . . . "Hangover Murders" with Constance Cummings, Robert Young and Edward Arnold. . . .

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Name .....

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 82)

8:00 EST (½)—One Man's Family. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WWNC WPTF WIS WIOD WFLA WCSH WHIO WLW WJAR KYW WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI. **7:00 CST**—WDAF WFM WSB KPRC WJAX WAPI WBAP KTHS WTMJ WIRE KSD WOW WHO WCKY WMAQ WIBA WEBC WKY WDAY KFYR WMC WJDX WSMB WAVE KVOO KTBS WOAI. **6:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KPO KGW KOMO KHQ KTAR KFI KSTP.

8:30 EST (½)—"Broadway Varieties." Guy Robertson, guest baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Arden's orchestra and guest stars. Sponsored by American Home Products, Inc. (Bi-So. Dol.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WSPD WJSV WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **7:30 CST**—WBBM WFBM KMBC WHAS KMOX KRNT KFAB.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King and his orchestra.
(For list of stations see Tuesday.)

8:30 EST (½)—House of Glass—dramatic sketch featuring Gertrude Berg, Joe Greenwald, Paul Stewart, Helen Dumas, Bertha Walden, Arlene Blackburn and Celia Babcock. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WJZ WBAL WMAL WBZ WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC WJR KWK WLW WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WFIL. **7:30 CST**—WLS WMT KSO WREN KOIL.

9:00 EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Jack Smart, character actor; Songsmith Quartet; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. (Bristol-Meyers Co.)
WEAF WJAR WRC WTAM WEEI WLW WCAE WCSH WGY WWJ WTAG WFBR WBEN WTIC. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ WOW KYW WDAF WHO KSD.
(See also 12:00 midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (¾)—John Charles Thomas and His Neighbors; Frank Tours and his orchestra. (William R. Warner Co.)
WJZ network.

9:30 EST (½)—Presenting Mark Warnow Variety program.
WABC and network.

10:00 EST (½)—Burns and Allen, comedians, Ferde Grofe's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.)
WABC WADC WHEC WDBJ WOKO WKBW WCAO WJSV WNAC CKLW WORC WCAU WDRC WEAN WKBW WOKO WBIG WFBL WHK WJAS WKRC WSPD WBT. **9:00 CST**—KRNT KMBC KFAB KSCJ WFBM KMOX WBBM WCCO KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA. **8:00 MST**—KSL KLZ. **7:00 PST**—KFPY KFRC KGB KHJ KOIN KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KOL KWG KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Log Cabin musical with Phil Cook and Conrad Thibault. (General Foods.)
WEAF and basic red network.

10:30 EST (¼)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:30 EST (½)—Coty Presents Ray Noble and his orchestra.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WJAR WCSH WRC WFBR WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WLW KYW. **9:30 CST**—WHO WMAQ KSD WOW WIRE WDAF.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(See Monday same time for stations.)

11:30 EST (¼)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.)
KLZ KSL KHJ KOIN KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KFBK KMJ KWG KERN KDB.

12:00 Midnight EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa and cast.
KOA KDYL KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

THURSDAYS

(Oct. 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(See Monday same time for stations.)

7:30 EST (½)—The Molle Show.
WEAF and network.

7:30 EST (¼)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for stations.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF WCSH WRC WCAE WJAX KYW WWJ KTHS WWNC WIS WPTF WIOD WFLA WRVA CRCT WTIC WTAG WBEN WJAR WGY WTAM CFCF WLW WEEI WFBR. **7:00 CST**—KVOO WFAA WMAQ KPRC WKY KSD WBAP WAPI WTMJ KSTP WDAF WJDX WSMB WSB WEBC WDAY WSM WOAI KFYR WHO WOW WMC. **6:00 MST**—KDYL KOA KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KFI KPO KGW KOMO KHQ. KFSD.

8:00 EST (½)—Harvester Cigar. (Cons. Cigar Corp.)
WABC.

8:30 EST (½)—Atwater Kent Hour. (Concert and operatic stars.)
WABC.

9:00 EST (1)—Lanny Ross Presents the Maxwell House Show Boat. Frank McIntyre; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Helen Oelheim, contralto; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedy; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band.
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR WTIC WHIO WPTF WSOC WTAR WCSH WFBR WRC WGY WRVA WIOD WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WWNC WIS WJAX WFLA. **8:30 CST**—WIRE WIBA WDAY WMAQ KSD WHO KYW KFYR WEBC WOW WDAF WTMJ WJDX WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WBAP KTBS WKY KPRC WOAI WSM WAVE KSTP. **7:30 MST**—KTAR KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL. **6:30 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD.

9:00 EST (½)—Death Valley Days. Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR WFIL WLW WSYR KDKA KBAL WHAM WGAR WMAL. **8:00 CST**—WLS KOIL WREN KWK KSO WMT.

10:00 EST (1)—Paul Whiteman's Music Hall; Helen Jepson, soprano; Ramona; the King's Men, and others. (Kraft.)
WEAF WTAG WFBR WBEN KYW WWJ WPTF WJAX WEEI WCSH WTIC WFLA WIS CRCT WRC WCAE WLW WIOD WJAR WGY WTAM WRVA CFCF WWNC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ WAPI WMC WHO WOW WSMB WBAP WKY KTBS WOAI WIBA WEBC KSD KPRC WTMJ KSTP WDAF WSM WDAY KFYR KTHS WSB WAVE WJDX. **8:00 MST**—KOA KTAR KDYL KOMO KPO KFI KGW KHQ.

10:00 EST (½)—Alemite Half Hour. Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. (Stewart-Warner Corp.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WDBO WCAU WJAS WFBL WMBG WJSV WQAM WBT WBNS WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **9:00 CST**—WGST WBRC KRLD WOC KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KTSA KTUL WNAX WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS. **8:00 PST**—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WLZ KSL.

10:30 EST (¼)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

FRIDAYS

(Oct. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Just Entertainment.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(See Monday same time for stations.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station.

7:30 EST (½)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for station.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise. Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (½)—Socony Sketch-Book. Johnny Green and his orchestra; Virginia Verrill, singer, and Christopher Morley.
WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WICC WORC WLBZ WMAS WFBL WHEC WCAU.

8:00 EST (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra.
WEAF WTIC WSAI WEEI KYW WIOD WHIO WCAE WWJ WCSH WRC WBEN WTAG CRCT WJAR WTAM WRVA (WGY off 8:30). **7:00 CST**—KTHS WDAF WMAQ WKY KSTP (WTMJ on 8:30). WFAA WOAI KPRC KTBS KSD WHO WOW WEBC. **6:00 MST**—KOA (KDYL on 8:15 to 9:00) KFBR (WBAP off 8:30) KVOO.

8:00 EST (¼)—Irene Rich. (Welch Grape Juice.)
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WGAR WJR WMAL WSYR WHAM KDKA. **7:00 CST**—WLS KSO WREN KOIL WSM WMC WSB WAVE WMT WIRE. **6:00 MST**—KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KPO KFL KGW KOMO KHQ.

8:30 EST (½)—Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting and Red Nichols and his orchestra; guest artist.
WJZ network.

9:00 EST (½)—Waltz Time. Vivienne Segal, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF WEEI WTAG WLW WRC WBEN WWJ WJAR WCSH WFBR WGY WTAM

(Continued on page 86)

Pick and Pat

(*Continued from page 46*)

Pick . . .

The war interrupted their act and Mrs. Pick went back to kicking up her heels in the chorus so that when Pick came back there would be some nickels in the bank. But the war had given Oklahoman Pick a glimpse of the outside world and a longing to escape the tight, gray rim of the Western deserts. When he returned, he and his wife emptied their bank account and made for New York.

Then the fun began! Vaudeville just wasn't interested in a man-and-woman act. Too many of the darned things cluttering up the New York stages. But another minstrel man like himself—well, said the managers, *that* might do the trick. So while Mrs. Pick stayed in the hotel room sitting on the trunk to make sure the management wouldn't hold it for rent, Pick went about looking for a male blackface teammate—just at the very moment when another woebegone minstreler was hunting the Big Town for a partner.

Fate—where are you? In a 48th Street Automat, no doubt, for that's where Pick spilled the eventful cup of coffee in Pat's lap. Thus introduced, they lumped nickels, ate and teamed up. Landing a vaudeville job a few days later they clicked from scratch and then cake-walked right into radio, fame and enough of a fortune for Pick to buy a big home in Flushing with a back yard which provides the juiciest bait for fishing tackle.

Pick is ten years older than Pat and has two boys to Pat's one, but outside of those differences they're enough alike in personality, temperament and background to have been twins.

The End

Erno Rapee swings the baton and the Radio City Music Hall, world's largest theatre, is on the air, each Sunday.

Three of the foremost personalities in the world of music and song discuss the future of entertainment. (Left to right) Victor Young, famous conductor and composer, maestro of Shell Chateau; Gene Buck, president of the American Society of Composers, and Al Jolson, Master of Ceremonies of Shell Chateau.

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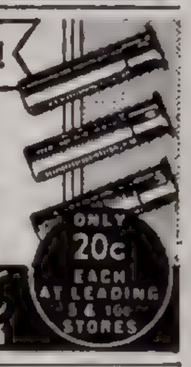

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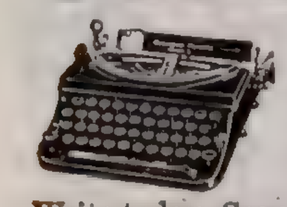

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 84)

WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ KSD WOW KYW WDAF.

9:00 EST (1)—Campbell Soup Company presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick Powell, Raymond Paige's orchestra, guest stars.
WABC WADC WBIG WBT WTOC WMBR WHEC WIBX WCOA WHK WEAN WFBL WFEA WBNS WCAO WCAU WDAE WDBJ WDRC WHP WICC WJAS WJSV WKBW WKRC WLBZ WMAS WMBG WNAC WOKO WORC WPG WQAM WSJS WSPD CFRB CKAC CKLW. **8:00 CST**—KRNT WFBM WNOX WBBM KWKH WSFA WALA KFAB KFH KLRA KMBC KMOX KOMA KRLD KSCJ KTRH KTSA WACO WBRC WCCO WDOD WDSU WGST WHAS WIBW WLAC WMBD WNAX WREC KTUL. **7:00 MST**—KLZ KSL KVOR. **6:00 PST**—KFPY KFRC KGB KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KWG KHJ KOH KOIN KOL KVI WNOX.

9:00 EST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. Guest artist; John Barclay, baritone, and others; Al Goodman's orchestra.
NBC Service to WEAF WTAG CFCF WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA CRCT KYW WTIC WEEI WJAR WCSH WFBR WRC WGY WWJ WBEN WCAE WTAM WLW. **8:00 CST**—KSTP WDAF WBAP KTBS WIRE KPRC WSB KVOO WMAQ KSD WHO WOW WTMJ WEBC WDAY KFYR WSM WMC WJDX WSMB WAVE WSOC KTAR WKY WOAI. **7:00 MST**—KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL. **6:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD.

10:00 EST (½)—Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions. Stuart Allen, Vocalist.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBT WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. **9:00 CST**—WBBM WBNS KYW WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS KMOX WSPD WGST WBNS WCCO WSBT KFH.

10:00 EST (½)—First Nighter. Drama with June Meredith, Don Ameche and Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana.)
WEAF WEEI WGY WLW WTAM WTAG WRC WTIC WJAR WFBR WBEN WWJ WCSH WCAE. **9:00 CST**—KSTP WMAQ KSD WHO WMC WOW WDAF WKY KPRC WEBC WSM WSB WSMB WFAA WOAI. **8:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ WTMJ.

10:30 EST (½)—Mills Bros.; Hal Totten, sports talk; Art Kassel and His Kassels in the Air (Elgin Watch Co.)
WEAF and network.

10:30 EST (¼)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(See Monday same time for stations.)

SATURDAYS

(Oct. 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th)

7:00 EST (¼)—Briggs Sport Reviews of the Air with Thornton Fisher. (P. Lorillard Co.)
WEAF network.

8:00 EST (1)—The Hit Parade—with Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; Kay Thompson, Gogo de Lys and Johnny Hauser, vocalists; and others. (American Tobacco Co.)
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WRVA WCSH WTAG KYW WHIO WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WLW WTAM. **7:00 CST**—KVOO KTHS WIRE WMAQ KSD WHO WOW WDAF WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WPTF WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE WTAR WSOC WKY KTBS KPRC WOAI. **6:00 MST**—KTAR KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL. **5:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KGU (WTMJ, WFAA 8:30-9:00) (WSM WBAP 8:00-8:30).

8:00 EST (½)—Club Columbia.
WABC and network.

9:00 EST (½)—G Men. Authentic cases from official Department of Justice files dramatized by Philips Lord.
NBC Service to WEAF WTIC WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAG WEEI WJAR WCSH KYW WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WHIO WLW. **8:00 CST**—WIRE WMAQ KSD WOW WDAF WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WAVE WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI. **7:00 MST**—KTAR KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL. **6:00 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD.

9:30 EST (1)—The Shell Chateau starring Al Jolson with guest artists; Victor Young and his orchestra. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WWJ KSD WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC WJAR WCSH KYW WHIO WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WSAI. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ WDAF WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WHO WOW WTMJ. **7:30 MST**—KDYL KOA KTAR KGIR KGHL. **6:30 PST**—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD WLW.

9:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WFIL WBAL WMAL WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR. **8:30 CST**—WLS WMT KSO WIRE KWK WREN KOIL.

Winners of the
SCRAMBLED STARS CONTEST
Will be announced in the
DECEMBER ISSUE
of
RADIO STARS
On Sale November 1st

Bernice Claire resumed her radio work after a summer's absence in London, where she starred in a British musical film. She is heard in "Lavender and Old Lace," and also in "Melodiana."

I Cover the Studios

(*Continued from page 40*)

nets—and the fact is one of radio's more depressing stories. Once it was Fray and Mario Braggiotti, finest of piano teams, but they have parted and Braggiotti is reported to be preparing his own unit for CBS listeners. Their partnership, it seems, was only pleasant in the tinkling, elaborate melodies it produced.

SILVER LININGS

Bright interest has been aroused in the smooth singing of Lois Ravel, but not long ago it appeared there would be no interest at all. A few months ago I noticed that Lois, favorite of the fashionable niteries, was lined up for a tremendous CBS build-up with Andre Kostelanetz. Shortly be-

When he says GOOD-BYE
DOES HE MEAN FOREVER?

WILL the spell of your charm keep him thinking of you long after he says good-bye? It will . . . if you know the secret power of Blue Waltz Perfume!

Be one of the clever girls who have discovered how a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on the hollow of the throat, behind the ears, along the part of your hair, gives a haunting fragrance that *lingers in one's memory*. A fragrance that will irresistibly beckon him back again and again.

Blue Waltz face powder and lipstick have the same seductive fragrance as Blue Waltz Perfume. Make triply sure of your magic by using all three tonight! For your protection all Blue Waltz cosmetics are laboratory tested and certified to be pure. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

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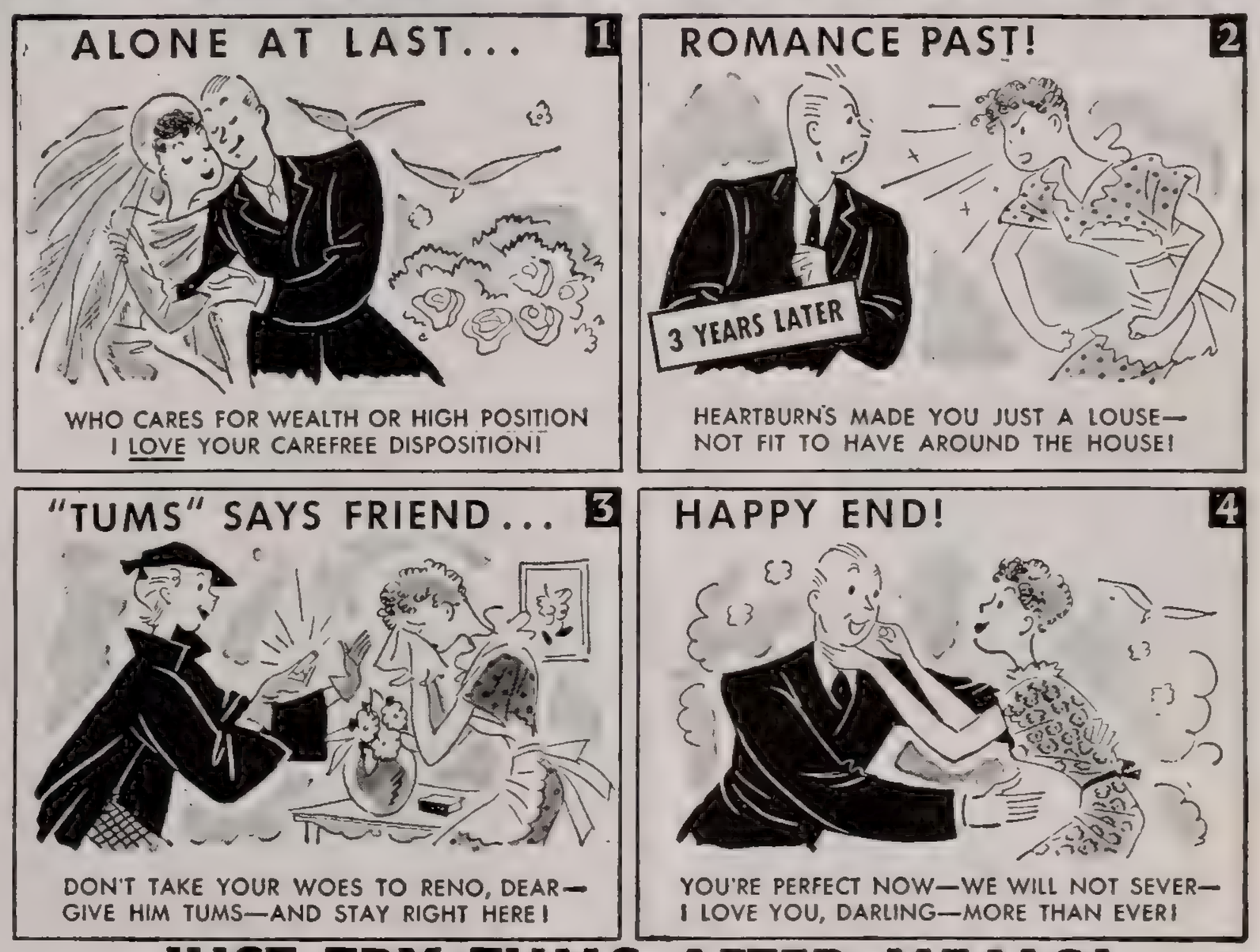
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME • FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE • COLD CREAM • TALC



JUST TRY TUMS AFTER MEALS!

"IF you get acid indigestion from favorite foods . . . but distrust those old-fashioned water-soluble alkalizers as I did . . . munch a few TUMS after meals! They're absolutely *safe*, and relieve gas, heartburn or sour stomach in a jiffy!" *You never know when* . . . that's why thousands carry the handy vest-pocket roll of TUMS with them *always*. TUMS contain a special antacid compound that cannot dissolve except in the presence of acid. When acid condition is corrected, any excess antacid passes on inert. TUMS contain no soda or any harsh alkali that may over-alkalize the blood of stomach. Only 10c for TUMS. At all drug stores.

Free Beautiful 5 color 1935-36 Calendar - Thermometer with the purchase of a 10c roll of **Tums** or 25c box of **NR** (the all-vegetable laxative). At your druggist's.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

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HANDY TO CARRY

You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

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OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

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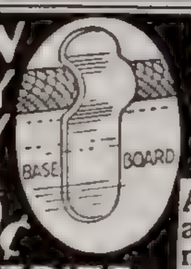

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JUSTRITE
PUSH-CLIP
KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.
At Kresge's

"STUDY NURSING AT HOME," SAID NANCY

AFTER you're 35 it's hard to have to start job hunting. Especially if you have no training or business experience. I had neither.

"You did a wonderful job of nursing John through his last illness," said Nancy who had stopped in to cheer me up. "Why don't you study nursing at home as I did?"

Then she told me about CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING and how easy it was to follow the interesting home-study lessons whenever you had a spare moment. *She* began to earn money after the first few lessons, and is always busy.

Well, I sent for the C. S. N. booklet and found it full of interesting facts about the easy-to-understand lessons, monthly tuition payments and nurse's equipment furnished. I was particularly impressed by the testimonies of C. S. N. graduates. Not only are they successful in private practice but as doctors' assistants and as special nurses in hospitals and sanitariums. Some even have their own hospitals and rest homes! I decided to enroll at once and I've never been sorry! Ever since finishing the seventh lesson I've been busy—and my average salary is $32 a week!

Send today for *your* copy of "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING." Learn how you can earn $25 to $35 a week as a trained practical nurse.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*_____ *Age*____

*City*_____ *State*_____

The signal "on the air" finds a cast of fifty actors weaving an intricate pattern of voices and accents to compose the radio picture of American achievements known as "America's Hour." A part of the cast is shown above in a dynamic bit before the microphones. Depicting America at work in such fields as oil, medicine, aviation and agriculture, this program is heard over WABC.

fore the première, Kostelanetz was called to Hollywood for Lily Pons' picture, and the show was called off. So was Lois. . . . But guess what the gal did! Knowing that future breaks she might get would depend upon her mike technique, she determined to acquire some. She hired a complete radio studio and employed a top-notch engineer. Then she rehearsed while he touched up her radio personality. You hear the results.

There's another gal—Dorothy Dreslin this time—whom you have been admiring. For a time it looked as though she were really washed up. That was five years ago when, socko! she lost every vestige of a perfectly good coloratura soprano. Her voice just went haywire. She fretted about it for a bit, tried desperately, and with disastrous results, to run her scales, and finally gave up. . . . Last year she joined in with a group singing at a party. To her amazement her voice carried to a relatively high note—perfectly and clearly. She's with NBC now; and she tells me quite seriously that, although she got her voice back, it isn't quite the same one she lost. The timbre is there, but not the flexibility. At least another year must pass before she again can work the wonders she once so easily did in the upper register.

TEMPERAMENT

Now that Sigmund Romberg is back on the air, I can tell a story. It happened just a while back, when Romberg was vacationing in Canada. One evening he attended a recital and liked the work of the harpist. Liked it so well, in fact, that he suddenly decided he would like to hear some of his own music played. He went through his pockets for a bit of paper on which to scribble his requests—and found none. So what did he do? . . . He surprised the natives by ripping off his collar, writing on it, and calmly passing it down.

However, the harpist was unimpressed. Not only did he ignore the request. It later developed that he didn't even know any of Romberg's music.

And of such are our fond and fleeting delusions of fame!

HOLLYWOOD

The Theater of the Air, that hour play you should listen to every Monday night, is doing a lot to debunk the movie stars. Never does one, in watching them rehearse, find the lurid temperamental displays with which tradition has credited them. Of course, all have their characteristics. Wallace Beery sheds his coat, dis-

plays with his fireman suspenders, and manages to look pretty sloppy; Leslie Howard puffs coolly at a curve-stemmed pipe when he is not actually at the microphone; most of the gals prefer to work in bedroom slippers. However, they go at it the same way you go at a job; but, instead of saying, "Another day, another dollar," when they have finished, they usually say, "Three thousand dollars."

Danny Danker is the man behind it all. He works out in Hollywood. First, he decides whom you are to hear; then he follows that film star night and day until he signs him. He's been known to trail one to parties, to night clubs, to the mountains, and on to the lot. The movie kings and queens aren't exactly wild about making a special trip to New York, which they pay for themselves, and it takes a lot of persuasion. Danny has recently decided you shall hear Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. Crawford will probably be on in December, Gable in January. La Garbo is still at large.

LONG TIME OFF

Not long ago, just to be doing something, I asked three radio stars where they expected to be in twenty years. Gracie Allen said, "It isn't I who will be in twenty years, it's daddy, and he's in San Quentin . . . and not only that, I'm not answering the question. My public is." . . . Benay Venuta and Virginia Verrill were a little more definite. Benay says she will be doing Mary Boland rôles on the legitimate stage; Virginia says she will be in California, married, and the mother of no fewer than six kids.

WRONG NUMBER

When Anne Seymour, "Grand Hotel" actress, was in the hospital recently, Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan decided to send her a small radio that would cheer her up. With that in mind, he called the hospital.

"Have you AC current in the hospital?" he asked.

"No," came the blithe answer after a moment. "No one by that name at all."

WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY

You and I have stopped in at one of the studios to watch Popeye the Sailor's efforts to come into existence as a radio star. . . . A young man is standing before the microphone and reading from a script in which Popeye is stopping a runaway horse to aid a helpless child. As the scene becomes more dramatic, we notice that the young man is talking in a tone not nearly so deep as the amazing sailor's. The director who is casting the show notices it, too. He shouts: "Can you make it a little more gruff here? Just to give us an idea?" . . . "Sure," agrees the actor. He speaks one line gruffly, with an effort. Then he says: "I'm going to be all right. It's just a little too deep to practice." . . . Later, we learn that the actor they really want for the part is another fellow, Billy

When they're on the air, Tuesdays and Thursdays, entertainment is assured. Here are three popular favorites—Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis and Louis Sorin, comedian, singer and character actor respectively—of the Camel Caravan. And what fun they're having, staging an impromptu scene in a sylvan setting.

CORNS
SORE TOES, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

INSTANTLY RELIEVED

Relief from painful corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes is yours the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The soothing, healing medication in them drives out the pain. The scientific design of these thin, cushioning, shielding pads ends the *cause*—shoe pressure and friction.

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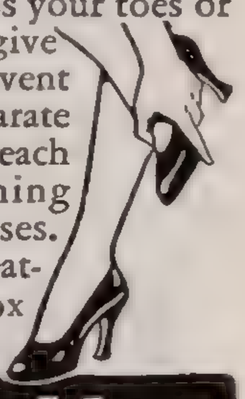

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on-the pain is gone!

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

DYE your Shoes!
Black or Brown

How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—*safely!*

BLONDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair *2 to 4 shades lighter* with Blondex—*safely*. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

Ladies and gentlemen, we present Mr. and Mrs. Lanny Ross. Mrs. Ross is the former Olive White, who for three years has been Lanny's personal representative and business manager. She will continue in that capacity, retaining her name, Olive White. The marriage took place July 29th at Millbrook, N. Y.

Costello, who does Popeye for the cartoon movies. The voice has to be authentic, for Popeye will not clout roughnecks in the script, but will use his Herculean strength to do good.

This time, we're admiring Cornelia Otis Skinner as she runs through her script. The Distinguished Service Award winner smiles occasionally with quick brightness at a man who talks to the sound effectician. He is her husband, Alden Blodgett. It has been reported—though we don't see it happen—that Blodgett is enthusiastic about sound gadgets, and has been promised the chance to manipulate them during one of his wife's programs. The gag is that each week he is told he had better wait until the next time.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Many more amazing and amusing things happen during the broadcast of a special event program than get on the air. Here's an example:

Recently, a party of broadcasters journeyed out to sea aboard the steam trawler *Hekla* to report the adventures of large scale fishing. Alan Kent, the suave, moustachioed young announcer, was along. He is a bright boy with a ready tongue, and during the first few hours aboard, kept up a steady flow of wisecracks. Finally the captain of the *Hekla,* smiling not at all, interrupted to tell him that no man with hair on his face was allowed to sleep on the boat. Kent was incredulous, at first. He scoffed at the idea and flatly refused to harm a hair of his beloved cookie duster. But as the day wore on and the captain remained adamant, Kent gave in. It was a crestfallen announcer who described the thrills of commercial fishing the next day.

THE LAST WORD

The night NTG and his Girls opened on the air, I went to the party given for him at his Paradise restaurant. Early in the morning, he asked the engineer who had handled his show how he liked it.

"Fine," said the technician, "but watch your *ad libbing.*"

"For instance?" suggested Granny.

"That place where you turned to the girl and said, *'I'm going to play on that big thing behind you.'*"

"I meant the zylophone."

"Of course. But 'Skeets' Miller was behind me and he was listening. All he had to do was say the word, and *bing!*—the show would have been off the air."

Who is this "Skeets" Miller?

Well, he's a number of things. His full name is William Burke Miller. He's night program manager of NBC, onetime winner of the Pulitzer prize for newspaper reporting and a most excellent guy.

I talked to him about this power to cut shows off the air, and though he didn't deny it, he did his darndest to deflate it. It seems that Janet MacRorie, who heads the NBC department of good taste, has every script that is to go on the air under scrutiny twenty-four hours before it is used. Miss MacRorie, I gather, is death on dirty innuendoes, and comes down on the vaguest of them with a whoop and a holler. Therefore, bad taste is eliminated in her office and Mr. Miller has little to worry about—except in rare cases of boisterous *ad libbing.*

The End

The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 9)

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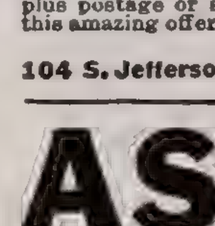

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(Continued on page 95)

The four Lombardos and a friend enjoy a late summer outing as gay sea-dogs! (Left to Right) Carmen, Leibert, Guy and Victor. In the rear is Fred Utal.

Leap Before You Look

(*Continued from page 27*)

himself championing an unpopular cause, he would have dropped it. He would have looked where he was going, and he would have seen that he was heading straight for trouble. He would have seen bitter months of ostracism, of hatred facing him. And he would have turned right about.

Instead, he defied one hundred and fifty raging strikers, and with one other man he continued to work in the lumber company, because he thought he was right. And while he worked in the yard there, the strikers came and threw rocks at him.

"Scab!" was the mildest word they called him. "Traitor!" rang in his ears. People who had been his friends turned and walked away when they saw him. The superintendent took him down to the mill each day in a special car. It was not safe for him to walk on the streets alone. Strikers were lying in wait for him; men who had been his buddies before, but who would have taken his life if they'd had a chance now. Or sent him maimed to the hospital.

Even when the strike ended, the men continued to hate Tiny, to blame him because they hadn't won what they asked for. No one at the mill would talk to him or associate with him. He walked among these men, his former friends, lonely and a stranger.

His whole community was down on him.

It was impossible to keep on working at that place, with the hatred a living, palpable thing he could feel in the very air he breathed. So he went to work for a sheet-metal life-boat manufacturing company. And a year later he once more leaped before he looked. And faced disaster once again. Only this time he was on the other side of the fence.

Honestly it seems almost as if he went gunning for trouble. He discovered that the company he was working for was chiseling on the salaries they paid the men. They weren't paying them what the government required. But Tiny was earning a good salary, so if he'd been wise he would have kept quiet and let the plant-owner chisel all he pleased.

But it wasn't in Tiny to do that. To the owner of the plant he went and said: "If you don't pay back every nickel you've chiseled the men out of, we'll strike."

"You're crazy!" said the owner of the plant, "you're a trouble maker—get out of here."

So Tiny led the men out in a strike. The place closed down.

Then Tiny went down to the Boiler Makers' Union and told them how the manufacturer was chiseling, and asked them not to put any of this man's boats on the big ocean steamships. He went to the United States Shipping Board in Seattle, and told them what this manufacturer was doing. They cracked down on him. In three days the men won their strike. And the owner of the plant took every one of the strikers back except Tiny and one other man who'd helped him organize the men. Tiny was left out in the cold. "If I ever catch you so much as hanging round this place again," the owner threatened him, "I'll have you arrested."

And Tiny, desperate, bitter, disillusioned, left the United States and went up to Alaska. At an agency in Seattle they told him that they could use a webman and a trap builder in a cannery in Alaska.

"That's fine," said Tiny, "I'll go."

No matter that he didn't know what a webman did, how a trap builder worked. There would be time enough to worry about that later on.

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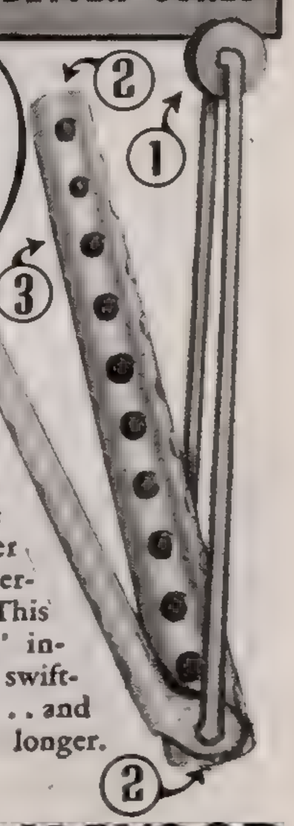

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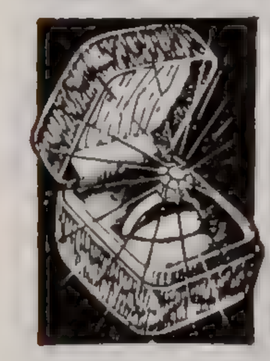

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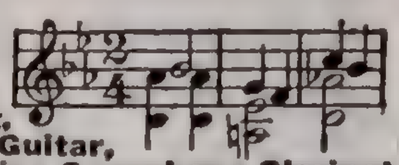

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gians. He asked them about the work he had signed to do, and they explained what it was like. So when he got to Alaska he was ready for these new, strange tasks.

He arrived in the spring, before the snows had melted, and dug his way through twelve feet of snow to find the bunkhouse where he was to sleep. A room eight feet square with one window.

All this time the conviction had been growing in Tiny that he ought to find some work into which he could throw himself heart and soul. Since he had been a boy of seven he had sung, and his mother and father honestly believed that he could become a famous singer if he chose.

All right. He'd become a singer. Never mind that he didn't have the money to pay for singing lessons. He'd earn it somehow. So one blazing hot day, when the heat was like a blanket over New York, he arrived in the Big City with twenty-five dollars in his jeans.

He must find a place to live. Where does one live when one has only twenty-five dollars, and no job in sight?

Up and down the streets he tramped looking for a room. Finally he found one, in a good neighborhood. But the room itself was as tiny, as niggardly, as horribly cramped as a prison cell. It was really a closet that had been made over into a room. There was just space enough in it for a folding bed against the wall.

Well, what did Tiny care? He'd find a job. Of course he'd find one. Hadn't he always been able to find something to do?

But what was this? This pain in his throat that was choking him, strangling him? That was making his head whirl. The heat of the city was reaching out and touching him with poisonous tentacles. Till it seemed as if his body were ablaze with the heat, as if it, too, were burning up.

He couldn't lie still on that cot. Not while the pain came and clawed at his throat this way. And he wanted to be a singer! Heaven help him, how would he be able to sing with that throat?

He staggered out of bed and went to see a doctor.

"My boy," said the doctor, "you've got diphtheretic throat. For heaven's sake, go back to bed. Why, man, you're running around with a temperature of one hundred and four degrees."

Back to bed Tiny went. Back to that humid, sultry room.

Carefully he counted his store of money. Six dollars for rent. Three dollars for the doctor. His prescription had taken a dollar and a half of his precious money. He'd have to get a job now!

In a few days he went to see the per-

(Continued on page 96)

We knew you would want to see this new and charming picture of Ireene Wicker, the ever increasing popular Singing Lady, with her husband, Walter Wicker. These two have worked together successfully for years. They have two children.

Is hard to tell whether Ray Noble wants to strike up his band or a match! With cigarette clamped in his fingers, the famous maestro rehearses with Bowlly, his vocal soloist. Al's singing and Ray's orchestra are tops!

The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 92)

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(Continued on page 97)

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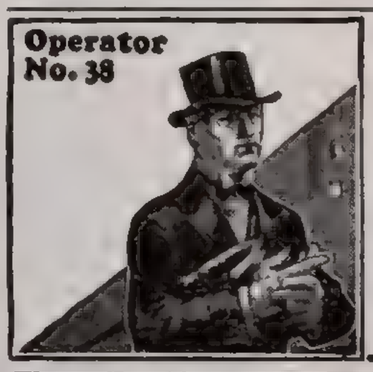

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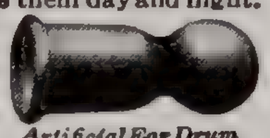

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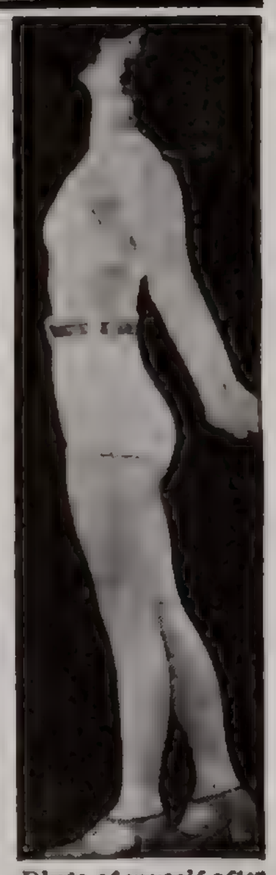

Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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The "Grand Old Opry" program received Radio Stars Magazine's award for distinguished service to radio this month. Here is Mr. J. Percy Priest, holding the medal, with the "Solemn Old Judge" on the other side of the microphone. The Judge is holding under his arm "Hushpuckena," the famous steamship whistle. Behind Mr. Priest is Manager Harry Stone. The other man is Uncle Dave Mason, seventy-year-old star of this increasingly popular program.

Leap Before You Look

(*Continued from page 94*)

sonnel director of the B. Altman Company. And what a story he told him! Tiny said that he owned a department store out West, and had come to New York to find out about business methods in the East. He wanted a job where he could work incognito, but at the same time observe everything that was going on. They gave him a job as floor manager of the boys' clothing department.

Daytimes he worked as floor manager. In the evenings he took voice lessons. And this went on for nine months.

Everything was going smoothly now. He was earning a nice salary. He'd saved some money. And then he fell madly in love, and threw everything overboard for a Castilian blonde, a beautiful Spanish dancer. When she left New York, he chucked his job and followed her. To Atlantic City, to Philadelphia. Wherever she went on tour, Tiny went, too.

Five years older than he, she smiled wisely at his mad infatuation. At which it only grew madder.

A dozen times a day he begged her to marry him. But she shook her head.

She was used to men who could wine and dine her, so Tiny wined and dined her. Tiny bought her caviar and champagne. He took her to night clubs, and sumptuously entertained her and her friends. When other men were in the party, they saw that Tiny was bent on making a conquest, so they left him holding the check. Finally he threw a huge party for her at a leading hotel. He wound up owing the hotel eleven dollars more than he had in the world. He had a return ticket for New York, so he sneaked out in the morning, checking his grip outside.

But the girl never said "yes." She never even said "perhaps." And later she married another man.

Back in New York Tiny found himself completely broke. And with no job. For two days he had nothing to eat. He went around with an empty, sinking sensation in his stomach. It even got to the point where he looked hungrily at bakery windows, wondering if he could get up nerve enough to steal a loaf of bread.

And then finally he got a job driving an ice truck. He had to get up at two o'clock every morning, but he was through at eleven, so he didn't care. Now he had plenty of time for his singing lessons.

Eventually he got his chance on the stage. Singing in an operetta, "Princess Flavia," and in other operettas for the Shuberts. While he was on the stage, he met Alois Havrilla. When Havrilla joined the NBC staff, he advised Tiny Ruffner to join, too. Tiny got a job as staff an

(*Continued on page 98*)

ONE WOMAN'S Sacrifice

Kola was the sensation of the season at Monte Carlo, with her dancing partner, Toni, whom she loved so much that she was marrying another man to save him!

One evening Toni came into Kola's dressing room after their dance. He was pale and worried, and told her he needed fifty thousand francs to pay a gambling debt. Taking Kola roughly by the shoulders he demanded that she borrow the money from Garet, the rich American who was in love with her, telling her it was the only way to save them from disgrace. Kola was in despair . . . if she could only think of some other way out. . . . She sank down for a moment, holding her pounding head in her hands . . . "I will not ask Garet for money. I cannot," she whispered over and over again. What tragedy threatened these two?

What strange destiny awaited this young American girl, caught in a web of intrigue and desperate love?

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SWEETHEART STORIES

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The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 95)

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(Continued on page 99)

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FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 147-S, Adrian, Mich.

Lum and Abner, proprietors of "The Jot 'em Down Store" of mythical Pine Ridge, have returned to the air with their nationally popular radio serial. Lum (Chester Lauk) is the gentleman with the moustache at the left, and Abner (Norris Goff) right. Lum is Justice of the Peace, Abner is Town Marshal.

Leap Before You Look

(Continued from page 96)

nouncer, then as chief announcer, and finally after two years he was made studio director.

Now it really looked as if Lady Luck had kissed Tiny on both cheeks. Until Tiny once more leaped before he looked. He was offered a job as sales manager of the Judson Radio Corporation, at that time a rival of NBC.

When Tiny told his boss at NBC that he was leaving, the man was angry.

"If you go with that outfit," he said, "you're washed up here."

Tiny had a chance to make twice as much with the new company. Or to lose everything, since it was a smaller company, with less money than NBC. In two years' time the Judson Radio Corporation ceased to exist. Tiny found himself out on his ear.

But he had made some good contacts with advertising agencies. When the Judson Company folded up, he got a job as head of radio production with Erwin Wasey. And later a chance with Benton & Bowles. While handling the General Foods account Tiny Ruffner became interested in a showboat program known as "The Cotton Queen," in Cincinnati. When Chet Bowles later got his idea of a national showboat program, Tiny and Atherton W. Hobler told him how beautifully the idea had worked on a local station. Tiny worked out a formula for Showboat and did the casting. The idea for the Palmolive show was mostly his. And now he stands aces high in the radio world. Because he always leaped before he looked.

He's happily married to a singer who gave up her career for him, Florence Kowalewska. But his wife never knows what Tiny will do next. I doubt if Tiny himself knows. But she does know that whatever he does, he will go at it with blazing disregard for consequences. Like a man, not a jellyfish.

Undoubtedly he'll still do some mad, uproarious things. And somehow, I feel, he'll come out on top, while the jellyfish stay just where they belong, under several feet of water.

THE END

The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 97)

FRANK PARKER, Marconi: Mally Reese, General Delivery, Alexandria, Va.; Audrey Deutsch, 2315 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Grace Rogers, 631 Sea St., Quincy, Mass.; Jules Royce, 212 Northern Ave., No. 3, Cincinnati, O.; Miss Helen Cook, 530 Grove Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, O.; Miss Marie Miller, 3919 W. 160th St., Cleveland, O.; Alice Muskalski, 62 Newton St., Somerville, Mass.; Miss Jerry McDaniel, 1000 8th Ave., Fort Worth, Texas; Mr. H. Raacke, 227 South Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Jean Holke, 539 Division St., Barrington, Ill.; Esther Waldman, 4041 Polk St., Chicago, Ill.; Jayne Phillipps, 3343 Warner Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Rita Barrett, 607 High St., Middletown, Conn.; Mary Gillen, 60 Clark St., Hillside, N. J.; Miss Madeleine Ducharme, 486 Bernon St., Woonsocket, R. I.; Jacqueline Speece, 41-24 77th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Miss Beverly Merritt, 2622 Homan Ave., Waco, Texas; Louise O'Meara, Box 303, La-Marque, Texas; Beatrice Le Trello, 613 Murtland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Emily Barry, 734 Monroe St., Stroudsburg, Pa.

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"UNCLE" JIM HARKINS, Marconi: Helen Benson, Union St., Thomaston, Conn.

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LITTLE JACK LITTLE, Marconi: George Ludwig, 1840 E. Monmouth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AL KAVELIN, Marconi: Charlotte Bierbower, 1215 W. 5th St., Hastings, Neb.

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BRADLEY KINCAID, Marconi: Lloyd Jaquay, 311 Page Ave., Union, N. Y.

GUY LOMBARDO, Marconi: Masao Masuo, Chapel St., Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii.

TED FIORITO, Marconi: Mary Throop, Box 439, R. R. 4, West Allis, Wis.

ANNETTE HANSHAW, Marconi: Miss Jane Hogben, 41 Myrtle Ave., Troy, N. Y.; Alvin Falch, Meadville, Mo.

JACK BENNY, Marconi: Miss Grace Gillespie, 1315 N. Church St., Salem, Ore.; Sydelle Wasserman, 707 Park Ave., Union City, N. J.; Julius Paolucci, 146 Minor St., New Haven, Conn.

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Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

Last Minute News Reel

Snatched from the camera as the book goes to press!

Below, an exclusive shot of Messrs. (left to right) Orville Knapp, Jan Garber, Eddie Duchin and Jimmy Grier, plotting new music at Sardi's. Right, two popular favorites of the Swift program, Morton Bowes, tenor; and Helen Marshall, soprano. Next below, three noted film players who presented over the radio scenes from their picture, "China Seas", Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow. Lower right, Paul Whiteman, Mrs. Paul, and Bing Crosby have a grand time reminiscing at Saratoga. It was Paul, you know, who gave Bing his start. Lower left, George Burns, Gracie Allen, and their adopted daughter, Sandra. They thought of getting a playmate for Sandra, but "just couldn't find anything to match her," Gracie justifiably states.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Wicked NEW shade!

JUNGLE

A brilliant, vivid brighter red

. . . a freshly different, more alluring color that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night

When shapely lips are given this new, sense-stirring jungle red, tempests rage about them . . . and other hearts throb with impatience. "Jungle" is the most vivid shade ever put into lipstick, and the most exotic. It is divinely daring . . . mercilessly teasing . . . dangerously tempting . . . a truly adventurous hue, artfully created to bring rapt attention to the luscious, moist softness this lipstick also gives to lips. And is "Jungle" indelible? So much so, that its intense color becomes an actual part of *you* . . . clinging to your lips, and YOUR lips alone . . . all day . . . or, all night . . . *savagely!* See "Jungle" . . . use it, if you are going out to conquer!

THERE are four other SAVAGE shades too: TANGERINE (Orangish) . . . FLAME (Fiery) . . . NATURAL (Blood Color) . . . BLUSH (Changeable)

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13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

. . .

There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco.

United States Treasury Building

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

$350,299,442
an increase of 8725%
—a lot of money.

. . .

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.

More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.

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